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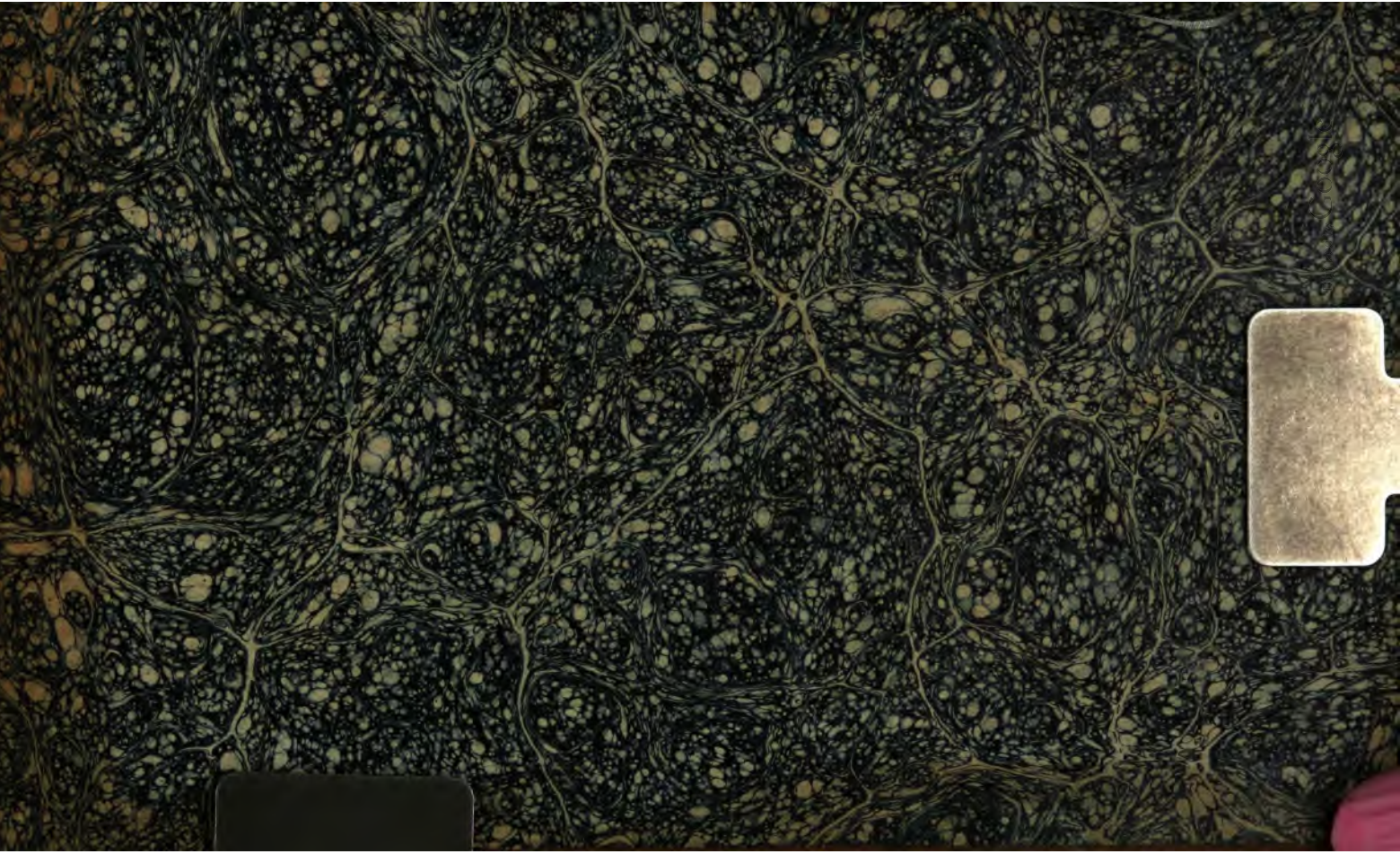

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POEMS,

Supposed to have been written at Bristol in the 15th Century.

By THOMAS ROWLEY.

Che trae L'huomo del sepolcro ed in vita il serba. Petrarca.

CAMBRIDGE.

Printed by B. Flower for the Editor

and sold by J. and J. Merrill & W. W. Lunn, Cambridge,

Egertons, Military Library; Debrett, Piccadilly; Edwards, Pall Mall,

& *Deighton, Holborn, London.*

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POEMS,

SUPPOSED TO

HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AT BRISTOL,

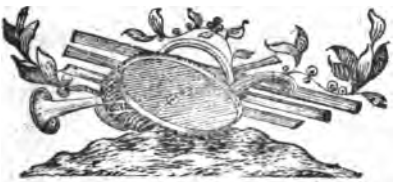
IN

The Fifteenth Century.

BY

THOMAS ROWLEY,

AND OTHERS.



Che trae l'huome del sepolcre ed in vita il serba. *Petrarca.*

Cambridge:

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR,

SOLD BY MESSRS. MERRIL, AND W. H. LUNN, CAMBRIDGE; AND R. B. SCOTT, BRYDGES-STREET, ADJOINING CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

1799.

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PREFACE.

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PREFACE.

THE controverſy concerning the authenticity of the Poems aſcribed to ROWLEY, has called forth the abilities of the moſt competent judges; and has been free from the rancor and animoſity which too often diſgrace the page of the controverſialiſt. Truth, and not victory, appears to have been the aim of each party, but no deciſion, which can be regarded as final, has hitherto been given, upon this truly curious and important ſubject.

Many years have now elapſed ſince the controverſy ſubſided: to revive it is by no means the intention of the preſent Editor. His ſole deſign is to furniſh the public with a neat Edition of theſe Poems, which, whether the Author of them may have been ROWLEY, or CHATTERTON, or ſome third perſon, (as has been ridiculouſly ſuppoſed) fully entitle him to be ranked in the fourth place among our Britiſh Poets: Shall the productions of his genius live no longer than while diſputes concerning his name may exiſt? The Iliad is ſtill pre-

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ſerved: the contentions for its Author's birth-place are forgotten.

Whatever may be the cauſe, theſe Poems are not ſo generally known, or, at leaſt, ſo generally read, as they deſerve to be. The highly advanced price of every Edition now extant, has undoubtedly hindered many, and the obſoleteneſs of the dialect has deterred others from becoming intimately acquainted with them: They who ſeek literature only as an amuſement, in the hour of relaxation, have thrown down the work in diſguſt at being compelled ſo often to recur to a Gloſſary, or an Etymological Dictionary. The Editor thinks he may aſſert, that he has wholly removed the firſt obſtacle, and the ſecond he has endeavoured to diminiſh, by ſubjoining at the bottom of every page to CHATTERTON's explanations, thoſe from the DEAN OF EXETER's Edition, and by ſupplying, as far as was in his power, what that gentleman, amid his indefatigable reſearches, may have caſually omitted.

L. S.

PEMBROKE COLL. JULY 20, 1794.

PREFACE

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PREFACE

TO THE

FORMER EDITIONS.

THE Poems, which make the principal part of this Collection, have for ſome time excited much curioſity, as the ſuppoſed productions of THOMAS ROWLEY, a prieſt of Briſtol, in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. They are here faithfully printed from the moſt authentic MSS. that could be procured; of which a particular deſcription is given in the *Introductory account of the ſeveral pieces contained in this volume*, ſubjoined to this Preface. Nothing more therefore ſeems neceſſary at preſent, than to inform the Reader ſhortly of the manner in which theſe Poems were firſt brought to light, and of the authority upon which they are aſcribed to the perſons whoſe names they bear.

This cannot be done ſo ſatisfactorily as in the words of Mr. George Catcott of Briſtol, to whoſe very laudable zeal the Publick is indebted for the moſt conſider-

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able part of the following collection. His account of the matter is this: " The firſt diſcovery of certain MSS. " having been depoſited in Redclift church, above three " centuries ago, was made in the year 1768, at the time " of opening the new bridge at Briſtol, and was owing " to a publication in *Farley's Weekly Journal*, 1ſt of " October 1768, containing an *Account of the ceremo-* " *nies obſerved at the opening of the old bridge*, taken, " as it was ſaid, from a very antient MS. This excited " the curioſity of ſome perſons to enquire after the " original. The printer, Mr. Farley, could give no " account of it, or of the perſon who brought the copy; " but after much enquiry it was diſcovered, that the " perſon who brought the copy was a youth, between " 15 and 16 years of age, whoſe name was Thomas " Chatterton, and whoſe family had been ſextons of " Redclift church for near 150 years. His father, who " was now dead, had alſo been maſter of the free-ſchool " in Pile-ſtreet. The young man was at firſt very un- " willing to diſcover from whence he had the original; " but, after many promiſes made to him, he was at laſt " prevailed on to acknowledge, that he had received " this, *together with many other MSS.* from his father, " who had found them in a large cheſt in an upper " room over the chapel on the north ſide of Redclift " church.

Soon

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Soon after this Mr. Catcott commenced his acquaintance with young Chatterton*, and, partly as preſents,

 partly

* The hiſtory of this youth is ſo intimately connected with that of the poems now publiſhed, that the Reader cannot be too early apprized of the principal circumſtances of his ſhort life. He was born on the 20th of November, 1752, and educated at a charity-ſchool on St. Auguſtin's Back, where nothing more was taught than reading, writing, and accounts. At the age of fourteen, he was articled clerk to an attorney, with whom he continued till he left Briſtol in April, 1770.

Though his education was thus confined, he diſcovered an early turn towards poetry and Engliſh antiquities, particularly heraldry. How ſoon he began to be an author is not known. In the *Town and Country Magazine* for March 1769, are two letters, probably, from him, as they are dated at Briſtol, and ſubſcribed with his uſual ſignature, D. B. The firſt contains ſhort extracts from two MSS., "*written three hundred years ago by one Rowley, a Monk*," concerning dreſs in the age of Henry II.; the other, "ETHELGAR, *a Saxon poem*," in bombaſt proſe. In the ſame Magazine for May 1769, are three communications from Briſtol, with the ſame ſignature, D. B. *viz.* CERDICK, *tranſlated from the Saxon* (in the ſame ſtyle with ETHELGAR,) p. 233.—*Obſervations upon Saxon heraldry*, with drawings of *Saxon atchievements*, &c. p. 245.—ELINOURE and JUGA, *written three hundred years ago by* T. ROWLEY, *a ſecular prieſt*, p. 273. This laſt poem is reprinted in this volume, p. 218. In the ſubſequent month of 1769 and 1770 there are ſeveral other pieces in the ſame Magazine, which are undoubtedly of his compoſition.

In April 1770, he left Briſtol and came to London, in hopes of advancing his fortune by his talents for writing, of which, by this time, he had conceived a very high opinion. In the proſecution of this ſcheme, he appears to have almoſt entirely depended upon the patronage of a ſet of gentlemen, whom an eminent author long ago pointed out, as *not the very worſt judges or rewarders of merit*, the bookſellers of this great city. At his firſt arrival indeed he was ſo unlucky as to find two of his expected Mæcenaſes, the one in the King's Bench, and the other in Newgate. But this little diſappointment was alleviated by the encouragement which he received from other quarters; and on the 14th of May he writes to his

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partly as purchaſes, procured from him copies of many of his MSS. in proſe and verſe. Other copies were diſ-

poſed

his mother, in high ſpirits upon the change in his ſituation, with the following ſarcaſtic reflection upon his former patrons at Briſtol. "*As to Mr.* ——, *Mr.* ——, *Mr.* ——, &c. &c. *they rate literary lumber ſo low, that I believe an author, in their eſtimation, muſt be poor indeed! But here matters are otherwiſe. Had* Rowley *been a* Londoner *inſtead of a* Briſtowyan, *I could have lived by* copying *his works.*"

In a letter to his ſiſter, dated 30th May, he informs her, that he is to be employed "*in writing a voluminous hiſtory of* London, *to appear in numbers the beginning of next winter.*" In the mean time, he had written ſomething in praiſe of the Lord Mayor (Beckford), which had procured him the honour of being preſented to his lordſhip. In the letter juſt mentioned he gives the following account of his reception, with ſome curious obſervations upon political writing: "The Lord Mayor received me as politely as a citizen could. But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got of this ſide of the queſtion.—But he is a poor author who cannot write on both ſides.—Eſſays on the patriotic ſide will fetch no more than what the copy is ſold for. As the patriots themſelves are ſearching for a place, they have no gratuity to ſpare.—On the other hand, unpopular eſſays will not even be accepted; and you muſt pay to have them printed: but then you ſeldom loſe by it, as courtiers are ſo ſenſible of their deficiency in merit, that they generouſly reward all who know how to dawb them with the appearance of it."

Notwithſtanding his employment on the Hiſtory of London, he continued to write inceſſantly in various periodical publications. On the 11th of July he tells his ſiſter that he had pieces laſt month in the *Goſpel Magazine*; the *Town and Country*, *viz.* Maria Friendleſs; Falſe Step; Hunter of Oddities; To Miſs Buſh, &c. *Court and City*; *London*; *Political Regiſter*, &c. But all theſe exertions of his genius brought in ſo little profit, that he was ſoon reduced to real indigence; from which he was relieved by death (in what manner is not certainly known), on the 24th of Auguſt, or thereabout, when he wanted near three months to complete his eighteenth year. The floor of his chamber was covered with written papers, which he had torn into ſmall pieces; but there was no

appearance

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poſed of, in the ſame way, to Mr. William Barrett, an eminent ſurgeon at Briſtol, who has long been engaged in writing the hiſtory of that city. Mr. Barrett alſo procured from him ſeveral fragments, ſome of a conſiderable length, written upon vellum *, which he aſſerted to be part of his original MSS. In ſhort, in the ſpace of about eighteen months, from October 1768 to April 1770, beſides the Poems now publiſhed, he produced as many compoſitions, in proſe and verſe, under the names of Rowley, Canynge, &c. as would nearly fill ſuch another volume.

In April 1770, Chatterton went to London, and died there in the Auguſt following; ſo that the whole hiſtory of this very extraordinary tranſaction cannot now probably be known with any certainty. Whatever may have

appearance (as the Editor has been credibly informed) of any writings on parchment or vellum.

* One of theſe fragments, by Mr. Barrett's permiſſion, has been copied in the manner of a *Fac ſimile*, by that ingenious artiſt Mr. Strutt, and an engraving from it is inſerted at p. 197. Two other ſmall fragments of Poetry are printed in p. 187,8,9. See the *Introductory Account*. The fragments in proſe, which are conſiderably larger, Mr. Barrett intends to publiſh in his Hiſtory of Briſtol, which, the Editor has the ſatisfaction to inform the Publick, is very far advanced. In the ſame work will be inſerted *A Diſcourſe on Briſtowe*, and the other hiſtorical pieces in proſe, which Chatterton at different times delivered out, as copied from Rowley's MSS.; with ſuch remarks by Mr. Barrett, as he of all men living is beſt qualified to make, from his accurate reſearches into the Antiquities of Briſtol.

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have been his part in it; whether he was the author, or only the copier (as he conſtantly aſſerted) of all theſe productions; he appears to have kept the ſecret entirely to himſelf, and not to have put it in the power of any other perſon, to bear certain teſtimony either to his fraud or to his veracity.

The queſtion therefore concerning the authenticity of theſe Poems muſt now be decided by an examination of the fragments upon velſum, which Mr. Barrett received from Chatterton as part of his original MSS. and by the internal evidence which the ſeveral pieces afford. If the Fragments ſhall be judged to be genuine, it will ſtill remain to be determined, how far their genuineneſs ſhould ſerve to authenticate the reſt of the collection, of which no copies, older than thoſe made by Chatterton, have ever been produced. On the other hand, if the writing of the Fragments ſhall be judged to be counterfeit and forged by Chatterton, it will not of neceſſity follow, that the matter of them was alſo forged by him, and ſtill leſs, that all the other compoſitions which he profeſſed to have copied from antient MSS. were merely inventions of his own. In either caſe, the deciſion muſt finally depend upon the internal evidence.

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It may be expected perhaps, that the Editor ſhould give an opinion upon this important queſtion; but he rather chooſes, for many reaſons, to leave it to the determination of the unprejudiced and intelligent Reader. He had long been deſirous that theſe Poems ſhould be printed; and therefore readily undertook the charge of ſuperintending the edition. This he has executed in the manner, which ſeemed to him beſt ſuited to ſuch a publication; and here he means that his taſk ſhould end. Whether the Poems be really antient, or modern; the compoſitions of Rowley, or the forgeries of Chatterton; they muſt always be conſidered as a moſt ſingular literary curioſity.

INTRO-

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INTRODUCTORY ACCOUNT

OF THE

SEVERAL PIECES

CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME.

ÆLLA, a Tragycal Enterlude. p. 1

This Poem, with the *Epiſtle*, *Letter*, and *Entroductionne*, is printed from a folio MS. furniſhed by Mr. Catcott, in the beginning of which he has written, "Chatterton's tranſcript, 1769." The whole tranſcript is of Chatterton's hand-writing.

GODDWYN, a Tragedie. p. 110

This Fragment is printed from the MS. mentioned above, p. 1. in Chatterton's hand-writing.

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS. p. 130

This Poem is printed from a ſingle ſheet in Chatterton's hand-writing, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.

THE

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THE TOURNAMENT. p. 137

This Poem is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

Sir Simon de Bourton, the hero of this poem, is ſuppoſed to have been the firſt founder of a church dedicated to *oure Ladie*, in the place where the church of St. Mary Ratcliffe now ſtands. Mr. Barrett has a ſmall leaf of vellum (given to him by Chatterton as one of Rowley's original MSS.), entitled, "*Vita de Simon de Bourton*," in which Sir Simon is ſaid, as in the poem, to have begun his foundation in conſequence of a vow made at a tournament.

THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. p. 153

This Poem is reprinted from the copy printed at London in 1772, with a few corrections from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The perſon here celebrated, under the name of *Syr Charles Bawdin*, was probably *Sir Baldewyn Fulford*, Knt. a zealous Lancaſtrian, who was executed at Briſtol in the latter end of 1461, the firſt year of Edward the Fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of Attainder, 1 Edw. IV. but he ſeems to have been executed under a ſpecial commiſſion for the trial of treaſons, &c. within the town of Briſtol. The fragment of the old chronicle, publiſhed by Hearne at the

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the end of *Sprotti Chronica*, p. 289. ſays only; "Item (1 Edw. IV.) *was takin Sir Baldewine Fulford and behedid at Briſtow.*" But the matter is more fully ſtated in the act which paſſed in 7 Edw. IV. for the reſtitution in blood and eſtate of Thomas Fulford, Knt. eldeſt ſon of Baldewyn Fulford, late of Fulford, in the county of Devonſhire, Knt. *Rot. Pat.* 8 Edw. IV. p. 1. m. 13. The preamble of this act, after ſtating the attainder by the act 1 Edw. IV. goes on thus; "And alſo the ſaid Baldewyn, the ſaid firſt yere of your noble reign, at Briſtowe in the ſhere of Briſtowe, before Henry Erle of Eſſex William Haſtyngs of Haſtyngs Knt. Richard Choek William Canyng Maire of the ſaid towne of Briſtowe and Thomas Yong, by force of your letters patentes to theym and other directe to here and determine all treeſons &c. doon withyn the ſaid towne of Briſtowe before the vth day of September the firſt yere of your ſaid reign, was atteynt of dyvers treſons by him doon ayenſt your Highnes &c." If the commiſſion ſate ſoon after the vth of September, as is moſt probable, King Edward might very poſſibly be at Briſtol at the time of Sir Baldewyn's execution; for, in the interval between his coronation and the parliament which met in November, he made a progreſs (as the Continuator of Stowe informs us, p. 416.) by the South coaſt in the Weſt, and was (among other places) at Briſtol. Indeed there is a circumſtance which might lead us to believe, that he was actually a ſpectator of the execution from the minſter window, as deſcribed in the poem. In an old accompt of the Procurators of St. Ewin's church, which was then

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the minſter, from xx March in the 1 Edward IV. to 1 April in the year next enſuing, is the following article, according to a copy made by Mr. Catcott from the original book.

"Item *for waſhynge the church payven ageyns Kynge Edward 4th is comynge.* } iiij d. ob.

BALADE OF CHARITIE p. 173

This Poem is alſo printed from a ſingle ſheet in Chatterton's hand-writing. It was ſent to the Printer of the *Town and Country Magazine*, with the following letter prefixed:

"To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

SIR,

If the Gloſſary annexed to the following piece will make the language intelligible; the Sentiment, Deſcription, and Verſification, are highly deſerving the attention of the literati.

July 4, 1770. D. B."

VERSES TO LYDGATE. p. 180
SONGE TO ÆLLA. ibid.
LYDGATE'S ANSWER. p. 183

Theſe three ſmall Poems are printed from a copy in Mr. Catcott's hand-writing. Since they were printed off, the Editor has had an opportunity of comparing them

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them with a copy made by Mr. Barrett from the piece of vellum, which Chatterton formerly gave to him as the original MS. The variations of importance (exclusive of many in the ſpelling) are ſet down below *,

* *Verſes to Lydgate.*
In the title for *Ladgate*, r. *Lydgate.*
ver. 2. r. *Thatt I and thee.*
3. for *bee*, r. *goe.*
7. for *fyghte*, r. *wryte.*
Songe to Ælla.
The title in the vellum MS. was ſimply "*Songe toe Ælle,*" with a ſmall mark of reference to a note below, containing the following words—"*Lorde of the caſtelle of Bryſtowe ynne daies of yore.*" It may be proper alſo to take notice, that the whole ſong was there written like proſe, without any breaks, or diviſions into verſes.
ver. 6. for *braſtynge*, r. *burſtynge.*
11. for *valyante*, r. *burlie.*
23. for *dyſmall*, r. *honore.*
Lydgate's anſwer.
No title in the vellum MS.
ver. 3. for *varſes*, r. *pene.*
antep. for *Lendes*, r. *Sendes.*
ult. for *lyne*, r. *thynge.*

Mr. Barrett had alſo a copy of theſe Poems by Chatterton, which differed from that, which Chatterton afterwards produced as the original, in the following particulars, among others.

In the title of the *Verſes to Lydgate.*
Orig. *Lydgate.* — Chat. *Ladgate.*
ver. 3. Orig. *goe.* — Chat. *doe.*
7. Orig. *wryte.* — Chat. *fyghte,*
Songe to Ælla.
ver. 5. Orig. *Dacyane.* — Chat. *Dacya's.*
Orig. *whoſe lockes.* — Chat. *whoſe hayres.*
11. Orig. *burlie.* — Chat. *bronded.*
22. Orig. *kenneſt.* — Chat. *hearſt.*
23. Orig. *honore.* — Chat. *dyſmall.*
26. Orig. *Ypraucynge* — Chat. *Ifrayning.*
30. Orig. *gloue.* — Chat. *glare.*

ONN

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ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE. p. 185

ON THE SAME. p. 186

The first of these Poems is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The other is taken from a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing, furnished by Mr. Catcott, entitled, "*A Discorse on Bristowe, by Thomas Rowlie.*" See the Preface, p. xii n. *

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE. p. 187

This is one of the fragments of vellum, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett, as part of his original MSS.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. p. 188

The 34 first lines of this poem are extant upon another of the vellum fragments, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett. The remainder is printed from a copy furnished by Mr. Catcott, with some corrections from another copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing. This poem makes part of a prose-work, attributed to Rowley, giving an account of *Painters*, *Carvellers*, *Poets*, and other eminent natives of Bristol, from the earliest times to his own. The whole will be published by Mr. Barrett, with remarks, and large additions; among which we may expect a complete and authentic history of that distinguished

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citizen of Briſtol, Mr. William Canynge. In the mean time, the Reader may ſee ſeveral particulars relating to him in *Cambden's Britannia*, Somerſet' Col. 95.--*Rymer's Fœdera*, &c. ann. 1449 & 1450.--*Tanner's Not. Monaſt.* Art. BRISTOL and WESTBURY.--*Dugdale's Warwickſhire*, p. 634.

It may be proper juſt to remark here, that Mr. Canynge's brother, mentioned in ver. 129, who was lord mayor of London in 1456, is called *Thomas* by Stowe in his Liſt of Mayors, &c.

The tranſaction alluded to in the laſt Stanza is related at large in ſome Proſe Memoirs of Rowley, of which a very incorrect copy has been printed in the *Town and Country Magazine* for November 1775. It is there ſaid that Mr. Canynge went into orders, to avoid a marriage, propoſed by King Edward, between him and a lady of the Widdevile family. It is certain, from the Regiſter of the Biſhop of Worceſter, that Mr. Canynge was ordained *Acolythe* by Biſhop Carpenter on 19 September 1467, and received the higher orders of *Subdeacon*, *Deacon*, and *Prieſt*, on the 12th. of March, 1467, O. S. the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, reſpectively.

ON HAPPIENESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE, p. 197
ONNE JCHNE A DALBENIE, by the ſame. Ibid.
THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the ſame. 198
ACCOUNTE OF W. CANYNGE'S FEASTE, 199

Of

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Of theſe four Poems attributed to Mr. Canynge, the three firſt are printed from Mr. Catcott's copies. The laſt is taken from a fragment of vellum, which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett as an original. The Editor has doubts about the reading of the ſecond word in ver. 7, but he has printed it *keene*, as he found it ſo in other copies. The Reader may judge for himſelf, by examining the *Fac ſimile* in the oppoſite page.

With reſpect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge mentioned in the laſt line, the name of *Rowley* is ſufficiently known from the preceding poems. *Iſcamm* appears as an actor in the tragedy of *Ælla*, p. 1, and in that of *Goddwyn*, p. 110; and a poem, aſcribed to him, entitled, "*The merry Tricks of Laymington*," is inſerted in the "*Diſcorſe of Briſtowe.*" Sir *Theobald Gorges* was a knight of an ancient family ſeated at Wraxhall, within a few miles of Briſtol [See *Rot. Parl.* 3 H. VI. n. 28. *Leland's Itin.* vol. VII. p. 98.] He has alſo appeared above as an actor in both the tragedies, and as the author of one of the *Mynſtrelles ſonges* in *Ælla*, *p.* 10. His connexion with Mr. Canynge is verified by a deed of the latter, dated 20 October, 1467, in which he gives to truſtees, in part of a benefaction of £.500 to the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, "*certain jewells of* Sir *Theobald Gorges* Knt." which had been pawned to him for £. 160.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST. p. 200
ECLOGUE THE SECOND. 205
ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 211

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Theſe three Eclogues are printed from a MS. furniſhed by Mr. Catcott, in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton. It is a thin copy-book in 4to. with the following title in the firſt page: "*Eclogues and other Poems by* Thomas Rowley, *with a Gloſſary and Annotations by* Thomas Chatterton."

There is only one other Poem in this book, viz. the fragment of "*Goddwyn, a Tragedie*," which ſee below, p. 110.

ELINOURE AND JUGA. p. 218.

This poem is reprinted from the *Town and Country Magazine* for May 1769, p. 273. It is there entitled, "*Elinoure and Juga. Written three hundred years ago by T. Rowley, ſecular prieſt.*" And it has the following ſubſcription; "D. B. Briſtol, May, 1769." Chatterton ſoon after told Mr. Catcott, that he (Chatterton) inſerted it in the Magazine.

The preſent Editor has taken the liberty to ſupply [between hooks] the names of the ſpeakers, at ver. 22. and 29, which had probably been omitted by ſome accident in the firſt publication; as the nature of the compoſition ſeems to require, that the dialogue ſhould proceed by alternate ſtanzas.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, N°. 1. p. 232
BATTLE OF HASTINGS, N°. 2. 251

In printing the firſt of theſe poems two copies have been made uſe of, both taken from copies of Chatterton's

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ton's hand-writing, the one by Mr. Catcott, and the other by Mr. Barrett. The principal difference between them is at the end, where the latter has fourteen lines from ver. 550, which are wanting in the former. The ſecond poem is printed from a ſingle copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

It ſhould be obſerved, that the poem marked N°. 1, was given to Mr. Barrett by Chatterton with the following title; "*Battle of Haſtings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and tranſlated by Thomas Rowlie, pariſh preeſte of St. Johns in the city of Briſtol, in the year* 1465.—*The remainder of the poem I have not been happy enough to meet with.*" Being afterwards preſt by Mr. Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original hand-writing, he at laſt ſaid, that he wrote this poem himſelf for a friend; but that he had another, the copy of an original by Rowley: and being then deſired to produce that other poem, he, after a conſiderable interval of time, brought to Mr. Barrett the poem marked N°. 2, as far as ver. 530 incl. with the following title: "*Battle of Haſtyngs by Turgotus, tranſlated by Roulie for W. Canynge Eſq.*" The lines from ver. 531 incl. were brought ſome time after, in conſequence of Mr. Barrett's repeated ſollicitations for the concluſion of the poem.

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THE Editor thinks himſelf happy in the permiſſion of an ingenious Friend, to inſert the following Monody.

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MONODY

ON THE

DEATH OF CHATTERTON.

WHEN faint and ſad o'er Sorrow's deſart wild,
Slow journeys onward, poor Misfortune's child,
When fades each lovely form by Fancy dreſt,
And inly pines the ſelf-conſuming breaſt;
No ſcourge of Scorpions in thy right arm dread,
No helmed Terrors nodding o'er thy head,
Aſſume, O DEATH! the Cherub Wings of PEACE,
And bid the heart-ſick Wanderer's Anguiſh ceaſe!

Thee, CHATTERTON! yon unbleſt Stones protect
From Want, and the bleak freezings of Neglect!
Eſcap'd the ſore wounds of Affliction's rod,
Meek at the Throne of Mercy, and of God,
Perchance thou raiſeſt high th' enraptur'd hymn
Amid the blaze of Seraphim!

Yet oft ('tis Nature's boſom-ſtartling call)
I weep, that heaven-born Genius ſo ſhould fall,
And oft in Fancy's ſaddeſt hour my ſoul
Averted ſhudders at the poiſon'd Bowl.
Now groans my ſickening Heart, as ſtill I view
The Corſe of livid hue;
And now a Flaſh of Indignation high
Darts thro' the Tear, that gliſtens in mine Eye!

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Is this the Land of ſong-ennobled Line?
Is this the Land, where Genius ne'er in vain
Pour'd forth her lofty ſtrain?
Ah me! yet Spenſer, gentleſt Bard divine,
Beneath chill Diſappointment's deadly ſhade
His weary Limbs i.. lonely Anguiſh lay'd!
And o'er her Darling dead
Pity hopeleſs hung her head,
While "mid the pelting of that pitileſs ſtorm,"
Sunk to the cold Earth Otway's famiſh'd form!

Sublime of Thought and confident of Fame,
From Vales, where Avon winds, the Minſtrel came,
Light-hearted Youth! aye, as he haſtes along,
He meditates the future Song,
How dauntleſs Ælla fray'd the Daniſh foes;
And as floating high in air,
Glitter the ſunny Viſions fair,
His eyes dance rapture, and his boſom glows!
Friend to the friendleſs, to the ſick man Health;
With generous Joy he views th' *ideal* Wealth;
He hears the Widow's heaven-breath'd prayer of Praiſe;
He marks the ſhelter'd Orphan's tearful gaze;
Or, where the ſorrow-ſhrivell'd Captive lay,
Pours the bright Blaze of Freedom's noon-tide Ray:
And now indignant graſps the patriot ſteel,
And her own iron rod he makes Oppreſſion feel.

Clad in Nature's rich array,
And bright in all her tender hues,
Sweet

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Sweet Tree of Hope! thou loveliest Child of Spring!
How fair didst thou disclose thine early bloom,
Loading the west-winds with its soft perfume!
And Fancy hovering round on shadowy wing,
On every blossom hung her fostering dews,
That changeful wanton'd to the orient Day!
Ah! soon upon thy poor unsheltered Head
Did Penury her sickly mildew shed;
And soon the scathing Lightning bade thee stand,
In frowning Horror o'er the blighted Land!

Whither are fled the charms of vernal Grace,
And Joy's wild gleams, that lighten'd o'er thy face!
Youth of tumultuous Soul, and haggard Eye!
Thy wasted form, thy hurried steps I view:
On thy cold forehead starts the anguish'd Dew:
And dreadful was that bosom-rending Sigh!

Such were the struggles of the gloomy Hour,
When Care of wither'd brow
Prepar'd the Poison's death-cold power:
Already to thy Lips was rais'd the Bowl,
When near thee stood Affection meek,
(Her Bosom bare, and wildly pale her Cheek)
Thy sullen gaze she bade thee roll
On Scenes that well might melt thy Soul;
Thy native Cot she flash'd upon thy view,
Thy native Cot, where still at close of Day
Peace smiling sate, and listen'd to thy Lay;
Thy Sister's shrieks she bade thee hear,
And mark thy Mother's thrilling tear;

See,

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See, ſee her Breaſt's convulſive throe,
Her ſilent Agony of Woe!
Ah! daſh the poiſon'd Chalice from thy Hand!
And thou had'ſt daſh'd it at her ſoft command,
But that Deſpair and Indignation roſe,
And told again the Story of thy Woes;
Told the keen Inſult of th' unfeeling Heart,
The dread Dependence on the low-bred mind,
Told every pang, at which thy Soul might ſmart,
Neglect, and grinning Scorn, and Want combin'd!
Recoiling quick thou bad'ſt the Friend of Pain,
Roll the dark tide of Death thro' every freezing Vein!

Ye Woods! that wave o'er Avon's rocky ſteep,
To Fancy's ear ſweet is your murm'ring deep!
For *here* ſhe loves the Cypreſs Wreath to weave,
Watching with wiſtful eye the ſad'ning tints of Eve.
Here far from Men amid this pathleſs grove,
In ſolemn thought the Minſtrel wont to rove,
Like Star-beam on the rude ſequeſter'd Tide,
Lone-glittering, thro' the Foreſt's murkſome pride.

And here in Inſpiration's eager Hour,
When moſt the big ſoul feels the mad'ning Power,
Theſe wilds, theſe caverns roaming o'er,
Round which the ſcreaming Sea-gulls ſoar
With wild unequal ſteps he paſs'd along,
Oft pouring on the winds a broken ſong:
Anon upon ſome rough Rock's fearful Brow,
Would pauſe abrupt—and gaze upon the waves below.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reader is deſired to obſerve, that the notes at the bottom of the ſeveral pages, throughout the following part of this book, are all copied from MSS. in the hand-writing of THOMAS CHATTERTON, except thoſe in Italics, the greater part of which are copied from the DEAN OF EXETER's Edition of theſe Poems, though the preſent Editor has made conſiderable additions.

ÆLLA:

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Æ L L A:

A

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE,

OR,

DISCOORSEYNGE TRAGEDIE.

WROTENN BIE

THOMAS ROWLEIE;

PLAIEDD BEFORE

MASTRE CANYNGE, ATTE HYS HOUSE NEMPTE THE RODDE LODGE;

[ALSOE BEFORE THE DUKE OF NORFOLCE, JOHAN HOWARD.]

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PERSONNES REPRESENTEDD.

ÆLLA, bie *Thomas Rowleie*, Preeſte, the Aucthoure.

CELMONDE, bie *Johan Iſcamm*, Preeſte.

HURRA, bie Syrr *Thybbotte Gorges*, Knyghte.

BIRTHA, bie Maſtre *Edwarde Canynge*.

Odherr Partes bie *Knyghtes*, *Mynſtrelles*.

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EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE ON ÆLLA.

'TYS ſonge bie mynſtrelles, thatte yn auntyent[1] tym,
Whan Reaſonn hylt[1*] herſelfe in cloudes of nyghte,
The preeſte delyvered alle the lege[2] yn rhym;
Lyche peyncted[3] tyltynge ſpeares to pleaſe the ſyghte,
The whyche yn yttes felle[4] uſe doe make moke[5]
dere[6], 5
Syke dyd theire auncyante lee[7] deftlie[8] delyghte the eare.

Perchaunce yn Vyrtues gare[9] rhym mote bee thenne,
Butte efte[10] nowe flyeth to the odher ſyde;
In hallie[11] preeſte apperes the ribaudes[12] penne,
Inne lithie[13] moncke apperes the barronnes pryde: 10
But rhym wythe ſomme, as nedere[14] widhout teethe,
Make pleaſaunce to the ſenſe, botte maie do lyttel
ſcathe[15].

[1] *Ancient.* [1*] Hid, concealed. [2] Law. [3] Painted. [4] *Bad, pernicious.* [5] Much. [6] Hurt, damage. [7] Song. [8] Sweetly, *rather, agreeably.* [9] Cauſe. [10] Oft. [11] Holy. [12] Rake, lewd perſon. [13] Humble, *rather inſinuating.* [14] Adder. [15] Hurt, damage.

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Syr Johne, a knyghte, who hath a barne of lore[16],
Kenns[17] Latyn att fyrſt ſyghte from Frenche or Greke;
Pyghtethe[18] hys knowlachynge[19] ten yeres or more,
To rynge upon the Latynne worde to ſpeke.
Whoever ſpeke the Englyſch ys deſpyſed,
The Englyſch hym to pleaſe moſte fyrſte be latynized.

Vevyan, a moncke, a good requiem[20] ſynges;
Can preache ſo wele, eche hynde[21] hys meneynge knowes;
Albeytte theſe gode guyfts[21*] awaie he flynges,
Beeynge as badde yn vearſe as goode yn proſe.
Hee ſynges of ſeynctes who dyed for yer Godde,
Everych wynter nyghte afreſche he ſheddes theyr blodde.

To maydens, huſwyfes, and unlored[22] dames,
Hee redes hys tales of merryment & woe.
Loughe[23] loudlie dynneth[24] from the dolte[25] adrames[26];
He ſwelles on laudes[27] of fooles, tho' kennes[28] hem foe.

[16] Learning. [17] Knows. [18] Plucks or tortures. [19] Knowledge. [20] A ſervice uſed over the dead, [21] Peaſant. [21*] Gifts. [22] Unlearned. [23] Laugh. [24] Sounds. [25] Fooliſh. [26] Churls, *rather dreamers.* [27] *Praiſes.* [28] Knows.

Somme-

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Sommetyme at tragedie theie laughe and ſynge,
At merrie yaped [29] fage [30] ſomme hard-drayned water brynge.

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, beyinde [31] hys lynes.
Geofroie makes vearſe, as handycraftes theyr ware;
Wordes wythoute ſenſe full groffyngelye [32] he twynes,
Cotteynge [32*] hys ſtorie off as wythe a ſheere;
Waytes monthes on nothynge, & hys ſtorie donne,
Ne moe you from ytte kenn, than gyf [33] you neere begonne.

Enowe of odhers; of mieſelfe to write,
Requyrynge whatt I doe notte nowe poſſeſs,
To you I leave the taſke; I kenne your myghte
Wyll make mie faultes, mie meynte [34] of faultes, be leſs.
Ælla wythe thys I ſende, and hope that you
Wylle from ytte caſt awaie, whatte lynes maie be untrue.

[29] Laughable. [30] Tale, jeſt. [31] Beyond. [32] Fooliſhly, *vulgarly, abjectly.* [32*] *Cutting.* [33] If. [34] Many.

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Playes made from hallie [35] tales I holde unmeete;
Lette ſomme greate ſtorie of a manne be ſonge;
Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jeſus treate,
In mie pore mynde, we doe the Godhedde wronge.
Botte lette ne wordes, whyche droorie [36] mote ne heare,
Bee placed yn the ſame. Adieu untylle anere [37].

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

[35] Holy. [36] Strange perverſion of words. *Droorie* in its ancient ſignification ſtood for *modeſty*. [37] Another.

LETTER

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LETTER TO THE DYGNE MASTRE CANYNGE.

STraunge dome ytte ys, that, yn theſe daies of oures,
Nete [38] butte a bare recytalle can hav place;
Nowe ſhapelie poeſie haſt loſte yttes powers,
And pynant [39] hyſtorie ys onlie grace;
Heie [40] pycke up wolſome [41] weedes, ynſtedde of flowers,
And famylies, ynſtedde of wytte, theie trace;
Nowe poeſie canne meete wythe ne regrate [42],
Whylſte proſe, & herehaughtrie [43], ryſe yn eſtate.

Lette kynges, & rulers, whan heie gayne a throne,
Shew whatt theyre grandſieres, & great grandſieres bore,
Emarſchalled [44] armes, yatte, ne before theyre owne,
Now raung'd wythe whatt yeir fadres han before;
Lette trades, & toune folck, lett ſyke [45] thynges alone,
Ne fyghte for ſable yn a fielde of aure [46];

[38] Nought. [39] *Languid, inſipid.* [40] They. [41] *Noxious, loathſome.* [42] Eſteem. [43] Heraldry. [44] *Blazoned.* [45] Such. [46] *Or, in heraldry.*

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Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede,
Shee nillynge [47] to take myckle [48] aie dothe hede.

A man aſcaunſe [49] uponn a piece maye looke,
And ſhake hys hedde to ſtyre hys rede [50] aboute;
Quod he, gyf I aſkaunted [51] oere thys booke,
Schulde fynde thereyn that trouthe ys left wythoute;
Eke [51]*, gyf [52] unto a view percaſe [53] I tooke
The long beade-rolle of al the wrytynge route,
Aſſerius, Ingolphus, Torgotte, Bedde,
Thorow hem [54] al nete lyche ytte I coulde rede.—

Pardon, yee Graiebarbes [55], gyff I ſaie, onwiſe
Yee are, to ſtycke ſo cloſe & byſmarelie [56]
To hyſtorie; you doe ytte tooe moche pryze,
Whyche amenuſed [57] thoughtes of poeſie;
Somme drybblette [58] ſhare you ſhoulde to yatte [59] alyſe [60],
Nott makynge everyche thynge bee hyſtorie;

[47] Unwilling. [48] Much. [49] *Obliquely.* [50] Wiſdom, council. [51] *Glaunced.* [51] *Alſo.* [52] If. [53] Perchance. [54] Them. [55] Grey-beards. [56] Curiouſly. [57] Leſſened. [58] Small. [59] That. [60] Allow.

Inſteddge

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Inſtedde of mountynge onn a wynged horſe,
You onn a rouncy [61] dryve yn dolefull courſe.
Canynge & I from common courſe dyſſente;
Wee ryde the ſtede, botte yev [62] to hym the reene;
Ne wylle betweene craſed [62*] molterynge [63] bookes be-
pente, 35
Botte ſoare on hyghe, & yn the ſonne-bemes ſheene;
And where wee kenn ſomme iſhad [64] floures beſprente [65],
We take ytte, & from oulde rouſte doe ytte clene;
Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one paſture bee,
Botte ſometymes ſoare 'bove trouthe of hyſtorie, 40

Saie, Canynge, whatt was vearſe yn daies of yore?
Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes fetyvelie [66] bewryen [67],
Notte ſyke as doe annoie thys age ſo ſore,
A keppened [68] poyntelle [69] reſtynge at eche lyne,
Vearſe maie be goode, botte poeſie wantes more, 45
An onliſt [70] lecturn [71], and a ſonge adygne [72];

[61] Cart horſe. [62] *Give.* [62*] *Broken.* [63] *Muſty, mouldering.* [64] Broken, *ſcattered.* [65] *Spread.* [66] Elegantly. [67] Declared, expreſſed, *diſplayed.* [68] *Studied.* [69] A pen, uſed metaphorically, as a muſe or genius, *rather exactneſs.* [70] Boundleſs. [71] Subject, *lecture.* [72] Nervous, worthy of praiſe.

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Accordynge to the rule I have thys wroughte,
Gyff ytt pleaſe Canynge, I care notte a groate.

The thynge ytts moſte bee yttes owne defenſe;
Som metre maie notte pleaſe a womannes ear.
Canynge lookes notte for poeſie, botte ſenſe;
And dygne, & wordie [73] thoughtes, ys all hys care.
Canynge, adieu! I do you greete from hence;
Full ſoone I hope to taſte of your good cheere;
Goode Byſhoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee ſaie,
Hee wyſche [74] you healthe & ſelineſſe [75] for aie.

T. ROWLEIE.

[73] *Worthy.* [74] *Wiſhes.* [75] *Happineſs.*

ENTRODUC-

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ENTRODUCTIONNE,

SOMME cherisaunei [76] 'tys to gentle mynde,
Whan heie have chevyced [77] theyre londe from bayne [78],
Whan theie ar dedd, theie leave yer name behynde,
And theyre goode deedes doe on the earthe remayne;
Downe yn the grave wee ynhyme [79] everych steyne [80],
Whyleſt al her [81] gentleneſſe ys made to sheene,
Lyche fetyve [82] baubels [83] geasonne [84] to be seene.

ÆLLA, the wardenne of thys [85] castell [86] stede,
Whyleſt Saxons dyd the Englyſche sceptre swaie,
Who made whole troopes of Dacyan men to blede,
Then seel'd [87] hys eyne, and seeled hys eyne for aie,
Wee rowze hym uppe before the judgment daie,
To saie what he, as clergyond [88], can kenne,
And howe hee sojourned in the vale of men.

[76] Comfort. [77] Preſerved, *redeemed*. [78] Ruin. [79] Inter. [80] *Fault*, *blot*. [81] *Their* [82] *Neat*, *comely*. [83] Jewels. [84] Rare. [85] Briſtol. [86] Caſtle. [87] Cloſed. [88] Taught.

ÆLLA.

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ÆLLA,

CELMONDE, att Brystowe.

BEFORE yonne roddie ſonne has droove hys wayne
Throwe half his joornie, dyghte [1] yn gites [2] of goulde,
Mee, happeleſs me, hee wylle a wretche behoulde,
Mieſelfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne myſchaunces chayne.

Ah! Birtha, whie did Nature frame thee fayre?
Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle [3] canne bewreene [4]?
Whie art thou nott as coarſe as odhers are?—
Botte thenn thie ſoughle woulde throwe thy vyſage ſheene,
Yatt ſhemres [5] on thie comelie ſemlykeene [6],
Lyche nottebrowne cloudes, whann bie the ſonne made redde,

[1] *Cloathed.* [2] Robes, mantles. [3] A pen. [4] Expreſs. [5] *Shines.* [6] Countenance.

Orr

Orr ſcarlette, wyth waylde [7] lynnen clothe ywreene [8],
Syke [9] would thie ſpryte upponn thie vyſage ſpredde.
Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde & harte
Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee fromm hys moſte parte.

And cann I lyve to ſee herr wythe anere [10]!
Ytt cannotte, muſte notte, naie, ytt ſhalle not bee.
Thys nyghte I'll putte ſtronge poyſonn ynn the beere,
And hymm, herr, and myſelfe, attenes [11] wyll ſlea.
Aſſyſt mee, Helle! lett Devylles rounde mee tende,
To ſlea mieſelfe, mie love, & eke mie doughtie [12] friende.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

ÆLLA.

Notte, whanne the hallie [13] prieſte dyd make me knyghte,
Bleſſynge the weaponne, tellynge future dede,
Howe bie mie honde the prevyd [14] Dane ſhoulde blede,
Howe I ſchulde often bee, and often wynne, ynn fyghte;

[7] *Choſen.* [8] Covered. [9] Such. [10] Another. [11] At once. [12] Mighty, *valiant.* [13] *Holy.* [14] Hardy, valourous.

Notte,

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Notte, whann I fyrſte behelde thie beauteous hue,
Whyche ſtrooke mie mynde, & rouzed my ſofter ſoule;
Nott, whann from the barbed [15] horſe yn fyghte dyd viewe
The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,
Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete dole, [16]
Dydd I fele joie wyth ſyke reddoure [17] as nowe,
Whann hallie preeſt, the lechemanne [18] of the ſoule,
Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytyſnede [19] vowe;
Now hallie [20] Ælla's ſelyneſſe [21] ys grate;
Shap [22] haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate [23].

BIRTHA.

Mie lorde, and huſbande, ſyke [24] a joie is myne;
Botte mayden modeſtie moſte ne ſoe ſaie,
Albeytte thou mayeſt rede ytt ynn myne eyne,
Or ynn myne harte, where thou ſhalte be for aie;
Inne ſothe, I have botte meeded, [25] oute thie faie [26];
For twelve tymes twelve the mone hath bin yblente [27],

[15] *Armed.* [16] *Lamentation.* [17] Violence. [18] *Phyſician.* [19] Binding, enforting. [20] *Happy.* [21] *Happineſs.* [22] Fate. [23] Leſſen, decreaſe. [24] *Suck.* [25] *Recompenſed.* [26] Faith, *conſtancy.* [27] Blinded.

As

As manie tymes hathe vyed [28] the Godde of daie,
And on the graſſe her lemes [29] of ſylverr ſente;
Sythe thou dydſt cheeſe [30] mee for thie ſwote [31] to bee,
Enactynge * [31] ynn the ſame moſte faiefullie to mee.
Ofte have I ſeene thee atte the none-daie feaſte,
Whanne deyſde [32] bie thieſelfe, for wante of pheeres [33],
Awhylſt thie merryemen [34] dydde laughe and jeaſte,
Onn mee thou ſemeſt all eyne, to mee all eares.
Thou wardeſt [35] mee as gyff [36] ynn hondred feeres,
Aleſt [37] a daygnous [38] looke to thee be ſente,
And offrendes [39] made mee, moe thann yie compheeres, [40]
Offe ſcarpes [41] of ſcarlette, & fyne paramente [42];
All thie yntente to pleaſe was lyſſed [43] to mee,
I ſaie ytt, I moſte ſtreve [44] thatt you ameded [45] bee.

ÆLLA.

Mie lyttel kyndneſſes whyche I dydd doe,
Thie gentleneſs doth corven [46] them ſoe grete,
Lyche bawſyn [47] olyphauntes [48] mie gnattes doe ſhewe;
Thou doeſt mie thoughtes of paying love amate [49].

[28] *Viewed.* [29] Lights, rays. [30] *Chuſe.* [31] *Sweetheart, bride.* * [31] *Acting.* [32] *Seated under a canopy.* [33] Fellows, equals. [34] *Followers.* [35] *Watcheſt.* [36] *If.* [37] *Leaſt.* [38] Diſdainful. [39] Preſents, offerings. [40] *Equals, companions.* [41] Scarfs. [42] Robes of ſcarlet. [43] Bounded, *confined.* [44] *Strive.* [45] *Rewarded.* [46] *Repreſent.* [47] Large. [48] Elephants. [49] Deſtroy.

Botte

Botte hann mie actyonns ſtraughte[50] the rolle of fate,
Pyghte[51] thee fromm Hell, or brought Heaven down
to thee,
Layde the whol worlde a fallidſtole[52] atte thie feete,
On ſmyle would be ſuffycyll[53] mede[54] for mee.
I amm Loves borro'r, & canne never paie,
Bott be hys borrower ſtylle, & thyne, mie ſwete, for aie.

BIRTHA.

Love, doe notte rate your achevments[55] ſoe ſmalle;
As I to you, ſyke love untoe mee beare;
For nothynge paſte will Birtha ever call,
Ne on a foode from Heaven thynke to cheere.
As farr as thys frayle brutylle[56] fleſch wylle ſpere,[57]
Syke, & ne fardher I expecte of you;
Be notte toe ſlack yn love, ne overdeare;
A ſmalle fyre, yan a loud flame, proves more true.

ÆLLA.

Thie gentle wordis toe thie volunde[58] kenne[59]
To bee moe clergionde[60] thann ys ynn meyncte of menne.

[50] Stretched. [51] *Plucked.* [52] *Kneeling-ſtool.* [53] *Sufficient.* [54] *Reward.* [55] Services. [56] *Frail.* [57] *Allow.* [58] Memory, underſtanding, *diſpoſition.* [59] *Make known.* [60] *Learned.*

ÆLLA,

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ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MYNSTRELLES.

CELMONDE.

Alle bleſſynges ſhowre on gentle Ælla's hedde!
Oft maie the moone, yn ſylverr ſheenynge lyghte,
Inne varied chaunges varyed bleſſynges ſhedde,
Beſprengeynge[61] far abrode miſchaunces nyghte;
And thou, fayre Birtha! thou, fayre Dame, ſo bryghte,
Long mayeſt thou wyth Ælla fynde much peace,
Wythe ſelyneſſe[62] as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,[63]
Wyth everych chaungynge mone new joies encreaſe!
I, as a token of mie love to ſpeake,
Have brought you jubbes[64] of ale, at nyghte youre brayne[65] to breake.

ÆLLA.

Whan ſopperes paſte we'lle drenche youre ale ſoe ſtronge,
Tyde[66] lyfe, tyde death.

[61] *Scattering, diſperſing.* [62] *Happineſs.* [63] *Cloathed.* [64] *Jugs.* [65] *Care.* [66] *Betide or happen.*

CEL-

CELMONDE.

Ye Mynſtrelles, chaunt your ſonge

Mynſtrelles Songe, bie a Manne and Womanne.

MANNE.

Tourne thee to thie Shepſterr [67] ſwayne;
Bryghte ſonne has ne droncke the dewe
From the floures of yellowe hue;
Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne.

WOMANNE.

No, beſtoikerre [68] I wylle go,
Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mees [69],
Lyche the ſylver-footed doe,
Seekeynge ſhelterr yn grene trees.

MANNE.

See the moſs-growne daiſey'd banke,
Pereynge [70] ynne the ſtreme belowe;
Here we'lle ſytte, in dewie danke; * [70]
Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

[67] Shepherd. [68] Deceiver. [69] Meadows. [70] *Appearing.* * [70] *Damp, moiſture.*

WO-

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WOMANNE.

I've hearde erſte [71] mie grandame ſaie,
Yonge damoyſelles [72] ſchulde ne bee,
Inne the ſwotie [73] moonthe of Maie,
Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

MANNE.

Sytte thee, Alyce, ſytte, and harke,
Howe the ouzle [74] chauntes hys noate,
The chelandree [75], greie morn larke,
Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate;

WOMANNE.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,
Chauntynge owte ſo blatauntlie [76],
Tellynge lecturnyes [77] to mee,
Myſcheefe ys whanne you are nygh.

[71] *Formerly.* [72] *Damſels.* [73] *Pleaſant.* [74] The blackbird. [75] Goldfinch. [76] Loudly. [77] Lectures.

C MANNE.

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MANNE.

See alonge the mees [78] ſo grene
Pied daiſies, kynge-coppes ſwote;
A' : wee ſee, bie non bee ſeene,
Nete botte ſhepe ſettes here a fote.

WOMANNE.

Shepſter ſwayne, you tare mie gratche [79].
Oute uponne ye! lette me goe.
Leave mee ſwythe [80], or I'lle alatche! [81]
Robynne, thys youre dame ſhall knowe.

MANNE.

See! the crokynge [82] brionie
Rounde the popler twyſte hys ſpraie;
Rounde the oake the greene ivie
Florryſchethe [83] and lyveth aie.

Lette us ſeate us bie thys tree,
Laughe, and ſynge to lovynge ayres;
Comme, and doe notte coyen [84] bee;
Nature made all thynges bie payres.

[78] *Meadows.* [79] Apparel, [80] *Quickly.* [81] *Accuſe, cry out.* [82] *Crooked, twiſting.* [83] *Flouriſhes.* [84] *Coy.*

Drooried

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Drooried [85] cattes wylle after kynde;

Gentle doves wylle kyſs and coe:

W. O M A N N E.

Botte manne, hee moſte bee ywrynde, [86]

Tylle ſyr preeſte make on of two.

Tempte mee ne to the foule thynge;

I wylle no mannes lemanne [87] be;

Tyll ſyr preeſte hys ſonge doethe ſynge,

Thou ſhalt neere fynde aught of mee.

M A N N E.

Bie oure ladie her yborne, [88]

To-morrowe, ſoone as ytte ys daie,

I'lle make thee wyfe, ne bee forſworne,

So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

W. O M A N N E.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe

Wee attenes [89], thos honde yn honde,

Unto diviniſtre [90] goe,

And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

[85] *Modeſt.* [86] *Separated.* [87] *Miſtreſs.* [88] *Sun.* [89] At once. [90] A divine.

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MANNE.

I agree, and thus I plyghte
Honde, and harte, and all that's mync;
Goode ſyr Rogerr, do us ryghte,
Make us one, at Cothbertes ſhryne.

BOTHE.

We wylle ynn a bordelle[91] lyve,
Hailie,[92] thoughe of no eſtate;
Everyche clocke moe love ſhall gyve;
Wee ynn godeneſſe wylle bee greate.

ÆLLA:

I lyche thys ſonge, I lyche ytt myckle well;
And there ys monie for yer ſyngeyne nowe;
Butte have you noone thatt marriage-bleſſynges telle?

CELMONDE.

In marriage, bleſſynges are botte fewe, I trowe.[93]

[91] A cottage. [92] *Happy.* [93] *Think.*

MYN-

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MYNSTRELLES.

Laverde[94], we have; and, gyff you pleaſe, wille ſynge,

As well as owre choughe-voyces[95] wylle permytte.

ÆLLA.

Comme then, and ſee you ſwotelie[96] tune the ſtrynge,
And ſtret[97], and engyne[98] all the human wytte,
Toe pleaſe mie dame.

MYNSTRELLES.

We'lle ſtrayne owre wytte and ſynge.

Mynſtrelles Songe.

FYRSTE MYNSTRELLE.

The boddynge[99] flourettes bloſhes[100] atte the lyghte;
The mees[101] be ſprenged[102] wyth the yellowe hue;
Ynn daiſeyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;[103]
The neſh[104] yonge coweſlepe bendethe wyth the dewe;

[94] Lord. [95] *Hoarſe, as raven voices.* [96] *Sweetly.* [97] Stretch. [98] *Rack.* [99] *Budding.* [100] *Bluſh.* [101] *Meadows.* [102] *Sprinkled.* [103] *Cloathed.* [104] Tender.

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The trees enlefed [105], yntoe Heavenne ſtraughte [106],
Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to wheſtlyng [107] dynné [108]
ys broughte, 165

The evenynge commes, and brynges the dewe alonge;
The roddie [109] welkynne [110] ſheeneth to the eyne;
Arounde the aleſtake [111] Mynſtrells ſynge the ſonge;
Yonge ivie rounde the doore poſte do entwyne;
I laie mee onn the graſſe; yette, to mie wylle, 170
Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe ſomethynge ſtylle.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

So Adam thoughtenne [112], whann, ynn Paradyſe,
All Heavenn and Erthe dyd hommage to hys mynde;
Ynn Womman alleyne [113] mannes pleaſaunce lyes;
As Inſtrumentes of joie were made the kynde. 175
Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and ſee
Wynter, and brownie [114] kylles, wyll have a charme for thee.

[105] *Full of leaves.* [106] *Stretched.* [107] *Whiſtling.* [108] *Sound.* [109] *Red.* [110] *Sky.* [111] *Maypole.* [112] *Thought.* [113] *Alone.* [114] *Brown.*

THYRDE

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THYRDE MYNSTRELLE.

Whanne Autumpne blake[115] and ſonne-brente[116] doe appere,
Wyth hys goulde honde guylteynge[117] the falleynge lefe,
Bryngeynge oppe Wynterr to folfylle[118] the yere,
Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped ſhefe;
Whan al the hyls wythe woddie fede ys whyte;
Whanne levynne fyres[119] and lemes[120] do mete from far the ſyghte;

Whann the fayre apple, rudde[121] as even ſkie,
Do bende the tree unto the fructyle[122] grounde;
When joicie[123] peres[124], and berries of blacke die,
Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounde;
Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,
Meethynckes mie hartys joie ys ſteynced[125] wyth ſomme care.

[115] Naked, [116] *Sun-burnt*, [117] *Gilding*, [118] *Fill up*. [119] *Flaſhes of lightning*. [120] *Meteors*, [121] *Red*. [122] *Fertile*, [123] *Juicy*. [124] *Pears*. [125] *Stained, alloyed*.

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SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

Angelles bee wrogte[126] to bee of neidher kynde;
Angelles alleyne fromme chafe[127] deſyre bee free;
Dheere[128] ys a ſomwhatte evere yn the mynde,
Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot ſtylled bee;
Ne ſeyncte yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and tere[129],
Do fynde the ſpryte to joie on ſyghte of womanne fayre:
Wommen bee made, notte for hemſelves botte manne,
Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys deſire;
Fromme an ynutylle[130] membere fyrſte beganne,
Ywroghte[131] with moche[132] of water, lyttele fyre;
Therefore theie ſeke the fyre of love, to hete
The milkyneſs of kynde, and make hemſelfes complete.

Albeytte, wythout wommen, menne were pheeres[133]
To ſalvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to flea,
Botte wommenne efte[134] the ſpryghte of peace ſo cheres[145],
Tochelod[136] yn Angel joie heie[137] Angeles bee;

[126] *Formed.* [127] Hot. [128] *There.* [129] Health. [130] *Uſeleſs.* [131] *Compoſed.* [132] *Much.* [133] *Fellows, equals.* [134] *Often.* [135] *Cheriſhes, ſoothes.* [136] *Joined.* [137] *They.*

Go,

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Go, take thee ſwythyn[138] to thie bedde a wyfe,
Bee bante[139] or bleſſed hie[140] yn proovynge marryage lyfe.

Anodher Mynſtrelles Songe, bie Syr *Thybbot Gorges*,

As Elynour bie the green leſſelle[141] was ſyttynge,
As from the ſonnes hete ſhe harried[142],
She ſayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hoſen was knyttynge,
Whatte pleaſure ytt ys to be married!

Mie huſbande, Lorde Thomas, a forreſter boulde,
As ever clove pynne, or the baſkette[143],
Does no cheryſauncys[144] from Elynour houlde,
I have ytte as ſoone as I aſke ytte.

Whann I lyved wyth mie fadre yn merrie Clowd-dell,
Tho' twas at my liefe[145] to mynde ſpynnynge,
I ſtylle wanted ſomethynge, botte whatte ne coulde telle,
Mie lorde fadres barbde haulle[146] han ne wynnynge[147].

[138] Quickly. [139] *Curſed.* [140] *Highly.* [141] *Arbour.* [142] *Haſtened.* [143] *Terms in Archery.* [144] *Comforts.* [145] *Choice.* [146] *Hung with Armour.* [147] *Allurements.*

Eche

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Eche mornynge I ryſe, doe I ſette mie maydennes,
Somme to ſpynn, ſomme to curdell,[148] ſomme bleachynge,
Gyff any new entered doe aſke for mie aidens,[149]
Thann ſwythynne[150] you fynde mee a teachynge.

Lorde Walterre, mie fadre,[151] he loved me welle,
And nothynge unto mee was nedeynge,
Botte ſchulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,
In ſothen[152] twoulde bee wythoute redeynge[153].

Shee ſayde, and lorde Thomas came over the lea,
As hee the fatte derkynnes[154] wae chacynge,
Shee putte uppe her knyttynge, and to hym wente ſhee;
So wee leave hem bothe kyndelie embracynge.

ÆLLA.

I lyche eke thys; goe ynn untoe the feaſte;
Wee wylle permytte you antecedente[155] bee;
There ſwotelie ſynge eche carolle,[156] and yaped[157] jeaſte;
And there ys monnie, that you merrie bee;

[148] *Card*, [149] *Aſſiſtance*, [150] *Immediately*, [151] *Father*, [152] *Truth*. [153] *Wiſdom*, *deliberation*. [154] *Young deer*. [155] *To go before*, [156] *Song*, [157] Laughable.

Comme,

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Comme, gentle love, wee wylle toe ſpouſe-feaſte goe,
And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreynſted[158] everych woe.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGERE,
MESSENGERE.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondrynge onn our coaſte;
Lyche ſcolles[159] of locuſts, caſte oppe bie the ſea,
Magnus and Hurra, wythe a doughtie[160] hoaſte,
Are ragyng, to be quanſed[161] bie none botte thee;
Haſte, ſwyfte as Levynne[162] to theſe royners[163] flee:
Thie dogges alleyne can tame thys ragynge bulle.
Haſte ſwythyn, fore[164] anieghe *[164] the towne theie bee,
And Wedeceſterres rolle of dome bee fulle.
Haſte, haſte, O Ælla, to the byker[165] flie,
For yn a momentes ſpace tenne thouſand menne maie die.

ÆLLA.

Beſhrew thee for thie newes! I moſte be gon.
Was ever lockleſs dome ſo hard as myne!
Thos from dyſportyſmente[166] to warr to ron,
To chaunge the ſelke * [166] yeſte for the gaberdyne![167]

[158] Drowned. [159] *Shoals.* [160] *Valiant.* [161] Stilled, quenched. [162] *Lightning.* [163] *Ravagers.* [164] *Before.* * [164] *Near.* [165] *Battle.* [166] *Enjoyment.* * [166] *Silk.* [167] *Military cloak.*

BIRTHA.

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BIRTHA.

O! lyche a nedere,[168] lette me rounde thee twyne,
And hylte[169] thie boddie from the ſchaftes of warre.
Thou ſhalte nott, muſt not, from thie Birtha ryne,[170]
Botte kenn the dynne of ſlughornes[171] frøm afarre.

ÆLLA.

O love, was thys thie joie, to ſhewe the treate,
Than groffyſhe[172] to forbydde thie hongered gueſtes to eate?

O mie upſwalynge[173] harte, whatt wordes can ſaie
The peynes, thatte paſſethe ynn mie ſoule ybrente?[174]
Thos to bee torne uponne mie ſpouſalle daie,
O! 'tys a peyne beyond entendemente,[175]
Yee mychtie Goddes, and is yor favoures ſente
As thous faſte dented[176] to a loade of peyne?
Moſte wee aie holde yn chace the ſhade content,
And for a bodykyn[177] a ſwarthe[178] obteyne?

[168] *Adder.* [169] *Hide,* [170] *Run,* [171] *Warlike inſtruments of muſic.* [172] *Rudely, ſternly.* [173] Swelling. [174] *Burnt up.* [175] *Comprehenſion.* [176] *Joined.* [177] Body, ſubſtance. [178] *Ghoſt, or ſhadow.*

O! whie,

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O! whie, yee ſeyncles, oppreſs yee thos mie ſowle?
How ſhalle I ſpeke mie woe, mie freme,[179] mie dreerie[180]
dole?[181]

CELMONDE.

Sometyme the wyſeſte lacketh pore mans rede.[182]
Reaſonne and counynge wytte eſte[183] flees awaie.
Thanne, loverde[184] lett me ſaie, wyth hommaged drede
(Bieneth your fote ylayn)[185] mie counſelle ſaie;
Gyff thos wee lett the matter lethlen[186] laie,
The foemenn, everych honde-poyncte,[187] getteth fote.
Mie loverde, lett the ſpeere-menne, dyghte[188] for fraie,[189]
And all the ſabbataners[190] goe aboute.
I ſpeke, mie loverde, alleyne[191] to upryſe
Youre wytte from marvelle, and the warriour to alyſe.[192]

ÆLLA.

Ah! nowe thou potteſt takells[193] yn mie harte;
Mie ſoulghe[194] dothe nowe begynne to ſee herſelle;
I wylle upryſe mie myghte, and doe mie parte,
To ſlea the foemenne yn mie furie felle.[195]

[179] *Strange.* [180] *Dire, grievous.* [181] *Sorrow.* [182] *Counſel, adviſe.* [183] *Often.* [184] *Lord.* [185] *Proſtrate, lying.* [186] Still, dead. [187] *Moment.* [188] *Prepared.* [189] *Battle.* [190] *Booted ſoldiers.* [191] *Only.* [192] *Set free.* [193] Arrows, darts. [194] *Soul.* [195] *Pernicious.*

Botte

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Botte howe canne tynge[196] mie rampynge fourie[197] telle,
Whyche ryſeth from mie love to Birtha fayre?
Ne coulde the queede,[198] and alle the myghte of Helle,
Founde out impleaſaunce[199] of ſykeblacke a geare.[200]
Yette I wylle bee mieſelfe, and rouze mie ſpryte
To acte wythe rennome,[201] and goe meet the bloddie fyghte.

BIRTHA.

No, thou ſchalte never leave thie Birtha's ſyde;
Ne ſchall the wynde uponne us blowe alleyne;
I, lyche a nedre,[202] wylle untoe thee hyde;
Tyde * [202] lyfe, tyde deathe, ytte ſhall behoulde us twayne.
I have mie parte of drierie[203] dole[204] and peyne;
Itte braſteth[205] from mee atte the holtred[206] eyne;
Ynne tydes of teares mie ſwarthynge[207] ſpryte wyll drayne,
Gyff drerie dole ys thyne, tys twa tymes myne.
Goe notte, O Ælla; wythe thie Birtha ſtaie;
For wyth thie ſemmlykeed[208] mie ſpryte wyll goe awaie.

[196] *Tongue.* [197] *Fury.* [198] *Devil.* [199] *Unpleaſantneſs.* [200] *Appearance, dreſs.* [201] *Renown.* [202] *Adder.* * [202] *Betide.* [203] *Grievous.* [204] *Sorrow.* [205] *Burſteth.* [206] *Hidden.* [207] *Dying.* [208] *Countenance.*

ÆLLA.

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ÆLLA.

O! tys for thee, for thee alleyne I fele;
Yett I muſte bee mieſelfe; with valoures gear
I'lle dyghte mie hearte, and notte[209] mie lymbes yn ſtele,
And ſhake the bloddie ſwerde and ſteyned ſpere.

BIRTHA.

Can Ælla from hys breaſte hys Birtha teare?
Is ſhee ſo rou[210] and ugſomme[211] to hys ſyghte?
Entrykeynge[212] wyght!*[212] ysleathall[213] warre ſo deare?
Thou pryzeſt mee belowe the joies of fyghte.
Thou ſcalte notte leave mee, albeytte the erthe
Hong pendaunte[214] bie thie ſwerde, and craved for thy nıorthe.[215]

ÆLLA.

Dyddeſt thou kenne howe mie woes, as ſtarres ybrente,[216]
Headed bie theſe thie wordes doe onn mee falle,
Thou woulde ſtryve to gyve mie harte contente,
Wakyng mie ſlepynge mynde to honnoures calle.

[209] *Cloath, prepare, faſten.* [210] *Horrid, diſguſting.* [211] Terrible. [212] *Deceitful.* *[212] *Man.* [213] *Deadly.* [214] *Depending.* [215] *Death.* [216] *Burning.*

Of

Of ſelyneſſe[217] I pryze thee moe yan all
Heaven can mee ſende, or counynge wytt aequyre,
Yette I wylle leave thee, onne the foe to falle,
Retournynge to thie eyne with double fyre.

BIRTHA.

Moſte Birtha boon[218] requeſte and bee denyd?
Receyve attenes[219] a darte yn ſelyneſſe and pryde?
Doe ſtaie, att leaſte tylle morrowes ſonne apperes.

ÆLLA.

Thou kenneſte welle the Dacyannes myttee[220] powere;
Wythe them a mynnute wurchethe[221] bane,[222] for yeares;
Theie undoe reaulmes wythyn a ſyngle hower.
Rouze all thie honnoure, Birtha; look attoure[223]
Thie bledeynge countrie, whych for haſtie dede
Calls, for the rodeynge[224] of ſome doughtie[225] power,
To royn yttes royners,[226] make yttes foemenne blede.

[217] *Happineſs.* [218] *A favor.* [219] *At once.* [220] *Mighty.* [221] *Worketh.* [222] *Calamity, damage.* [223] *Around.* [224] *Command.* [225] *Valiant.* [226] *Ravagers.*

BIRTHA.

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BIRTHA.

Rouze all thie love; falſe and entrykyng [227] wyghte!
Ne leave thie Birtha thos uponne pretence of fyghte.

Thou nedeſt notte goe, untyll thou haſte command
Under the ſygnette [228] of oure lord the kynge.

ÆLLA.

And wouldeſt thou make me then a recreande? [229]
Hollie Seyncte Marie, keepe mee from the thynge!
Heere, Birtha, thou haſt potte a double ſtynge,
One for thie love, anodher for thie mynde.

BIRTHA.

Agylted [230] Ælla, thie abredynge [231] blynge [232].
Twas love of thee thatte foule intente ywrynde. [233]
Yette heare mie ſupplycate, to mee attende,
Hear from mie groted [234] harte the lover and the friende,

[227] *Deceitful man.* [228] *Seal.* [229] *Coward.* [230] Offended. [231] Upbraiding. [232] Ceaſe. [233] *Diſcloſed.* [234] Swollen.

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Lett Celmonde yn thie armour-brace[235] be dyghte[236];
And yn thie ſtead unto the battle goe;
Thie name alleyne wylle putte the Danes to flyghte,
The ayre thatt beares ytt woulde preſſe downe the foe.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, yn vayne thou wouldſte mee recreand[237] doe;
I moſte, I wylle, fyghte for mie countries wele,[238]
And leave thee for ytt. Celmonde, ſweftlie goe,
Telle mie Bryſtowans to dyghte yn ſtele;
Tell hem I ſcorne to kenne hem from afar,
Botte leave the vyrgyn brydall bedde for bedde of warre.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

And thou wylt goe: O mie agroted[239] harte!

ÆLLA.

Mie countrie waites mie marche; I muſte awaie;
Albeytte I ſchulde goe to mete the darte
Of certen Dethe, yette here I woulde notte ſtaie.

[235] *Suit of armour.* [236] *Cloathed.* [237] *Coward.* [238] *Welfare.* [239] *Swollen.*

Botte

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Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe aſſwaie [240]
Moe torturynge peynes yamme canne be ſedde bie
tyngue. [241]
Yette rouze thie honoure uppe, and wayte the daie,
Whan rounde aboute mee ſonge of warre heie [242]
ſynge.
O Birtha, ſtrev [243] mie agreeme [244] to accaie [245],
And joyous ſee mie armes, dyghte oute ynn warre arraie.

BIRTHA.

Difficile [246] ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle ſtrev
To keepe mie woe behyltren [247] yn mie breaſte.
Albeytte nete maye to mee pleaſaunce yev, [248]
Lyche thee, I'lle ſtrev to ſette mie mynde atte reſte.
Yett oh! forgeve, yff I have thee dyſtreſte;
Love, doughtie love, wylle beare no odher ſwaie.
Juſte as I was wythe Ælla to be bleſte,
Shappe [249] foullie thos hathe ſnatched hym awaie.
It was a tene [250] too doughtie to bee borne,
Wydhout an ounde [251] of feares and breaſte wyth ſyghes
ytorne [252].

[240] *Aſſay.* [241] *Tongue.* [242] *They.* [243] *Strive.* [244] Torture. [245] Aſſwage. [246] Difficult. [247] *Hid.* [248] *Give.* [249] *Fate.* [250] *Pain or Torment.* [251] *Flood.* [252] *Rent.*

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ÆLLA.

Thie mynde ys now thieſelfe; why wylte thou bee
All blanche [253], al kyngelie, all ſoe wyſe yn mynde,
Alleyne to lett pore wretched Ælla ſee,
Whatte wondrous bighes [254] he now muſte leave behynde?
O Birtha fayre, warde [255] everyche commynge wynde,
On everych [256] wynde I wylle a token fende:
Onn mie longe ſhielde ycorne [257] thie name thoul't fynde
Butte here commes Celmonde, wordhie [258] knyghte and friende.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE *ſpeaking.*

Thie Bryſtowe knyghtes for thie forth-comynge lynge [259]
Echone athwarte hys backe hys longe warre-ſhield dothe flynge.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, adieu; but yette I cannotte goe.

[253] *Fair.* [254] Jewels. [255] *Watch.* [256] *Every.* [257] *Engraved.* [258] *Worthy.* [259] Stay.

BIRTHA.

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BIRTHA.

Lyfe of mie ſpryte, mie gentle Ælla ſtaie.
Engyne [260] mee notte wyth ſyke a drierie woe.

ÆLLA.

I muſte, I wylle; tys honnoure cals awaie.

BIRTHA.

O mie agroted [261] harte, braſte [262], braſte ynn twaie [263].
Ælla, for honnoure, flyes awaie from mee.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, adieu; I maie notte here obaie [264].
I'm flyynge from mieſelfe yn flying thee.

BIRTHA.

O Ælla, houſband, friend, and loverde [265], ſtaie.
He's gon, he's gone, alaſs! percaſe [266] he's gone for aie.

[260] *Torture.* [261] *Swelling.* [262] *Burſt.* [263] *Twain.* [264] *Wait.* [265] *Lord.* [266] *Perhaps.*

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CELMONDE.

Hope, hallie [267] fuſter [268], ſweepeynge thro' the ſkie,
In crowue of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte,
Whyche farre abrode ynne gentle ayre doe flie,
Meetynge from dyſtaunce the enjoyous [269] ſyghte,
Albeytte [270] efte thou takeſt thie hie flyghte
Hecket [271] ynne a myſte, and wyth thyne eyne yblente [272],
Nowe commeſt thou to mee wythe ſtarrie lyghte;
Ontoe thie veſte the rodde ſonne ys adente [273];
The Sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,
Depycte [274] wythe ſkylledd honde upponn thie wyde
aumere [275],

I from a nete [276] of hopelen [277] am adawed [278],
Awhaped [279] atte the fetyveneſs [280] of daie;
Ælla, bie nete [281] moe thann hys myndbruche [282] awed,
Is gone, and I moſte followe, toe the fraie.

[267] *Holy,* [268] *Siſter.* [269] *Enraptured, joyful.* [270] *Although.* [271] Wrapped cloſely, covered. [272] *Blinded.* [273] Faſtened. [274] *Painted.* [275] *Robe or girdle.* [276] *Night.* [277] *Hopeleſſneſs.* [278] *Awakened.* [279] Aſtoniſh'd. [280] *Agreeableneſs.* [281] *Nought.* [282] *Emulation.*

Celmonde

Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker [283] ſtaie.
Dothe warre begynne? there's Celmonde yn the place
Botte whanne the warre ys donne, I'll haſte awaie.
The reſte from nethe [284] tymes maſque muſt ſhew yttes face.
I ſee onnumbered joies arounde mee ryſe;
Blake [285] ſtondethe future doome, and joie dothe mee alyſe [286].

O honnoure, honnoure, what ys bie thee hanne [287]?
Hailie [288] the robber and the bordelyer [289],
Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee beſtanne [290],
And nothynge does thie myckle [291] gaſtneſs [292] fere.
Faygne woulde I from mie boſomme all thee tare.
Thou there dyſperpelleſt [293] thie levynne-bronde [294];
Whyleſt mie ſoulgh's [295] forwyned [296], thou art the gare [297];
Sleene [298] ys mie comforte bie thie ferie [299] honde;
As ſomme talle hylle, whann wynds doe ſhake the ground,

[283] *Conteſt, battle.* [284] *Beneath.* [285] Naked. [286] *Quit.* [287] *Had.* [288] *Happy.* [289] *Peaſant, cottager.* [290] *Oppoſed, loſt.* [291] *Great.* [292] *Terribleneſs.* [293] Scattereſt. [294] *Lightning.* [295] *Soul.* [296] *Withered.* [297] *Cauſe.* [298] *Slain.* [299] *Fiery.*

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Itte kerveth [300] all abroade, bie brafteynge [301] hyltren [302]
wounde,
Honnoure, whatt bee ytte? tys a fhadowes fhade,
A thynge of wychencref [303], an idle dreme;
On of the fonnis [304] whych the clerche [305] have made
Menne wydhoute fprytes, and wommen for to fleme [306];
Knyghtes, who efte kenne the loude dynne of the
beme [307],
Schulde be forgarde [308] to fyke enfeeblynge waies,
Make everych acte, alyche [309] theyr foules, be
breme [310],
And for theyre chyvalrie alleyne have prayfe.
O thou, whatteer thie name,
Or Zabalus [311] or Queed [312],
Comme, fteel mie fable fpryte,
For fremde [313] and dolefulle dede,

[300] *Cutteth, layeth wafte.* [301] *Burfting.* [302] *Hidden.* [303] *Wicchcraft.* [304] *Devices.* [305] *Church.* [306] *Terrify.* [307] *Trumpet.* [308] *Loft.* [309] *Like.* [310] *Furious.* [311] *The devil.* [312] *The devil.* [313] Strange.

MANGUS,

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MAGNUS, HURRA, *and* HIE PREESTE, *wyth the* ARMIE, *neare* WATCHETTE.

MAGNUS.

SWYTHE [314] lette the offrendes [315] to the Godde begynne,
To knowe of hem the iſſue of the fyghte.
Potte the blodde-ſteyned ſword and pavyes [316] ynne;
Spreade ſwythyn all arounde the hallie [317] lyghte.

HIE PREESTE *ſyngeth.*

Yee, who hie yn mokie [318] ayre
Delethe ſeaſonnes foule or fayre,
Yee, who, whanne yee weere agguylte [319],
The mone yn bloddie gyttelles [320] hylte,
Mooved the ſtarres, and dyd unbynde
Everyche barriere [321] to the wynde;

[314] Quickly. [315] Offerings. [316] *Daggers.* [317] *Holy.* [318] *Murky, gloomy.* [319] *Offended.* [320] Mantles. [321] *Boundary.*

Whanne

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Whanne the oundynge [322] waves dyſtreſte,
Storven [323] to be overeſt [324],
Sockeynge [325] yn the ſpyre-gyrte towne,
Swolterynge [326] wole natyones downe,
Sendynge dethe, on plagues aſtrodde [327],
Moovynge lyke the erthys [328] Godde;
To mee ſend your heſte [329] dyvyne,
Lyghte eletten [330] all myne eyne,
Thatt I maie now undevyſe [331]
All the actyonnes of th'empprize [332].

[*falleth downe and efte* [333] *ryſethe.*

Thus ſayethe the Goddes; goe, yſſue to the playne;
Forr there ſhall meynte of mytte [334] menne bee ſlayne.

MAGNUS.

Whie, ſoe there evere was, whanne Magnus foughte.
Efte have I treynted [335] noyance [336] throughe the hoaſte,
Athorowe [337] ſwerdes, alyche the Queed [338] dyſtraughte, [339]
Have Magnus preſſynge wroghte hys foemen loaſte [340],

[322] *Foaming, undulating.* [323] *Strove.* [324] *Uppermoſt.* [325] *Sucking.* [326] *Overwhelming.* [327] *Aſtride.* [328] *Earth's.* [329] *Command.* [330] *Enlighten.* [331] *Explain.* [332] *Underſtanding.* [333] *Afterwards.* [334] *Mighty.* [335] *Scattered.* [336] *Deſtruction.* [337] *Through.* [338] *The devil.* [339] *Diſtracted.* [340] *Loſs.*

As

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As whanne a tempeſte vexethe ſoare the coaſte,
The dyngeynge[341] ounde[342] the ſandeie ſtronde doe tare,
So dyd I inne the warre the javlynne toſte[343],
Full meynte[344] a champyonnes breaſte received mie
ſpear.
Mie ſheelde, lyche ſommere morie[345] gronſer[346] droke[347],
Mie lethalle[348] ſpeere, alyche a levyn-mylted[349] oke.

HURRA.

Thie wordes are greate, full hyghe of ſound, and eeke[350]
Lyche thonderre, to the whych dothe comme no rayne.
Itte lacketh notte a doughtie[351] honde to ſpeke;
The cocke ſaiethe dreſte[352], yett armed ys he alleyne.
Certis thie wordes maie, thou moteſt have ſayne
Of mee, and meynte of moe, who eke canne fyghte,
Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle[353],
And tore the heaulmes[354] from heades of myckle
myghte.
Sythence[355] ſyke myghte ys placed yn thie honde,
Lette blowes thie actyons ſpecke, and bie thie corrage
ſtonde.

341 *Noiſy, ſounding.* 342 *Wave.* 343 *Toſs.* 344 *Many.* 345 *Marſhy,* 346 *Fen-fire, or meteor.* 347 *Dry.* 348 *Deadly.* 349 *Melted with lightning.* 350 *Amplification, or boaſt.* 351 *Valiant.* 352 Leaſt, *rather vauntingly.* 353 *Beaver.* 354 *Helmets.* 355 *Since.*

MAGNUS.

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MAGNUS.

Thou are a warrioure, Hurra, thatte I kenne,
And myckle famed for thie handie dede.
Thou fyghteſt anente [356] maydens and ne menne,
Nor aie thou makeſt armed hartes to blede.
Efte [357] I, caparyſon'd on bloddie ſtede,
Havethe thee ſeene binethe mee ynn the fyghte,
Wythe corſes I inveſtynge [358] everich mede,
And thou aſton [359], and wondrynge at mie myghte.
Thanne wouldeſt thou comme yn for mie renome [360],
Albeytte thou wouldſt reyne [361] awaie from bloddie dome [362]?

HURRA.

How! butte bee bourne [363] mie rage. I kenne aryghte
Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordhye [364] peene [365],
Eftſoones I hope wee ſcalle engage yn fyghte;
Thanne to the ſouldyers all thou wylte be wreene [366],
I'll prove mie courage onne the burled [367] greene;
Tys there alleyne I'll telle thee whatte I bee.

[356] Againſt. [357] *Often.* [358] *Cloathing.* [359] *Aſtoniſhed.* [360] *Renown.* [361] *Run.* [362] *Fate.* [363] *Confined, ſtopped.* [364] *Worthy.* [365] *Puniſhment.* [366] *Declared, expoſed.* [367] *Armed.*

Gyf

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Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie ſphere [368] adeene [368*],
Thanne lett mie name be fulle as lowe as thee.
Thys mie adented [369] ſhielde, thys mie warre-ſpeare,
Schalle telle the falleynge foe gyf Hurra's harte can feare.

MAGNUS.

Magnus woulde ſpeke, butte thatte hys noble ſpryte
Dothe ſoe enrage, he knowes notte whatte to ſaie.
He'dde ſpeke yn blowes, yn gottes [370] of blodde he'd wryte,
And on thie heafod [371] peynôe [372] hys myghte for aie.
Gyf thou anent [373] an wolfynnes [374] rage wouldeſt ſtaie,
'Tys here to meet ytt; botte gyff nott, bee goe;
Leſt I in furrie [374*] ſhulde mie armes dyſplaie,
Whyche to thie boddie wylle wurche [375] myckle woe.
Oh! I bee madde, dyſtraughte [376] wyth brendyng rage [377];
Ne ſeas of ſmethynge [378] gore wylle mie chafed [379] harte aſſwage.

[368] *Spear.* [368*] *Worthy.* [369] *Bruiſed, battered.* [370] *Drops.* [371] *Head.* [372] *Paint.* [373] *Againſt.* [374] *Wolf's.* [374*] *Fury.* [375] *Work.* [376] *Diſtracted.* [377] *Burning.* [378] *Smoking.* [379] *Enflamed.*

HURRA.

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HURRA.

I kenne thee, Magnus, welle; a wyghte thou art
That doeſt aſtee [380] alonge ynn doled [381] dyſtreſſe,
Strynge [382] bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle [383] yn harte,
I almoſt wyſche [384] thie prowes were made leſſe.
Whan Ælla (name dreſt uppe yn ugſommeſs [385]
To thee and recreandes [386]) thondered on the playne,
Howe dydſte thou thorowe fyrſte of fleers [387] preſſe!
Swefter thanne federed [388] takelle [389] dydſte thou reyne [390].
A ronnynge [391] pryze onn feyncte daie to ordayne,
Magnus, and none botte hee, the ronnynge pryze wylle gayne.

MAGNUS.

Eternalle plagues devour thie baned [392] tyngue [393]!
Myrriades of neders [394] pre [395] upponne thie ſpryte!
Maieſt thou fele al the peynes of age whylſt yynge [396],
Unmanned, uneyned [397], excloded aie the lyghte,

[380] *Slide, or creep.* [381] *Painful.* [382] *Strong.* [383] *Lion's cub.* [384] *Wiſh.* [385] Terror. [386] Cowards. [387] *Fugitives.* [388] *Feathered.* [389] *Arrow.* [390] *Run.* [391] *Running.* [392] *Curſed.* [393] *Tongue.* [394] *Adders.* [395] *Prey.* [396] *Young.* [397] *Blind.*

Thie

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Thie ſenſes, lyche thieſelfe, enwrapped yn nyghte,
A ſcoff to foemen and to beaſtes a pheere[398];
Maie furched[399] levynne[400] onne thie head alyghte,
Maie on thee falle the fhuyr[401] of the unweere[402];
Fen vaipoures blaſte thie everiche manlie powere,
Maie thie bante[403] boddie quycke the wolſome[404] peenes[405]
devoure.
Faygne[406] woulde I curſe thee further, botte mie tyngue
Denies mie harte the favoure ſoe toe doe.

HURRA.

Nowe bie the Dacyanne goddes, & Welkyns[407] kynge,
Wythe fhurie[408], as thou dydſte begynne, perſue;
Calle on mie heade all tortures that bee rou[409],
Bane[410] onne, tylle thie owne tongue thie curſes fele.
Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge levynne blewe,
The thonder loude, the ſwellynge azure rele[411]
Thie wordes be hie of dynne[412], botte nete beſyde;
Bane on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of myckle
pryde.
Botte doe notte waſte thie breath, leſt Ælla come.

[398] *Companion, equal.* [399] *Forked.* [400] *Lightning.* [401] *Fury.* [402] *Storm.* [403] *Curſed.* [404] *Loathſome.* [405] *Tortures.* [406] *Willingly.* [407] *Heaven's.* [408] *Fury.* [409] *Rough, terrible.* [410] *Curſe.* [411] *Wave.* [412] *Sound.*

MAGNUS.

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MAGNUS.

Ælla & thee togyder [413] ſynke toe helle!
Bee youre names blaſted from the rolle of dome!
I feere noe Ælla, thatte thou kenneſt welle.
Unlydgefulle [414] traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle?
'Tys knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to myne,
Bothe ſente, as troopes of wolves, to ſletre [415] felle;
Botte nowe thou lackeſt hem to be all yyne [416].
Nowe, bie the goddes yatte reule the Dacyanne ſtate,
Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wyll thee dyſregate [417].

HURRA.

I pryze thie threattes joſte [418] as I doe thie banes [419],
The ſede of malyce and recendize [420] al.
Thou arte a ſteyne unto the name of Danes;
Thou alleyne to thie tyngue for proofe canſt calle.
Thou beeſt a worme ſo groſſile [421] and ſo ſmal,
I wythe thie bloude woulde ſcorne to foul mie ſworde,
Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee falle,
Alyche thie owne feare, ſlea thee wythe a worde.
I Hurra amme mieſel, and aie wylle bee,
As greate yn valourous actes, & yn commande as thee.

[413] *Together.* [414] *Rebellious, unloyal.* [415] *Slaughter.* [416] *Thine.* [417] *Break connection with.* [418] *Juſt.* [419] *Curſes.* [420] *Cowardice.* [421] *Abject.*

MAG-

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MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMYE & MESSENGER.

MESSENGERE.

Blynne [422] your contekions [422*], chiefs; for, as I ſtode
Uponne mie watche, I ſpiede an armie commynge,
Notte lyche ann handfulle of a fremded [423] foe,
Botte blacke wythe armoure, movynge ugſomlie [424],
Lyche a blacke fulle cloude, thatte dothe goe alonge
To droppe yn hayle, & hele [425] the thonder ſtorme.

MAGNUS.

Ar there meynte of them?

MESSENGERR.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a ſommer's none,
Seemynge as tho' theie ſtynge as perſante [426] too.

HURRA.

Whatte matters thatte? lettes ſette oure warr-arraie.
Goe, ſounde the beme [427], lette champyons prepare;

[422] *Ceaſe.* [422*] Contentions. [423] Frighted. [424] *Terribly.* [425] *Help.* [426] *Piercing.* [427] *Trumpet.*

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Ne doubtynge, we wylle ſtynge as faſte as heie.
Whatte? doeſt forgard [428] thie blodde? ys ytte for feare?
Wouldeſt thou gayne the towne, & caſtle-ſtere [429],
And yette ne byker [430] wythe the ſoldyer guarde?
Go, hyde thee ynn mie tente annethe [431] the lere [432];
I of thie boddie wylle keepe watche & warde.

MAGNUS.

Oure goddes of Denmarke know mie harte ys goode.

HURRA.

For nete [433] uppon the erthe, botte to be choughens [434] foode.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMIE, SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

As from mie towre I kende [435] the commynge foe,
I ſpied the croſſed ſhielde, & bloddie ſwerde,

[428] Loſe. [429] *The hold of the caſtle.* [430] *Battle.* [431] *Underneath.* [432] *Leather, ſtuff.* [433] *Nought.* [434] *Ravens.* [435] *Perceived.*

The

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The furyous Ælla's banner; wythynne kenne
The armie ys. Dyſorder throughe oure hoaſte
Is fleynge, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name;
Styr, ſtyr, mie lordes!

MAGNUS.

What? Ælla? & ſoe neare?
Thenne Denmarques roiend[436]; oh mie ryſynge feare!

HURRA.

What doeſte thou mene? thys Ælla's botte a manne.
Nowe bie mie ſworde, thou arte a verie berne[437].
Of late I dyd thie creand[438] valoure ſcanne,
Whanne thou dydſt boaſte ſoe moche[439] of aycton derne[440].
Botte I toe warr mie doeynges moſte atturne[441],
To cheere the Sabbataneres[442] to deere[443] dede.

MAGNUS.

I to the knyghtes onne everyche ſyde wylle burne,
Telleynge 'hem alle to make her foemen blede;
Sythe ſhame or deathe onne eidher ſyde wylle bee,
Mie harte I wylle upryſe[444], & inne the battelle flea.

[436] *Ruined.* [437] Child. [438] *Cowardly.* [439] *Much.* [440] *Terrible.*
[441] *Turn.* [442] *Booted ſoldiers.* [443] *Terrible.* [444] *Rouſe up.*

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ÆLLA, CELMONDE, & ARMIE *near* WATCHETTE.

ÆLLA.

NOW havynge done oure mattynes[445] & oure vowes,
Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune[446],
And everyche champyone potte the joyous crowne
Of certane maſterſchyppe[447] upon hys gleſtreynge[448] browes.

As for mie harte, I owne ytt ys, as ere
Itte has beene ynn the ſommer-ſheene of fate,
Unknowen to the ugſomme[449] gratche[450] of fere;
Mie blodde embollen[451], wythe maſterie elate,
Boyles ynne mie veynes, & rolles ynn rapyd ſtate,
Impatyente forr to mete the perſante[452] ſtele,
And telle the worlde, thatte Ælla dyed as greate,
As anie knyghte who foughte for Englondes weale.
Friends, kynne, & ſoldyerres, ynne blacke armore drere[453],
Mie actyons ynnytate, mie preſente redynge[454] here.

[445] *Morning devotion.* [446] *Ready.* [447] *Victory.* [448] *Glittering.* [449] *Hideous.* [450] *Garb, dreſs.* [451] *Swelling.* [452] *Piercing.* [453] *Terrible.* [454] *Advice.*

There

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There ys ne houſe, athrow thys ſhap-ſcurged [455] iſle,
Thatte has ne loſte a kynne yn theſe fell fyghtes,
Fatte blodde has ſorfeeted [456] the hongerde ſoyle, 605
And townes enlowed [457] lemed [458] oppe the nyghtes.
Innegyte [459] offyre oure hallie [460] churche dheie dyghtes [461];
Oure ſonneslie ſtorven [462] ynne theyre ſmethynge [463] gore;
Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe dheie pyghtes [464],
Vexynge oure coaſte, as byllowes doe the ſhore. 610
Yee menne, gyf ye are menne, diſplaie yor name,
Ybrende [465] yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempeſt flame.

Ye Chryſtyans, doe as wordhie of the name;
Theſe roynerres [466] of oure hallie houſes flea;
Braſte [467], lyke a cloude, from whence doth come the flame, 615
Lyche torrentes, guſhynge downe the mountaines, bee.
And whanne alonge the grene yer champyons flee,
Swefte as the rodde for-weltrynge [468] levyn-bronde [469],
Yatte hauntes the flyinge mortherer oere the lea,
Soe flie oponne theſe royners of the londe. 620

[455] Fate-ſcourged. [456] *Surfeited, cloyed.* [457] Flamed, fired, [458] Lighted, [459] *Dreſs.* [460] *Holy.* [461] *Cloath.* [462] Dead. [463] *Smoking.* [464] *Pluck.* [465] *Burn.* [466] *Ravagers.* [467] *Burſt.* [468] Blaſting. [469] *Flaſh of lightning.*

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Lette thoſe yatte [470] are unto yer battayles [471] fledde,
Take ſlepe eterne [471]* uponne a feerie [472] lowynge [473] bedde.

Let cowarde Londonne ſee herre towne on fyre,
And ſtrev [474] wythe goulde to ſtaie the royners honde,
Ælla & Bryſtowe havethe thoughtesthattes hygher, 625
Wee fyghte notte forr ourſelves, botte all the londe.
As Severnes hyger [475] lyghethe [476] banckes of ſonde,
Preſſynge ytte downe binethe the reynynge [477] ſtreme,
Wythe dreerie [478] dynn enſwolters [479] the hyghe ſtronde,
Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn fhurye [480] breme [481], 630
Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,
And throughe a fforme of blodde wyll reache the champyon crowne.

Gyff ynn thys battelle locke [482] ne wayte oure gare [483],
To Bryſtowe dheie wylle tourne yeyre fhuyrie dyre;
Bryſtowe, & alle her joies, wylle ſynke toe ayre, 635
Brendeynge perforce wythe unenhantende [484] fyre:

[470] *That.* [471] *Ships, boats.* [471]* *Eternal.* [472] *Fiery.* [473] *Flaming.* [474] *Strive.* [475] *The bore of the Severn.* [476] *Lodgeth.* [477] *Running.* [478] *Terrible.* [479] Swallows, ſucks in. [480] *Fury.* [481] *Fierce.* [482] *Luck.* [483] *Cauſe.* [484] Unaccuſtomed.

Thenne

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Thenne lette oure ſafetie doublie moove oure ire,
Lyche wolfyns [485], rovynge for the evnynge pre [486],
See[ing] the lambe & ſhepſterr [487] nere the brire,
Doth th'one forr ſafetie, th'one for hongre ſlea;
Thanne, whanne the ravenne crokes uponne the playne,
Oh! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie Dacyanns ſlayne.

Lyche a rodde gronfer [488], ſhalle mie anlace [489] ſheene,
Lyche a ſtrynge [490] lyoncelle [491] I'lle bee ynne fyghte,
Lyche fallynge leaves the Dacyannes ſhall bee ſleene [492].
Lyche [a]loud dynnynge [493] ſtreeme ſcalle [494] be mie myghte.
Ye menne, who woulde deſerve the name of knyghte,
Lette bloddie teares bie all your paves [495] be wepte;
To commynge tymes no poyntelle [496] ſhalle ywrite,
Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Bry ſtow ſlepte.
Yourſelfes, youre chyldren, & youre fellowes crie,
Go, fyghte ynn rennomes [497] gare [498], be brave, & wynne or die.

[485] *Wolves.* [486] *Prey.* [487] *Shepherd.* [488] *Fen meteor.* [489] *Sword.* [490] *Strong.* [491] *Lion's whelp.* [492] *Slain.* [493] *Sounding.* [494] *Shall.* [495] *Daggers.* [496] *Pen.* [497] *Reputation.* [498] *Cauſe.*

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I ſaie ne moe; youre ſpryte the reſte wylle ſaie;
Youre ſpryte wylle wrynne [499], thatte Bryſtow ys yer place;
To honoures houſe I nede notte marcke the waie;
Inne youre owne hartes you maie the foote-pathe trace.
'Twexte [500] ſhappe [501] & us there ys botte lyttelle ſpace;
The tyme ys nowe to proove yourſelves bee menne;
Drawe forthe the bornyſhed [502] bylle wythe fetyve [503] grace,
Rouze, lyche a wolfynne rouzing from hys denne.
Thus I enrone [504] mie anlace [505]; go thou ſhethe;
I'lle potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys ſycke wythe deathe.

SOLDYERS.

Onn, Ælla, onn; we longe for bloddie fraie;
Wee longe to here the raven ſynge yn vayne;
Onn, Ælla, onn; we certys gayne the daie,
Whanne thou doſte leade us to the leathal [506] playne.

CELMONDE.

Thie ſpeche, O Loverde [507], fyreth the whole trayne;
Theie pancte for war, as honted wolves for breathe;
Go, & ſytte crowned on corſes of the ſlayne;
Go, & ywielde [508] the maſſie ſwerde of deathe.

[499] *Diſcover.* [500] *Between.* [501] *Fate.* [502] *Burniſhed.* [503] *Agreeable, comely.* [504] *Unſheath.* [505] *Sword.* [506] *Deadly.* [507] *Lord.* [508] *Wield.*

SOL-

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SOLDYERRES.

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reygnes;
Echone yn phantaſie do lede the Danes ynne chaynes.

ÆLLA.

Mie countrymenne, mie friendes, your noble ſprytes
Speke yn youre eyne, & doe yer maſter telle.
Sweſte as the rayne-ſtorme toe the erthe alyghtes,
Soe wylle we fall upon theſe royners ſelle,
Oure mowynge ſwerdes ſhalle plonge hem downe to helle;
Theyre throngynge corſes ſhall onlyghte [509] the ſtarres;
The barrowes [510] braſtynge [511] wythe the ſleene ſchall ſwelle,
Brynnynge [512] to commynge tymes our famous warres;
Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe [513] of myghte,
Sheenynge abrode, alyche a hylle-fyre ynne the nyghte.

Whanne poyntelles [514] of oure famous fyghte ſhall ſaie,
Echone wylle marvelle atte the dernie [515] dede,

[509] *Darken.* [510] *Tombs.* [511] *Burſting.* [512] Declaring. [513] *Flame.* [514] *Pens.* [515] *Valiant.*

Echone

Echone wylle wyſſen [516] hee hanne ſeene the daie,
And bravelie holped to make the foemenn blede;
Botte for yer holpe oure battelle wylle notte nede;
Oure force ys force enowe to ſtaie theyre honde;
Wee wylle retourne unto thys grened mede,
Oer corſes of the foemen of the londe.
Nowe to the warre lette all the ſlughornes [517] ſounde,
The Dacyanne troopes appere on yinder [518] ryſynge grounde.

Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade.

[516] *Wiſh.* [517] *Warlike inſtruments of muſic.* [518] *Yonder.*

DANES

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DANES *flyinge, neare* WATCHETTE.

FYRSTE DANE.

FLY, fly, ye Danes; Magnus, the chiefe, ys fleene;
The Saxonnes come wythe Ælla atte theyre heade;
Lette's ſtrev [519] to gette awaie to yinder greene;
Flie, flie; thys ys the kyngdomme of the deadde.

SECONDE DANE.

O goddes! have thouſandes bie mie anlace [520] bledde,
And muſte I nowe for ſafetie flie awaie?
See! farre beſprenged [521] alle oure troopes are ſpreade,
Yette I wylle ſynglie darc the bloddie fraie.
Botte ne [522]; I'lle flie, & morther [523] yn retrete;
Deathe, blodde, & fyre, ſcalle [524] marke the goeynge of my feete.

[519] *Strive.* [520] *Sword.* [521] *Scattered.* [522] *No.* [523] *Murder.* [524] Shall.

THYRDE

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THYRDE DANE.

Enthoghteynge[525] forr to ſcape the brondeynge[526] foe,
As nere unto the byllowd beche I came,
Farr offe I ſpied a ſyghte of myckle woe,
Oure ſpyrynge[527] battayles[528] wrapte ynn ſayles of flame.
The burled[529] Dacyannes, who were ynne the ſame,
Fro ſyde to ſyde fledde the purſuyte of deathe;
The ſwelleynge fyre yer corrage doe enflame,
Theie lepe ynto the ſea, & bobblynge[530] yield yer breathe;
Whyleſt thoſe thatt bee uponne the bloddie playne,
Bee deathe-doomed captyvestaene, or yn the battle ſlayne!

HURRA.

Nowe bie the goddes, Magnus, dyſcourteous[531] knyghte,
Bie cravente[532] havyoure[533] havethe don oure woe,
Deſpendynge[534] all the talle menne yn the fyghte,
And placeyng valourous menne where draffs[535] mote goe.
Sythence[536] oure fourtunie[537] havethe tourned ſoe,
Gader[538] the ſouldyers lefte to future ſhappe[539],

[525] *Thinking.* [526] *Furious, euflamed.* [527] *Lofty.* [528] *Ships.* [529] *Armed.* [530] *The noiſe made by a man in drowning.* [531] *Ungenerous,* [532] Coward. [533] *Behavior.* [534] *Expending.* [535] *Refuſe.* [536] *Since then.* [537] *Fortune. or conflict.* [538] *Collect.* [539] *Fate.*

To

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To ſomme newe place for ſafetie we wylle goe,
Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe.
Sounde the loude ſlughorne for a quicke forloyne[540];
Lette all the Dacyannes ſwythe[541] unto oure banner joyne.

Throw hamlettes[542] wee wylle ſprenge[543] ſadde dethe & dole[544],
Bathe yn hotte gore, & waſch[545] ourſelves therey nne:
Goddes! here the Saxonnes lyche a byllowe rolle.
I heere the ahlacis[546] deteſted dynne.
Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne[547];
Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte agenne.

[540] Retreat. [541] *Quickly.* [542] *Villages.* [543] *Scatter.* [544] *Lamentation.* [545] *Waſh.* [546] *Sword.* [547] *Eminence.*

CELMONDE,

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CELMONDE, *near* WATCHETTE.

O forr a ſpryte al feere! to telle the daie,
The daie whyche ſcal[548] aſtounde[549] the herers rede[550];
Makeynge oure foemennes envyynge hartes to blede,
Ybereynge[551] thro the worlde oure rennomde[552] name for aie.

Bryghte ſonne han ynn hys roddie robes byn dyghte[553],
From the rodde Eaſte he flytted[554] wythe hys trayne,
The howers drewe awaie the geete[555] of nyghte,
Her ſable tapiſtrie was rente yn twayne.
The dauncynge ſtreakes bedecked heavennes playne,
And on the dewe dyd ſmyle wythe ſhemrynge[556] eie,
Lyche gottes[557] of blodde whyche doe blacke armoure ſteyne,
Sheenynge upon the borne[558] whyche ſtondeth bie;
The ſouldyers ſtoode uponne the hillis ſyde,
Lyche yonge enlefed[559] trees whyche yn a forreſte byde.

[548] *Shall.* [549] *Aſtoniſh.* [550] *Wiſdom.* [551] *Bearing.* [552] *Renowned.* [553] *Cloathed.* [554] *Flew.* [555] *Mantle.* [556] *Glittering.* [557] *Drops.* [558] Burniſh, *rather hill.* [559] *In leaf.*

Ælla

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Ælla roſe lyche the tree beſette wyth brieres;
Hys talle ſpeere ſheenynge as the ſtarres at nyghte,
Hys eyne enſemeynge [560] as a lowe [561] of fyre;
Whanne he encheered everie manne to fyghte,
Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourons knyghte;
Itte moovethe 'hem, as honterres lyoncelle;
In trebled armoure ys theyre courage dyghte;
Eche warrynge harte forr prayſe & rennome ſwelles;
Lyche flowelie dynnynge of the croucheynge [562] ſtreme;
Syche dyd the mormrynge [563] ſounde of the whol armie ſeme.

Hee ledes 'hem onne to fyghte; oh! thenne to ſaie
How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere,
Moovynge alyche a mountayne yn affraie,
Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde doe yttes boeſomme tare
To telle howe everie loke wuld banyſhe feere,
Woulde aſke an angelles poyntell [564] or hys tyngue [565].
Lyche a talle rocke yatte ryſeth heaven-were [566],
Lyche a yonge wolfynne brondeous [567] & ſtrynge [568],

[560] *Appearing.* [561] *Flame.* [562] *Crooked, winding.* [563] *Murmuring.* [564] *Pen.* [565] *Tongue.* [566] *Towards heaven.* [567] *Furious.* [568] *Strong.*

Soe

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Soe dydde he goe, & myghtie warriours hedde;
Wythe gore-depycted wynges maſterie arounde hym fledde.
The battelle jyned; ſwerdes uponne ſwerdes dydrynge;
Ælla was chafed, as lyonns madded bee;
Lyche fallynge ſtarres, he dydde the javlynn flynge;
Hys mightie anlace mightie menne dyd ſlea;
Where he dydde comme, the flemed [569] foe dydde flee,
Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,
Wythe ſythe a fhuyrie he dydde onn 'hemm dree [570],
Hylles of yer bowkes [571] dyd ryſe opponne the playne;
Ælla, thou arte—botte ſtaie, mie tynge; ſaie nee;
Howe greate I hymme maye make, ſtylle greater hee wylle bee.
Nor dydde hys ſouldyerres ſee hys actes yn vayne.
Heere a ſtouteDane uponne hys compheere [572] felle;
Heere lorde & hyndlette [573] ſonke uponne the playne;
Heere ſonne & fadre trembled ynto helle.
Chief Magnus ſought hys waie, &, ſhame to telle!
Hee ſoughte hys waie for flyghte; botte Ælla's ſpeere

[569] Frighted. [570] *Drive.* [571] *Bodies.* [572] *Companion.* [573] *Peaſant.*

Uponne

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Uponne the flyynge Dacyannes ſchoulder felle,
Quyte throwe hys boddie, & hys harte ytte tare,
He groned, & ſonke uponne the gorie greene,
And wythe hys corſe encreaſed the pyles of Dacyannes
ſleene.

Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danyſhe champyons ſtonde,
Lyche bulles, whoſe ſtrengthe & wondrous myghte
ys fledde;
Ælla, a javelynne grypped [574] yn eyther honde,
Flyes to the thronge, & doomes two Dacyannes deadde.
After hys acte, the armie all yſpedde [575];
Fromm everich on unmyſſynge javlynnes flewe;
Theie ſtraughte [576] yer doughtie [577] ſwerdes; the foe-
menn bledde;
Fulle three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie ſlewe;
The Danes, wythe terroure rulynge att their head,
Threwe downe theyr bannere talle, & lyche a ravenne
fledde.

[574] *Graſped.* [575] *Diſpatched.* [576] *Stretched.* [577] *Valiant.*

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The ſoldyerres followed wythe a myghtie crie,
Cryes, yatte welle myghte the ſtouteſte hartes affraie.
Swefte, as yer ſhyppes, the vanquyſhed Dacyannes flie;
Swefte, as the rayne uponne an Aprylle daie,
Preſſynge behynde, the Englyſche ſoldyerres flaie.
Botte halfe the tythes of Danyſhe menne remayne;
Ælla commaundes 'heie ſhoulde the fleetre [578] ſtaie,
Botte bynde 'hem pryſonners on the bloddie playne.
The fyghtynge beynge done, I came awaie,
In odher fieldes to fyghte a mo unequalle fraie.
Mie ſervant ſquyre!

CELMONDE, SERVITOURE.

CELMONDE.

Prepare a fleing horſe,
Whoſe feete are wynges, whoſe pace ys lycke the wynde,

[578] *Slaughter.*

Whoe

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Whoe wylle outeſtreppe the morneynge lyghte yn courſe,
Leaveynge the gyttelles [579] of the merke [580] behynde.
Somme hyltren [581] matters doe mie preſence fynde.
Gyv oute to alle yatte I was ſleene ynne fyghte.
Gyff ynne thys gare [582] thou doeſt mie order mynde,
Whanne I returne, thou ſhalte be made a knyghte;
Flie, flie, be gon; an howerre ys a daie;
Quycke dyghte [583] mie beſte of ſtedes, & brynge hymm heere—awaie!

CELMONDE.

Ælla ys woundedd ſore, & ynne the toune
He waytethe, tylle hys woundes be broghte to ethe [584].
And ſhalle I from hys browes plocke off the croune,
Makynge the vyctore yn hys vyctorie blethe?
O no! fulle ſooner ſchulde mie hartes blodde ſmethe [585],
Fulle ſoonere woulde I tortured bee toe deathe;
Botte—Birtha ys the pryze; ahe! ytte were ethe [586]
To gayne ſo gayne [587] a pryze wythe loſſe of breathe;

[579] *Mantle, cloathing.* [580] *Darkneſs* [581] *Hidden.* [582] *Cauſe.* [583] *Prepare.* [584] *Relief, eaſe.* [585] *Smoke.* [586] *Eaſy.* [587] *Great, advantageous.*

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Botte thanne rennome æterne [588]—ytte ys botte ayre;
Bredde ynne the phantaſie, & alleyn lyvynge there.

Albeytte everyche thynge yn lyfe conſpyre
To telle me of the faulte I now ſchulde doe,
Yette woulde I battentlie [589] aſſuage mie fyre,
And the ſame menes, as I ſcall nowe, purſue.
The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe,
Were blodde, & morther, maſterie, and warre;
Thie I wylle holde to now, & hede ne moe
A wounde yn rennome, yanne a boddie ſcarre.
Nowe, Ælla, nowe Ime plantynge of a thorne,
Bie whyche thie peace, thie love, & glorie ſhalle be torne.

[588] Eternal. [589] *Boldly, or violently.*

BRISTOWE.

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BRYSTOWE.

BIRTHA, EGWINA,

BIRTHA.

GENTLE Egwina, do notte preche[590] me joie;
I cannotte joie ynne anie thynge botte weere[591]. 835
Oh! yatte aughte ſchulde oure ſellyneſſe[592] deſtroie,
Floddynge the face wythe woe, & brynie teare!

EGWINA.

You muſte, you muſte endeavour for to cheere
Youre harte unto ſomme cheriſaunied[593] reſte.
Youre loverde[594] from the battelle wylle appere, 840
Ynne honnoure, & a greater love, be dreſte;
Botte I wylle call the mynſtrelles roundelaie;
Perchaunce the ſwotie[595] ſounde maie chaſe your wiere[596]
awaie.

[590] *Exhort, recommend.* [591] Grief. [592] *Happineſs.* [593] *Comfortable.* [594] *Lord.* [595] *Sweet.* [596] Grief.

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BIRTHA, EGWINA, MYNSTRELLES.

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

O! ſynge untoe mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge [597] ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne [598] as the wyntere nyghte,
Whyte hys rode [599] as the ſommer ſnowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cale [600] he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote [601] hys tyngue as the throſtles note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,

[597] Running. [598] Hair. [599] Complexion. [600] *Cold.* [601] *Sweet.*

Defte

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Defte [602] hys taboure, codgelle ſtote,
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to his deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynge,
In the briered delle belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe ſynge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone ſheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves ſhroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge ſkie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

[602] *Neat,*

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Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Nee one hallie [603] Seyncte to ſave
Al the celneſs [604] of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente [605] the brieres
Rounde his hallie corſe to gre [606],
Ouphante [607] fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
Heere mie boddie ſtylle ſchalle bee,
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorme-coppe & thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe & all yttes goode I ſcorne,
Daunce bie nete [608], or feaſte by daie.

[603] *Holy.* [604] *Coldneſs,* [605] *Faſten.* [606] *Grow.* [607] *Elfin.* [608] *Night.*

Mie

Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wytches, crownede wythe reytes [609], 900
Bere mee to yer leathalle [610] tyde.
I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.
Thos the damſelle ſpake, and dyed,

BIRTHA.

Thys ſyngeyng haveth whatte coulde make ytte pleaſe;
Butte mie uncourtlie [611] ſhappe [612] benymmes [613] mee of
all eaſe. 905

[609] Waterflags. [610] *Deadly.* [611] *Unpleaſant, cruel.* [612] *Fate,* [613] *Bereaves.*

ÆLLA.

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ÆLLA, *atte* WATCHETTE.

CURSE onne mie tardie woundes! brynge mee a ſtede!
I wylle awaie to Birtha bie thys nyghte;
Albeytte fro mie woundes mie ſoul doe blede,
I wylle awaie, & die wythynne her ſyghte.
Brynge mee a ſtede, wythe eagle-wynges for flyghte;
Swefte as mie wyſhe, &, as mie love ys, ſtronge.
The Danes have wroughte mee myckle woe ynne ſyghte,
Inne kepeynge mee from Birtha's armes ſo longe.
O! whatte a dome was myne, ſythe maſterie
Canne yeve [614] ne pleaſaunce, nor mie londes goode leme [615] myne eie!

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed!
Sometymes thie ſamme thynge wylle bothe bane [616], & bleſſe;

[614] *Give.* [615] *Enlighten.* [616] *Curſe.*

On

On tyme encalede [617], yanne bie the ſame thynge warmd,
Eſtroughted [618] foorthe, and yanne ybrogten leſs.
'Tys Birtha's loſs whyche doe mie thoughtes poſſeſſe;
I wylle, I muſte awaie: whie ſtaies mie ſtede?
Mie huſcarles [619], hyther haſte; prepare a dreſſe,
Whyche couracyers [620] yn haſtie journies nede.
O heavens! I moſte awaie to Byrtha eyne,
For yn her lookes I fynde mie beynge doe entwyne.

[617] Frozen, cold. [618] *Stretchéd forth.* [619] *Attendants.* [620] Horſe courſers, couriers.

CELMONDE,

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CELMONDE, *att* BRYSTOWE.

The worlde ys darke wythe nyghte; the wyndes are
ſtylle;
Fayntelie the mone her palyde lyghte makes gleme;
The upryſte[621] ſprytes the ſylente letten[622] fylle,
Wythe ouphant[623] faeryes joynyng ynne the dreme;
The forreſte ſheenethe wythe the ſylver leme[624]; 930
Nowe maie mie love be ſated ynn yttes treate;
Uponne the lynche[625] of ſomme ſwefte reynyng[626] ſtreme,
At the ſwote banquette I wylle ſwotelie eate.
Thys ys the howſe; yee hyndes, ſwythyn appere.

CELMONDE, SERVYTOURE.

CELMONDE.

Go telle to Birtha ſtrayte, a ſtraungerr waytethe here. 935

621 Riſen. 622 Church-yard. 623 *Elfin.* 624 *Light.* 625 *Brink, border.* 626 *Running.*

CEL-

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CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde! yee ſeynctes! I hope thou haſte goode newes.

CELMONDE.

The hope ys loſte; for heavie newes prepare.

BIRTHA.

Is Ælla welle?

CELMONDE.

Hee lyves; & ſtylle maie uſe
The behylte [627] bleſſynges of a future yeare.

BIRTHA.

Whatte heavie tydynge thenne have I to feare?
Of whatte miſchaunce dydſte thou ſo latelie ſaie?

[627] Promiſed.

CEL.

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CELMONDE.

For heavie tydynges ſwythyn nowe prepare.
Ælla ſore wounded ys, yn bykerous [628] fraie;
In Wedeceſter's wallid toune he lyes.

BIRTHA.

O mie agroted [629] breaſt!

CELMONDE.

Wythoute your ſyghte, he dyes.

BIRTHA.

Wylle Birtha's preſence ethe [630] her Ælla's payne?
I flie; newe wynges doe from mie ſchoulderrs ſprynge.

CELMONDE.

Mie ſtede wydhoute wylle deftelie [631] beere us twayne.

BIRTHA.

Oh! I wyll flie as wynde, & no waie lynge [632];

[628] *Warlike.* [629] *Swelling, or burſting.* [630] *Relieve, eaſe.* [631] *Eaſily, commodiouſly.* [632] *Linger.*

Sweftlie

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Sweftlie caparifons for rydynge brynge;
I have a mynde wynged wythe the levyn ploome[633].
O Ælla, Ælla! dydſte thou kenne the ſtynge,
The whyche doeth canker ynne mie hartys roome,
Thou wouldſte ſee playne thieſelfe the gare[634] to bee;
Aryſe, uponne thie love, & flie to meeten me.

CELMONDE.

The ſtede, on whyche I came, ys ſwefte as ayre;
Mie fervytoures doe wayte mee nere the wode;
Swythynne wythe mee unto the place repayre;
To Ælla I wyll gev you conducte goode.
Youre eyne, alyche a baulme, wylle ſtaunche hys bloode,
Holpe oppe hys woundes, & yev[635] hys harte alle cheere;
Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode[636];
You doe hys ſpryte, & alle hys pleaſaunce bere.
Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke[637],
Yette love wille be a tore[638] to tourne to feere[639] nyghtes ſmoke.

[633] *Feathered lightning.* [634] *Cauſe.* [635] *Give.* [636] Life. [637] *Dark.* [638] *Torch.* [639] *Fire.*

BIR-

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BIRTHA.

Albeytte unwears [640] dyd the welkynn [641] rende,
Reyne [642] alyche fallynge ryvers, dyd ferſe [643] bee,
Erthe wythe the ayre enchafed [644] dyd contende,
Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues dyd flee,
Yette I to Ælla's eyne eftſoones woulde flee;
Albeytte hawethornes dyd mie fleſhe enſeme [645],
Owlettes, wythe ſcrychynge, ſhakeynge everyche tree,
And water-neders [646] wrygglynge yn eche ſtreme,
Yette woulde I flie, ne under coverte ſtaie,
Botte ſeke mie Ælla owte; brave Celmonde, leade the waie.

[640] *Tempeſts.* [641] *Sky, or heaven.* [642] *Rain.* [643] *Fierce.* [644] *Heated.* [645] *Furrow, or make ſeams in.* [646] *Water ſerpents.*

A WODE.

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A WODE,

HURRA, DANES.

HURRA.

HEERE ynn yis forreſte lette us watche for pree,
Bewreckeynge [647] on oure foemenne oure ylle warre;
Whatteverre ſchalle be Englyſch wee wylle ſlea,
Spreddynge our ugſomme [648] rennome [649] to afarre.
Ye Dacyanne menne, gyff Dacyanne menne yee are,
Lette nete [650] botte blodde ſuffycyle [651] for yee bee;
On everich breaſte yn gorie letteres ſcarre [652],
Whatt ſprytes you have, & howe thoſe ſprytes maie dree [653],
And gyf yee gette awaie to Denmarkes ſhore,
Efteſoones [654] we will retourne, & wanquiſhed bee ne moere.

[647] *Revenging.* [648] *Terrible.* [649] *Renown.* [650] *Nought.* [651] *Sufficient.* [652] *Mark.* [653] *Drive.* [654] *Quickly.*

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The battelle loſte, a battelle was yndede;
Note queedes[655] hemſelfes culde ſtonde ſo harde a fraie;
Oure verie armoure, & oure heaulmes[656] dyd blede,
The Dacyannes ſprytes, lyche dewe drops, fledde awaie,
Ytte was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie;
Ynn ſpyte of foemanne, I moſte faie hys myghte;
Botte wee ynn hynd-lettes[657] blodde the loſs wylle paie,
Brynnynge[658], thatte we knowe howe to wynne yn fyghte;
Wee wylle, lyke wylfes[659] enlooſed from chaynes, deſtroie;—
Oure armoures—wynter nyghte ſhotte[660] oute the daie of joie.

Whene ſwefte-fote tyme doe rolle the daie alonge,
Somme hamlette ſcalle onto oure fhuyrie[661] brende[662];
Eraſtynge[663] alyche a rocke, or mountayne ſtronge,
The talle chyrche-ſpyre upon the grene ſhalle bende;
Wee wylle the walles, & auntyante[664] tourrettes rende,
Pete[665] everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe beere,

[655] *Devils.* [656] *Helmets.* [657] *Peafants.* [658] *Shewing.* [659] *Wolves.* [660] *Shut.* [661] *Fury.* [662] *Burn.* [663] *Burſting.* [664] *Ancient.* [665] *Pluck up.*

Downe

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Lowne to the goddes the ownerrs dhereof ſende,
Beſprengynge[666] alle abrode ſadde warre & bloddie weere[667].
Botte fyrſte to yynder oke-tree wee wylle flie;
And thence wylle yſſue owte onne all yatte commeth bie.

ANODHER PARTE OF THE WOODE.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Thys merkneſs[668] doe affraie mie wommanns breaſte,
Howe ſable ys the ſpreddynge ſkie arrayde!
Hallie[669] the bordeleire[670], who lyves to reſte,
Ne ys att nyghtys flemynge[671] hue dyſmayde;
The ſtarres doe ſcantillie[672] the ſable brayde[673];
Wyde ys the ſylver lemes[674] of comforte wove;
Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte afrayde?

CELMONDE.

Merker[675] the nyghte, the fitter tyde[676] for love.

[666] *Scattering.* [667] *Tempeſt.* [668] *Darkneſs.* [669] *Happy.* [670] *Cottager.* [671] *Terrifying.* [672] Scarcely, ſparingly. [673] *Embroider.* [674] *Rays, beams.* [675] *Darker.* [676] *Time.*

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BIRTHA.

Saieſt thou for love? ah! love is far awaie.
Faygne would I ſee once moe the roddie lemes [677] of daie.

CELMONDE.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte here.

BIRTHA.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

CELMONDE.

Thys Celmonde menes,
No leme, no eyne, ne mortalle manne appere,
Ne lyghte, an acte of love for to bewreene [678];
Nete [679] in thys forreſte, botte thys tore [680], dothe ſheene,
The whych, potte oute, do leave the whole yn nyghte;
See! howe the brauncynge [681] trees doe here entwyne,
Makeynge thys bower ſo pleaſynge to the ſyghte;

[677] *Beams.* [678] *Diſcover.* [679] *Nought.* [680] Torch. [681] *Branching.*

Thys

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Thys was for love fyrſte made, & heere ytt ſtondes,
Thatte hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true loves
bondes.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde, ſpeake whatte thou meneſt, or alſe mie
thoughtes
Perchaunce maie robbe thie honeſtie ſo fayre.

CELMONDE.

Then here, & knowe, hereto I have you broughte,
Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere.

BIRTHA.

Oh heaven & earthe! whatte ys ytt I doe heare? 1030
Am I betraſte[682]? where ys my Ælla, ſaie!

CELMONDE.

O! do nete[683] nowe to Ælla ſyke love bere,
Botte geven ſome onne Celmondes hedde.

[682] Betrayed. [683] *Not.*

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BIRTHA.

Awaie!

I wylle be gone, & groape mie paſſage oute,
Albeytte neders[684] ſtynges mie legs do twyne aboute.

CELMONDE.

Nowe bie the ſeynctes I wylle notte lette thee goe,
Ontylle thou doeſte mie brendynge[685] love amate[686].
Thoſe eyne have cauſed Celmonde myckle woe,
Yenne lette yer ſmyle fyrſt take hymm yn regrate[687].
O! didſt thou ſee mie breaſtis troblous ſtate,
Theere love doth harrie[688] up mie joie, and ethe[689]!
I wretched bee, beyonde the hele[690] of fate,
Gyff Birtha ſtylle wylle make mie harte-veynes blethe[691].
Softe as the ſommer flowreets, Birtha, looke,
Fulle ylle I canne thie frownes & harde dyſpleaſaunce brooke.

BIRTHA.

Thie love ys foule; I woulde bee deafe for aie,
Radher thanne heere ſyche deſlavatie[692] ſedde.

[684] *Adders.* [685] *Burning.* [686] *Quench.* [687] *Favor.* [688] *Tear up.* [689] *Eaſe.* [690] *Help.* [691] *Bleed.* [692] Letchery.

Swythynne

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Swythynne flie from mee, and ne further ſaie;
Radher thanne heare thie love, I woulde bee dead.
Yee ſeynctes! & ſhal I wronge mie Ælla's bedde,
And wouldſt thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the thynge?
Lett mee be gone—alle curſes onne thie hedde!
Was ytte for thys thou dydſte a meſſage brynge!
Lette mee be gone, thou manne of ſable harte!
Or welkyn [693] & her ſtarres wyll take a maydens parte.

CELMONDE.

Sythence you wylle notte lette mie ſuyte avele [694],
Mie love wylle have yttes joie, altho wythe guylte;
Youre lymbes ſhall bende, albeytte ſtrynge as ſtele;
The merkye [695] ſeeſonne wylle your bloſhes hylte [696],

BIRTHA.

Holpe, holpe, yee ſeynctes! oh thatte mie blodde was ſpylte!

[693] Heaven. [694] *Prevail.* [695] *Dark.* [696] Hide.

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CELMONDE.

The ſeyncles att diſtaunce ſtonde ynn tyme of nede.
Strev[697] notte to goe; thou canſte notte, gyff thou wylte,
Unto mie wyſche [698] bee kinde, & nete alſe hede.

BIRTHA.

No, foule beſtoykerre [699], I wylle rende the ayre,
Tylle dethe do ſtaie mie dynne, or ſome kynde roder [700]
heare.
Holpe! holpe! oh godde!

CELMONDE, BIRTHA, HURRA, DANES.

HURRA.

Ah! thatts a wommanne criès.
I kenn hem; ſaie, who are you, yatte be theere?

CELMONDE.

Yee hyndes, awaie! orre bie thys ſwerde yee dies.

[697] *Strive.* [698] *Wiſh.* [699] *Deceiver.* [700] *Traveller.*

HURRA.

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HURRA.

Thie wordes wylle ne mie hartis fete [701] affere [701*].

BIRTHA.

Save mee, oh! save me from thys royner [702] heere! 1070

HURRA.

Stonde thou bie mee; nowe saie thie name & londe;
Or swythyne schall mie swerde thie boddie tare.

CELMONDE.

Bothe I wylle shewe thee bie mie brondeous [703] hondes

HURRA.

Besette hym rounde, yee Danes.

CELMONDE.

Comme onne, and see
Gyff mie stryngé anlace [704] maie bewryen [705] whatte I bee.
[*Fyghte ul anenste* Celmonde, *meynte Danes he sleath, and saleth to* Hurra.

[701] *Stability.* [701*] *Affright.* [702] *Ruiner.* [703] Furious. [704] *Sword.* [705] *Discover.*

CEL-

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CELMONDE.

Oh! I forſlagen [706] be! ye Danes, now kenne,
I amme yatte Celmonde, ſeconde yn the fyghte,
Who dydd, atte Watchette, ſo forſlege [707] youre menne;
I fele myne eyne to ſwymme yn æterne [708] nyghte;—
To her be kynde. [*Dieth.*

HURRA.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte.
Saie, who bee you?

BIRTHA.

I am greate Ælla's wyfe.

HURRA.

Ah!

BIRTHA.

Gyff anenſte [709] hym you harboure foule deſpyte,
Nowe wythe the lethal [710] anlace [711] take mie lyfe,

[706] Slain. [707] *Slew.* [708] *Eternal.* [709] *Againſt.* [710] *Deadly.* [711] *Sword.*

Bie

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Bie thankes I ever onne you wylle beſtowe,
From ewbryce [712] you mee pyghte [713], the worſte of mortal woe

HURRA.

I wylle; ytte ſcalle bee ſoe: yee Dacyans, heere.
Thys Ælla havethe been oure foe for aie.
Thorrowe the battelle he dyd brondeous [714] teare,
Beyng the lyfe and head of everych fraie;
From everych Dacyanne power he won the daie,
Forſlagen [715] Magnus, all our ſchippes ybrente [716];
Bie hys felle arme wee now are made to ſtraie;
The ſpeere of Dacya he ynne pieces ſhente [717];
[[Whanne hantoned [718] barckes unto our londe dyd comme,
Ælla the gare [719] dheie ſed, & wyſched [720] hym bytter dome [721].

BIRTHA.

Mercie!

HURRA.

Bee ſtylle.

[712] Adultery. [713] *Plucked.* [714] *Furious.* [715] *Slew.* [716] *Burnt.* [717] *Broke.* [718] *Accuſtomed.* [719] *Cauſe.* [720] *Wiſhed.* [721] *Fate.*

Botte

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Botte yette he ys a foemanne goode and fayre;
Whanne wee are ſpente, he ſoundethe the forloyne[722];
The captyves chayne he toſſeth ynne the ayre,
Cheered the wounded bothe wythe bredde & wyne;
Has hee notte untoe ſomme of you bynn dygne[723]?
You would have ſmethd[724] onne Wedeceſtrian fielde,
Botte hee behylte[725] the ſlughorne[726] for to cleyne[727],
Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyder ſpreddynge ſhielde.
Whanne you, as caytyſned[728], yn fielde dyd bee,
He oathed[729] you to bee ſtylle. & ſtrayte didd ſette you free.
Scalle wee forſlege[730] hys wyfe, becauſe he's brave?
Bicaus hee fyghteth for hys countryes gare[731]?
Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Ælla's ſlave,
Robbe hym of whatte percaſe[732] he holdith deere?
Or ſcalle we menne of mennys[733] ſprytes appere,
Doeynge hym favoure for hys favoure donne,
Swefte to hys pallace thys damoiſelle[734] bere,
Bewrynne[735] oure caſe, and to oure waie be gonne?

[722] *Retreat.* [723] *Noble, worthy of praiſe.* [724] *Smoked.* [725] *Forbid.* [726] *War-like inſtrument of muſic.* [727] *Sound.* [728] *Captives.* [729] *Swore.* [730] Slay. [731] *Cauſe.* [732] *Perhaps.* [733] *Mens.* [734] *Damſel.* [735] *Declare.*

Swifte

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The laſt you do approve; ſo lette ytte bee;
Damoyſelle, comme awaie; you ſafe ſcalle bee wythe
mee.

BIRTHA.

Al bleſſynges maie the ſeyncte unto yee gyve!
Al pleaſaunce maie youre longe-ſtraughte[736] livynges bee!
Ælla, whanne knowynge thatte bie you I lyve,
Wylle thyncke too ſmalle a guyfte[737] the londe & ſea,
O Celmonde! I maie deftlie[738] rede by thee,
Whatte ille betydethe[739] the enfouled[740] kynde;
Maie ne thie croſs-ſtone[741] of thie cryme bewree[742]!
Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie mynde!
Soldyer! for ſyke thou arte ynn noble fraie,
I wylle thie goinges 'tende, & doe thou lede the waie.

HURRA.

The mornynge 'gyns alonge the Eaſte to ſheene;
Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie;
The feynte rodde leme[743] ſlowe creepeth oere the greene,
To chaſe the merkyneſs[744] of nyghte awaie;

[736] *Lengthened.* [737] *Gift.* [738] *Properly.* [739] *Awaiteth.* [740] *Vicious.*
[741] Monument. [742] *Declare.* [743] *Ray.* [744] *Darkneſs.*

Swifte

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Swifte flies the howers thatte wylle brynge oute the daie;

The ſofte dewe falleth onne the greeynge [745] graſſe;
The ſhepſter [746] mayden, dyghtynge [747] her arraie,
Scante [748] ſees her vyſage yn the wavie glaſſe;
Bie the fulle daylieghte wee ſcalle Ælla ſee,
Or Bryſtowes wallyd towne; damoyſelle, followe mee.

[745] *Growing.* [746] *Shepherdeſs,* [747] *Preparing,* [748] Scarce.

AT

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AT BRYSTOWE.

ÆLLA AND SERVITOURES.

ÆLLA.

TYS nowe fulle morne; I thoughten, bie laſte nyghte
To have been heere! mie ſtede han notte mie love;
Thys ys mie pallace; lette mie hyndes [748] alyghte,
Whylſte I goe oppe, & wake mie ſlepeynge dove.
Staie here, mie hyndlettes; I ſhal goe above.
Nowe, Birtha, wyll thie loke enhele [749] mie ſpryte,
Thie ſmyles unto mie woundes a baulme wylle prove;
Mie ledanne [750] boddie wylle bee ſette aryghte.
Egwina, haſte, & ope the portalle doore,
Yatte I on Birtha's breſte maie thynke of warre ne more.

[748] *Servants.* [749] *Heal, cure.* [750] *Heavy.*

ÆLLA.

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ÆLLA, EGWINA,

EGWINA.

Oh Ælla!

ÆLLA.

Ah! that ſemmlykeene [751] to mee
Speeketh a legendary tale of woe.

EGWINA.

Birtha is—

ÆLLA.

Whatt? where? how? ſaie, whatte of ſhee?

EGWINA.

Gone—

ÆLLA.

Gone! ye goddes!

[751] *Appearance.*

EGWINA.

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EGWINA.

Alas! ytte ys toe true.

Yee ſeynctes, hee dies awaie wythe myckle woe!

Ælla! what? Ælla! oh! hee! lyves agen.

ÆLLA.

Cal mee notte Ælla; I am hymme ne moe.

Where ys ſhee gon awaie? ah! ſpeake! how? when?

EGWINA.

I will.

ÆLLA.

Caparyſon a ſcore of ſtedes; flie, flie.

Where ys ſhee? ſwythynne ſpeeke, or inſtante thou ſhalte die.

EGWINA.

Stylle thie loud rage, & here thou whatte I knowe.

ÆLLA.

Oh! ſpeek.

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EGWINA.

Lyche prymroſe, droopynge wythe the heavie rayne,
Laſte nyghte I lefte her, droopynge with her wiere[752],
Her love the gare[753], thatte gave her harte ſyke peyne.—

ÆLLA.

Her love! to whomme?

EGWINA.

To thee, her ſpouſe alleyne[754]. 1160
As ys mie hentylle[755] everyche morne to goe,
I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn twayne,
Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe;
Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd ſeere[756],
Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her anie
wheere. 1165

ÆLLA.

Thou lyeſt, foul hagge! thou lyeſt; thou art her ayde
To chere her louſte;—botte noe; ytte cannotte bee.

[752] *Grief.* [753] *Cauſe.* [754] Only, alone. [755] *Cuſtom.* [756] Search.

EGWINA.

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EGWINA.

Gyff trouthe appear notte inne whatte I have ſayde,
Drawe forthe thie anlace ſwythyn, thanne mee ſlea.

ÆLLA.

Botte yette ytte muſte, ytte muſt bee ſoe; I ſee,
Shee wythe ſomme louſtie[757] paramoure ys gone;
Itte moſte bee ſoe—oh! how ytte wracketh mee!
Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys ronne;
Nowe rage, & brondeous[758] ſtorm, & tempeſte comme;
Nete lyvynge upon erthe can now enſwote[759] mie domme.

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE.

SERVYTOURE.

Loverde[760]! I am aboute the trouthe to ſaie.
Laſte nyghte, fulle late I dydde retourne to reſte.
As to mie chamber I dydde bende mie waie,
To Birtha onne hys name & place addreſte;

[757] *Luſtful.* [758] *Furious.* [759] *Sweeten.* [760] *Lord.*

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Downe to hym camme ſhee; butte thereof the reſte
I ken ne matter; ſo, mie hommage made—

ÆLLA.

O! ſpeake ne moe; mie harte flames yn yttes heſte [761];
I once was Ælla; nowe bee notte yttes ſhade.
Hanne alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle
Fallen onne mie benned [762] headde I hanne been Ælla ſtylle.

Thys alleyn was unburled [763] of alle mie ſpryte:
Mie honnoure, honnoure, frownd on the dolce [764] wynde,
Thatte ſteeked [765] on ytte; nowe wyth rage Im pyghte [766];
A brondeous [767] unweere [768] ys mie engyned [769] mynde.
Mie hommeur [770] yette ſomme drybblet [771] joie maie ſynde,
To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve [772];
Whanne thos mie rennome [773] & mie peace ys rynde [774],
Itte were a recrandize [775] to thyncke toe lyve;

[761] *Command.* [762] Curſed, tormented. [763] Unarmed. [764] Soft, gentle. [765] *Stealed.* [766] *Tortured.* [767] *Furious.* [768] *Tempeſt.* [769] *Racked.* [770] *Honor.* [771] *Inconſiderable.* [772] *Give.* [773] Renown. [774] *Ruined.* [775] *Cowardice.*

Mie

Mie huſcarles [776], untóe everie aſker telle,
Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noblie Ælla felle.

[*Stabbeth hys breſte.*

SERVYTOURE.

Ælla ys ſleene; the flower of Englonde's marrde!

ÆLLA.

Be ſtylle: ſtythe lette the chyrches rynge mie knelle.
Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as warde
Of thys mie Bryſtowe cáſtle, wyll doe welle.

[*Knelle ryngeth.*

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE.

ÆLLA.

Thee I ordeyne the warde; ſo alle maie telle.
I have botte lyttel tym to dragge thys lyfe;
Mie lethal [777] tale, alyche a lethalle belle,
Dynne [778] yn the eares of her I wyſchd [779] mie wyfe!

[776] *Servants.* [777] *Deadly.* [778] *Sound.* [779] *Wiſhed.*

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Botte, ah! ſhee maie be fayre.

EGWINA.

Yatte ſhee moſte bee,

ÆLLA.

Ah! ſaie notte ſoe; yatte worde wouldę Ælla dobblie ſlee,

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE, BIRTHA, HURRA.

ÆLLA.

Ah! Birtha here!

BIRTHA.

Whatte dynne [780] ys thys? whatte menes yis leathalle knelle?

Where ys mie Ælla? ſpeeke; where? howe ys hee?

Oh Ælla! art thou yanne alyve and welle!

[780] *Sound.*

ÆLLA,

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ÆLLA.

I lyve yndeed; botte doe notte lyve for thee.

BIRTHA.

Whatte menes mie Ælla?

ÆLLA.

Here mie meneynge ſee,

Thie foulneſs urged mie honde to gyve thys wounde,

Ytte mee unſpryte[781],

BIRTHA.

Ytte hathe unſpryted mee.

ÆLLA.

Ah heavens! mie Birtha fallethe to the grounde!

Botte yette I am a manne, and ſo wylle bee,

[781] Un-ſouls.

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HURRA.

Ælla! I amme a Dane; botte yette a friende to thee.

Thys damoyſelle I founde wythynne a woode,
Strevynge fulle harde anenſte[782] a burled[783] ſwayne;
I ſente hym myrynge[784] ynne mie compheeres[785] blodde,
Celmonde hys name, chief of thie warrynge trayne.
Yis damoiſelle ſoughte to be here agayne;
The whyche, albeytte foemen, wee dydd wylle;
So here wee broughte her wythe you to remayne.

COERNIKE.

Yee nobylle Danes! wythe goulde I wyll you fylle.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, mie lyfe! mie love! oh! ſhe ys fayre.
Whatte faultes coulde Birtha have; whatte faultes could
Ælla feare?

[782] *Againſt.* [783] *Armed,* [784] *Wallowing.* [785] *Companions.*

BIRTHA.

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BIRTHA.

Amm I yenne thyne? I cannotte blame thie feere.
Botte doe reſte mee uponne mie Ælla's breaſte;
I wylle to thee bewryen [786] the woefulle gare [787],
Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of reſte.
Wordeynge [788] for mee to flie, att your requeſte,
To Watchette towne, where you deceaſynge laie;
I wyth hym fledde; thro' a murke [789] wode we preſte,
Where hee foule love unto mie eares dyd ſaie;
The Danes—

ÆLLA.

Oh! I die contente.— [*dieth.*

BIRTHA.

Oh! ys mie Ælla deadde?
O! I will make hys grave mie vyrgyn ſpouſal bedde.
[Birtha *feyncteth.*

COERNYKE.

Whatt? Ælla deadde! & Birtha dyynge toe!
Soe falles the fayreſt flourettes of the playne.

[786] *Declare.* [787] *Cauſe.* [788] *Bringing me word.* [789] *Dark.*

Who

Who canne unplyte [790] the wurchys [791] heaven can doe,
Or who untweſte the role of ſhappe [792] yn twayne?
Ælla, thie rennome [793] was thie onlie gayne;
For yatte, thie pleaſaunce, & thie joie was loſte,
Thie countrymen ſhall rere thee, on the playne,
A pyle of carnes [794], as anie grave can boaſte;
Further, a juſt amede [795] to thee to bee,
Inne heaven thou ſynge of Godde, on ertoe we'lle ſynge of thee.

[790] *Unfold.* [791] *Works.* [792] *Fate.* [793] *Renowon.* [794] *Stones.* [795] *Reward.*

THE ENDE.

GODDWYN;

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GODDWYN;

A TRAGEDIE,

BY THOMAS ROWLEIE,

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HAROLDE,	bie *T. Rowleie*, the Aucthoure.
GODDWYN,	bie *Johan de Iscamme.*
ELWARDE,	bie Syrr *Thybbot Gorges.*
ALSTAN,	bie Syrr *Alan de Vere.*
KYNGE EDWARDE,	bie Maſtre *Willyam Canynge.*

Odhers bie *Knyghtes Mynnſtrells.*

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PROLOGUE.

Made bie Maiſtre WILLIAM CANYNGE.

WHylomme [1] bie penſmenne [2] moke [3] ungentle [4] name
Have upon Goddwynne Erle of Kente bin layde,
Dherebie benymmynge [5] hymme of faie [6] and fame;
Unliart [7] diviniſtres [8] haveth ſaide,
Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie [9] wurche [10]; 5
Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne [11] the churche.

The aucthoure [12] of the piece whiche we enacte,
Albeytte [13] a clergyon [14], trouthe wyll wrytte.
Inne drawynge of hys menne no wytte ys lackte;
Entyn [15] a kynge mote [16] bee full pleaſed to nyghte. 10
Attende, and marcke the partes nowe to be done;
Wee better for toe doe do champyon [17] anie onne.

[1] Of old, formerly. [2] Writers, hiſtorians. [3] Much. [4] Ingloriotis. [5] Bereaving. [6] Faith. [7] Unforgiving. [8] Divines, clergymen, monks. [9] Holy. [10] Work. [11] Not. [12] Author. [13] Though, notwithſtanding. [14] Clerk, or clergyman. [15] Entyn, even. [16] Might. [17] Challenge.

GODDWYN;

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GODDWYN; A TRAGEDIE.

GODDWYN AND HAROLDE.

GODDWYN.

HAROLDE!

HAROLDE.

Mie loverde[18]!

GODDWYN.

O! I weepe to thyncke,
What foemen[19] riſeth to ifrete[20] the londe.
Theie batten[21] onne her fleſh, her hartes bloude dryncke,
And all-ys graunted from the roieal honde.

[18] Lord. [19] Foes, enemies. [20] Devour, deſtroy. [21] Fatten.

HAROLDE.

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HAROLDE.

Lette notte thie agreme [22] blyn [23], ne aledge [24] ſtonde; 5
Bee I toe wepe, I wepe in teres of gore:
Am I betraſſed [45], ſyke [26] ſhulde mie burlie [27] bronde
Depeyncte [28] the wronges on hym from whom I bore.

GODDWYN.

I ken thie ſpryte [29] ful welle; gentle thou art,
Stringe [30], ugſomme [31], rou [32], as ſmethynge [33] armyes
ſeeme; 10
Yett efte [34], I feare, thie chefes [35] toe grete a parte,
And that thie rede [36] bee efte borne downe bie breme [37].
What tydynges from the kynge!

HAROLDE.

His Normans knowe.
I make noe compheere [38] of the ſhemrynge [38*] trayne.

[22] Grievance; a ſenſe of it. [23] Ceaſe, be ſtill. [24] Idly. [25] Deceived, impoſed on. [26] So. [27] Fury, anger, rage. [28] Paint, diſplay. [29] Soul. [30] Strong. [31] Terrible. [32] Horrid, grim. [33] Smoking, bleeding. [34] Oft. [35] Heat, raſhneſs. [36] Counſel, wiſdom. [37] Strength, alſo ſtrong. [38] *Companions.* [38*] Taudry, glimmering.

GODD-

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GODDWYN.

Ah Harolde! tis a ſyghte of myckle woe,
To kenne theſe Normannes everich rennome gayne.
What tydyngē withe the foulke [39]?

HAROLDE.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer ſhap [40], ſtylle toe the kynge
Theie rolle theire trobbles, lyche a ſorgie ſea.
HaneEnglonde thenne a tongue, butte notte a ſtynge?
Dothe alle compleyne, yette none wylle ryghted bee?

GODDWYN.

Awayte the tyme, whanne Godde wylle ſende us ayde.

HAROLDE.

No, we muſte ſtreve to ayde ourēſelves wyth powre.
Whan Godde wylle ſende us ayde! tis fetelie [41] prayde.

[39] People. [40] Fate, deſtiny. [41] Nobly.

Moſte

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Moſte we thoſe calke[42] awaie the lyve-longe howre? 25
Thos croche[43] oure armes, and ne toe lyve dareygne[44],
Unburled[45], undelievre[46], uneſpryte[47]!
Far fro mie harte be fled thyk[48] thoughte of peyne,
Ile free mie countrie, or Ille die yn fyghte.

GODDWYN.

Botte lette us wayte untylle ſomme ſeaſon fytte. 30
Mie Kentyſhmen, thie Summertons ſhall ryſe;
Adented[49] proweſs[50] to the gite[51] of witte,
Agayne the argent[52] horſe ſhall daunce yn ſkies.
Oh Harolde, heere forſtraughteynge[53] wanhope[54] lies.
Englonde, oh Englonde, tys for thee I blethe[55]. 35
Whylſte Edwarde to thie ſonnes wylle nete alyſe[56],
Shulde anie of thie ſonnes fele aughte of ethe[57]?
Upponne the trone[58] I ſette thee, helde thie crowne;
Botte oh! twere hommage nowe to pyghte[59] thee downe.

[42] Caſt. [43] Croſs, from crouche, a croſs. [44] Attempt, or endeavour. [45] Unarmed. [46] Unactive. [47] Unſpirited. [48] Such. [49] Faſtened, annexed. [50] Might, power. [51] Mantle, or robe. [52] White, alluding to the arms of Kent, a horſe ſaliant, argent. [53] Diſtracting. [54] Deſpair. [55] Bleed. [56] Allow. [57] Eaſe. [58] Throne. [59] Pluck.

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Thou arte all preeſte, & notheynge of the kynge.
Thou arte all Norman, nothynge of mie blodde.
Know, ytte beſeies [60] thee notte a maſſe to ſynge;
Servynge thie leegefolcke [61] thou arte ſervynge Godde.

HAROLDE.

Then Ille doe heaven a ſervyce. To the ſkyes
The dailie contekes [62] of the londe aſcende.
The wyddowe, fahdreleſſe, & bondemennes cries
Acheke [63] the mokie [64] aire & heaven aſtende [65].
On us the rulers doe the folcke depende;
Hancelled [66] from erthe theſe Normanne [67] hyndes ſhalle be;
Lyche a battently [68] low [69], mie ſwerde ſhalle brende [70];
Lyche fallynge ſofte rayne droppes, I wyll hem [71] flea [72];
Wee wayte too longe; our purpoſe wylle defayte [73];
Aboune [74] the hyghe empryze [75], & rouze the champyones ſtrayte.

[60] Becomes. [61] Subjects. [62] Contentions, complaints. [63] Choke. [64] Dark, cloudy. [65] Aſtoniſh. [66] Cut off, deſtroyed. [67] Slaves. [68] Loud roaring. [69] Flame of fire. [70] Burn, conſume. [71] Them. [72] Slay. [73] Decay, *fail*. [74] Make ready. [75] Enterprize.

GODD-

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GODDWYN.

Thie ſuſter—

HAROLDE.

Aye, I knowe, ſhe is his queene,
Albeytte [76], dyd ſhee ſpeeke her foemen [77] fayre,
I wulde dequace [78] her comlie ſemlykeene [79],
And foulde mie bloddie anlace [80] yn her hayre.

GODDWYN.

Thye fhuir [81] blyn [82],

HAROLDE.

No, bydde the leathal [83] mere [84],
Upriſte [85] withe hiltrene [86] wyndes & cauſe unkend [87],
Beheſte [88] it to be lete [89]; ſo twylle appeare,
Eere Haroldę hyde hys name, his countries frendę.

[76] Notwithſtanding. [77] Foes. [78] Mangle, deſtroy. [79] Beauty, countenance. [80] An ancient ſword. [81] Fury. [82] Ceaſe. [83] Deadly. [84] Lake. [85] Swollen. [86] Hidden. [87] Unknown. [88] Command. [89] Still.

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The gule-ſteynct [90] brygandyne [91], the adventayle [92],
The feerie anlace [93] brede [94] ſhal make mie gare [95] prevayle.

GODDWYN.

Harolde, what wuldeſt doe?

HAROLDE.

Bethyncke theé whatt.
Here liethe Englonde, all her drites [96] unfree,
Here liethe Normans coupynge [97] her bie lotte,
Caltyſnyng [98] everich native plante to gre [99],
Whatte woulde I doe? I brondeous [1] wulde hem ſlee [2];
Tare owte theyre ſable harte bie ryghtefulle breme [3];
Theyre deathe a meanes untoe mie lyfe ſhulde bee,
Mie ſpryte ſhulde revelle yn theyr harte-blodde ſtreme.
Eftſoones I wylle bewryne [3] mie ragefulle ire,
And Goddis anlace [4] wielde yn furie dyre,

[90] Red-ſtained, [91] [92] Parts of armour, [93] Broad. [94] Cauſe. [95] Rights, liberties, [96] Cutting, mangling. [97] Forbidding, *reſtraining*. [98] Grow. [99] Furious, [1] Slay. [2] Strength. [3] Declare. [4] Sword.

GODD-

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GODDWYN.

Whatte wouldeſt thou wythe the kynge?

HAROLDE.

Take offe hys crowne;

The ruler of ſomme mynſter [5] hym ordeyne; 75

Sette uppe ſom dygner [6] than I han pyghte [7] downe;

And peace in Englonde ſhulde be brayd [8] agayne.

GODDWYN.

No, lette the ſuper-hallie [9] ſeyncte kynge reygne,

Ande ſomme moe reded [10] rule the untentyff [10*] reaulme;

Kynge Edwarde, yn hys corteſie, wylle deygne 80

To yielde the ſpoiles, and alleyne [11] were [11*] the heaulme:

Botte from mee harte bee everych thoughte of gayne,

Not anie of mie kin I wyſche him to ordeyne.

[5] Monaſtery. [6] More worthy. [7] Pulled, plucked. [8] Diſplayed. [9] Over-righteous. [10] Counſelled, more wiſe. [10*] Uncareful, neglected. [11] *Alone.* [11*] *Wear.*

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HAROLDE.

Tell me the meenes, and I wylle boute ytte ſtrayte;
Bete [12] mee to ſlea [13] mieſelf, ytte ſhalle be done.

GODDWYN.

To thee I wylle ſwythynne [14] the menes unplayte [15],
Bie whyche thou, Harolde, ſhalte be proved mie ſonne.
I have longe ſeen whatte peynes were undergon,
Whatte agrames [16] braunce [17] out from the general tree;
The tyme ys commynge, whan the mollock [18] gron [19]
Drented [20] of alle yts ſwolynge [21] owndes [22] ſhalle bee;
Mie remedie is goode; our menne ſhall ryſe:
Eftſoons the Normans and owre agrame [23] flies.

HAROLDE.

I will to the Weſt, and gemote [24] alle mie knyghtes,
Wythe bylles that pancte for blodde, and ſheeldes as brede [25]

[12] Bid, command. [13] Slay. [14] Preſently. [15] Explain. [16] Grievance. [17] Branch. [18] Wet, moiſt. [19] Fen, moor. [20] Drained. [21] Swelling. [22] Waves. [23] Grievance. [24] Aſſemble. [25] Broad.

As

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As the ybroched[26] moon, when blaunch[27] she dyghtes[28]
The wodeland grounde or water-mantled mede;
Wythe hondes whose myghte canne make the doughtiest[29] blede,
Who efte have knelte upon forslagen[30] foes,
Whoe wythe yer fote orrests[31] a castle-stede[32],
Who dare on kynges for to bewrecke[33] yiere woes;
Nowe wylle the menne of Englonde haile the daie,
Whan Goddwyn leades them to the ryghtfulle fraie.

GODDWYN.

Botte firste we'll call the loverdes[33*] of the West,
The erles of Mercia, Conventrie and all;
The moe wee gayne, the gare[34] wylle prosper beste,
Wythe syke a nomber wee can never fall.

HAROLDE.

True, so wee sal doe best to lyncke the chayne,
And alle attenes[35] the spreddynge kyngedomme bynde.

[26]Horned. [27]White. [28]Decks. [29]Mightiest, most valiant. [30]Slain. [31]Oversets. [32]A castle. [33]Revenge. [33*]*Lords*. [34]Cause. [35]At once.

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No crouched [36] champyone wythe an harte moe feygne [36*]

Dyd yſſue owte the hallie [37] ſwerde to fynde,

Than I nowe ſtrev to ryd mie londe of peyne.

Goddwyn, what thanckes owre labours wylle enhepe [37*]!

I'lle ryſe mie friendes unto the bloddie pleyne;

I'lle wake the honnoure thatte ys now aſlepe.

When wylle the chiefes mete atte thie feaſtive halle,

That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em calle?

GODDWYN.

Next eve, mie ſonne.

HAROLDE.

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme,

Whan thee or thie felle foemens cauſe moſte die.

Thie geaſon [38] wronges bee reyne [39] ynto theyre pryme;

Now wylle thie ſonnes unto thie ſuccoure flie.

Alyche a ſtorm egederinge [40] yn the ſkie,

Tys fulle ande braſteth [41] on the chaper [42] grounde;

[36] One who takes up the croſs in order to fight againſt the Saracens. [36*] *Willing.* [37] Holy. [37*] *Heap upon us.* [38] Rare, extraordinary, ſtrange. [39] Run, ſhot up. [40] Aſſembling, gathering. [41] Burſteth. [42] Dry, barren.

Sycke

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Sycke ſhalle mie ſhuirye on the Normans flie,
And alle theyre mittee [43] menne be ſleene [44]
arounde.
Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppreſſionne falle,
Ne moe the Englyſhmenne yn vayne for hele [45] ſhal
calle.

[43] Mighty. [44] Slain. [45] Help.

KYNGE

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KYNGE EDWARDE AND HYS QUEENE.

QUEENE.

BOTTE, loverde[46], whie ſo manie Normannes here?
Mee thynckethe wee bee notte yn Englyſhe londe.
Theſe browded[47] ſtraungers alwaie doe appere,
Theie parte yor trone[48], and ſete at your ryghte honde.

KYNGE.

Go to, goe to, you doe ne underſtonde:
Theie yeave[48*] mee lyffe, and dyd mie bowkie[49] kepe;
Theie dyd mee feeſte, and did embowre[50] me gronde;
To trete hem yll wulde lette mie kyndneſſe ſlepe.

[46] Lord. [47] Embroidered; 'tis conjectured, embroidery was not uſed in England till Hen. II. [48] Throne. [48*] *Give.* [49] Perſon, body. [50] Lodge.

QUEENE.

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QUEENE.

Mancas [51] you have yn ſtore, and to them parte;
Youre leege-folcke [52] make moke [53] dole [54], you have
theyr worthe aſterte [55].

KYNGE.

I heſte [56] no rede of you. I ken mie friendes
Hallie [57] dheie are, fulle ready mee to hele [58].
Theyre volundes [59] are yſtorven [60] to ſelf endes;
No denwere [61] yn mie breſte I of them fele:
I muſte to prayers; goe yn, and you do wele;
I muſte ne loſe the dutie of the daie;
Go inne, go ynne, ande viewe the azure rele [62],
Fulle welle I wote you have noe mynde toe praie.

QUEENE.

I leeve youe to doe hommage heaven-were [63];
To ſerve yor leege-folcke toe is doeynge hommage there.

[51] Marks, *rather mancuſes*. [52] Subjects. [53] Much. [54] Lamentation. [55] Neglected, or paſſed by. [56] Require, aſk. [57] Holy. [58] Help. [59] Will, [60] Dead. [61] Doubt. [62] Waves. [63] Heaven-ward, or God-ward.

KYNGE.

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KYNGE AND SYR HUGHE.

KYNGE.

Mie friende, Syr Hughe, whatte tydynges brynges thee here?

HUGHE.

There is no mancas yn mie loverdes ente [64];
The hus [65] dyſpenſe [65*] unpaied doe appere;
The laſte receivure [66] ys efteſoones [67] diſpente [68].

KYNGE.

Thenne guylde the Weſte.

HUGHE.

Mie loverde, I dyd ſpeke
Untoe the mitte [69] Erle Harolde of the thynge;
He rayſed hys honde, and ſmoke me onne the cheke,
Saieynge, go beare thatte meſſage to the kynge.

[64] Purſe, uſed here probably as a treaſury. [65] *Houſe.* [65*] Expence. [66] Receipt. [67] Soon. [68] Expended. [69] A contraction of mighty.

KYNGE.

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KYNGE.

Arace [70] hym of hys powere; bie Goddis worde,
Ne moe thatte Harolde ſhall ywield the erlies ſwerde.

HUGHE.

Atte ſeeſon fytte, mie loverde, lette itt bee;
Botte nowe the folcke doe ſee enalſe [71] hys name,
Inne ſtrevvynge to ſlea hymme, ourſelves we ſlea; 160
Syke ys the doughtyneſs [72] of hys grete fame.

KYNGE.

Hughe, I beethyncke, thie rede [73] ys notte to blame.
Botte thou maieſt fynde fulle ſtore of marckes yn
Kente.

HUGHE.

Mie noble loverde, Godwynn ys the ſame;
He ſweeres he wylle notte ſwelle the Normans ent [74]. 165

[70] Diveſt. [71] Embrace. [72] Mightineſs. [73] Counſel. [74] *Turfe.*

KYNGE.

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KYNGE.

Ah traytoure! botte mie rage I wylle commaunde,
Thou arte a Normanne, Hughe, a ſtraunger to the launde.

Thou kenneſte howe theſe Englyſche erle doe bere
Such ſtedneſs [74*] in the yll and evylle thynge,
Botte atte the goode theie hover yn denwere [75],
Onknowlachynge [76] gif thereunto to clynge.

HUGHE.

Onwordie [76*] ſyke a marvelle [77] of a kynge!
O Edwarde, thou deſerveſt purer leege [78];
To thee heie [79] ſhulden al theire mancas brynge;
Thie nodde ſhould ſave menne, and thie glomb [80] forſlege [81].
I amme no curriedowe [82], I lacke no wite [83],
I ſpeke whatte bee the trouthe, and whatte all ſee is ryghte.

74* Firmneſs, ſtedfaſtneſs. 75 Doubt, ſuſpenſe. 76 Not knowing. 76* *Unworthy.* 77 Wonder. 78 Homage, obeyſance. 79 They. 80 Frown. 81 Kill. 82 Curridowe, flatterer. 83 Reward.

KYNGE.

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KYNGE.

Thou arte a hallie [84] manne, I doe thee pryze.
Comme, comme, and here and hele [85] mee ynn mie
praires.
Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee alife [86],
And twayne of hamlettes [87] to thee and thie heyres.
Soe ſhalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,
Theie alleyn [88] have fyke love as to acquyre yer bredde.

[84] Holy. [85] Help. [86] Allow. [87] Manors. [88] Alone.

CHORUS.

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CHORUS.

WHAN Freedom, dreſte yn blodde-ſteyned veſte,
To everie knyghte her warre-ſonge ſunge,
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were ſpredde;
A gorie anlace bye her honge.
She daunced onne the heathe;
She hearde the voice of deathe;
Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of ſylver hue,
In vayne aſſayled [1] her bofomme to acale [2];
She hearde onflemed [3] the ſhriekynge voice of woe,
And ſadneſſe ynne the owlette ſhake the dale.
She ſhooke the burled [4] ſpeere,
On hie ſhe jeſte [5] her ſheelde,
Her foemen [6] all appere,
And flizze [7] alonge the feelde.
Power, wythe his heafod [8] ſtraught [9] ynto the ſkyes,
Hys ſpeere a ſonne-beame, and his ſheelde a ſtarre,

[1] Endeavoured. [2] Freeze. [3] Undiſmayed. [4] Armed, pointed. [5] Hoiſted on high, raiſed. [6] Foes, enemies. [7] Fly. [8] Head. [9] Stretched.

Alyche

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Alyche [10] twaie [11] brendeynge [12] gronfyres [13] rolls hys eyes,

Chaftes [14] with hys yronne feete and ſoundes to war.

She ſyttes upon a rocke,
She bendes before hys ſpeere,
She ryſes from the ſhocke,
Wieldynge her owne yn ayre.

Harde as the thonder dothe ſhe drive ytte on,
Wytte ſcillye [15] wympled [16] gies [17] ytte to hys crowne,
Hys longe ſharpe ſpeere, hys ſpreddynge ſheelde ys gon,
He falles, and fallynge rolleth thouſandes down.

War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld [18], ariſt [19],
Hys feerie heaulme [20] noddynge to the ayre,
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys ſtreynynge fyſte—

* * * * * * *

[10] Like. [11] Two. [12] Flaming. [13] Meteors. [14] Beats, ſtamps. [15] Cloſely. [16] Mantled, covered. [17] Guides. [18] Armed. [19] Aroſe. [20] Helmet.

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ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS:

Bie T. ROWLEIE.

BOOKE Iſt[1].

WHANNE Scythyannes, ſalvage as the wolves theie
chacde,
Peyncted in horrowe [2] formes bie nature dyghte [2*],
Heckled [3] yn beaſtſkyns, ſlepte uponne the waſte,
And wyth the morneynge rouzed the wolfe to fyghte,
Swefte as deſcendeynge lemes [4] of roddie lyghte
Plonged to the hulſtred [5] bedde of laveynge [5*] ſeas,
Gerd [6] the blacke mountayn okes yn drybblets [7]
twighte [8],
And ranne yn thoughte alonge the azure mees [8*],
Whoſe eyne dyd feerie ſheene, like blue-hayred defs [9],
That dreerie hange upon Dover's emblaunched [10] clefs.

[1] I will endeavour to get the remainder of theſe poems. [2] Unſeemly, diſagreeable. [2*] *Dreſſed.* [3] Wrapped. [4] Rays. [5] Hidden, ſecret. [5*] *Waſhing.* [6] Broke, rent. [7] Small pieces. [8] Pulled, rent. [8*] *Meadows.* [9] Vapours, meteors. [10] Emblaunched, *whitened.*

Soft

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Soft boundeynge over ſwelleynge azure reles[11]
The ſalvage natyves ſawe a ſhyppe appere;
An uncouthe[12] denwere[13] to theire beſomme ſteles;
Theyre myghte ys knopped[14] ynne the froſt of fere.
The headed javlyn liſſeth[15] here and there;
Theie ſtonde, theie ronne, theie loke wyth eger eyne;
The ſhyppes ſayle, boleynge[16] wythe the kyndelie ayre,
Ronneth to harbour from the beateynge bryne;
Theie dryve awaie aghaſte, whanne to the ſtronde
A burled[17] Trojan lepes, wythe Morglaien ſweerde yn honde.

Hymme followede eftſoones hys compheeres[18], whoſe ſwerdes
Gleſtred lyke gledeynge[19] ſtarres ynne froſtie nete,
Hayleynge theyre capytayne in chirckynge[20] wordes
Kynge of the lande, whereon theie ſet theyre fete.
The greete kynge Brutus thanne theie dyd hym greete,
Prepared for battle, mareſchalled the fyghte;

[11] Ridges, riſing waves. [12], [13] Unknown tremour. [14] Faſtened, chained, congealed, *rather, nipped.* [15] Boundeth. [16] Swelling. [17] Armed. [18] Companions. [19] Lived. [20] A confuſed noiſe.

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Theie urg'd the warre, the natyves fledde, as flete
As fleaynge cloudes that ſwymme before the ſyghte;
Tyll tyred with battles, for to ceeſe the fraie,
Theie uncted [21] Brutus kynge, and gave the Trojanns
ſwaie.

Twayne of twelve years han leméd [22] up the myndes,
Leggende [23] the ſalvage unthewes [24] of theire breſte,
Improved in myſterk [25] warre, and lymmed [26] theyre
kyndes,
Whenne Brute from Brutons ſonke to æterne reſte.
Eftſoons the gentle Locryne was poſſeſt
Of ſwaie, and veſted yn the paramente [27];
Halceld [28] the bykrous [29] Huns, who dyd infeſte
Hys wakeynge kyngdom wyth a foule intente;
As hys broade ſwerde oer Homberres heade was honge,
He tourned toe ryver wyde, and roarynge rolled alonge.

He wedded Gendolyne of roieal ſede,
Upon whoſe countenance rodde healthe was ſpreade;

[21] Anointed. [22] Enlightened. [23] Alloyed. [24] Savage barbarity. [25] Myſtic. [26] Poliſhed. [27] A princely robe. [28] Defeated. [29] Warring.

Blouſhing,

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Blouſhing, alyche [30] the ſcarlette of herr wede [30*],
She ſonke to pleaſaunce on the marryage bedde.
Eftſoons her peacefull joie of mynde was fledde;
Elſtrid ametten [31] with the kynge Locryne;
Unnombered beauties were upon her ſhedde,
Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendolyne;
The mornynge tynge, the roſe, the lillie floure,
In ever ronneynge race on her dyd peyncte theyre powere.

The gentle ſuyte of Locryne gayned her love;
Theie lyved ſoft momentes to a ſwotie [31*] age;
Eft [32] wandringe yn the coppyce, delle, and grove,
Where ne one eyne mote theyre diſporte engage;
There dydde theie tell the merrie lovynge fage [33],
Croppe the prymroſen floure to decke theyre headde;
The feerie Gendolyne yn woman rage
Gemoted [34] warriours to bewreck [35] her bedde;
Theie roſe; ynne battle was greete Locryne ſleene;
The faire Elſtrida fledde from the enchafed [36] queene.

[30] Like. [30*] *Garment.* [31] *Met with.* [31*] Sweet. [32] Oft. [33] A Tale.
[34] Aſſembled. [35] Revenge. [36] Heated, enraged.

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A tye of love, a dawter fayre ſhe hanne,
Whoſe boddeynge [37] morneyng ſhewed a fayre daie,
Her fadre Locrynne, once an hailie manne.
Wyth the fayre dawterre dydde ſhe haſte awaie,
To where the Weſtern mittee [37*] pyles of claie
Ariſe ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere;
There dyd Elſtrida and Sabryna ſtaie;
The fyrſte tryckde out a whyle yn warryours gratch [38] and gear,
Vyncente was ſhe ycleped, butte fulle ſoone fate
Sente deathe, to telle the dame, ſhe was notte yn regrate [39].

The queene Gendolyne ſente a gyaunte knyghte,
Whoſe doughtie heade ſwepte the emmertleynge [40] ſkies,
To ſlea her whereſoever ſhe ſhulde be pyghte [41],
Eke everychone who ſhulde her ele [42] emprize [43].
Swefte as the roareynge wyndes the gyaunte flies,
Stayde the loude wyndes, and ſhaded reaulmes yn nyghte,

[37] *Budding.* [37*] Mighty, [38] Apparel. [39] Eſteem, favour. [40] Glittering. [41] Settled. [42] Help. [43] Adventure.

Stepte

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Stepte over cytties, on meint [44] acres lies,
Meeteynge the herehaughtes of morneynge lighte;
Tyll mooveynge to the Weſte, myſchaunce hys gyē [45],
He thorowe warriours gratch fayre Elſtrid did eſpie.

He tore a ragged mountayne from the grounde,
Harried [46] uppe noddynge forreſts to the ſkie,
Thanne wythe a fuirie, mote the erthe aſtounde [47],
To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne flie.
The flying wolfynnes ſente a yelleynge crie;
Onne Vyncente and Sabryna felle the mount;
To lyve æternalle dyd theie eftſoones die;
Thorowe the ſandie grave boiled up the pourple founte,
On a broade graſſie playne was layde the hylle,
Staieynge the rounynge courſe of meint a limmed [48] rylle.

The goddes, who kenned the actyons of the wyghte,
To leggen [49] the ſadde happe of twayne ſo fayre,
Houton [50] dyd make the mountaine bie theire mighte.
Forth from Sabryna ran a ryverre cleere [50*],

[44] Many. [45] Guide. [46] Toſt. [47] Aſtoniſh. [48] Glaſſy, reflecting. [49] Leſſen, allay. [50] Hollow. [50*] *Famous.*

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Roarynge and rolleynge on yn courſe byſmare [51]; 93
From female Vyncente ſhotte a ridge of ſtones,
Eche ſyde the ryver ryſynge heavenwere [51*];
Sabrynas floode was helde ynne Elſtryds bones.
So are theie cleped; gentle and the hynde
Can telle, that Severnes ſtreeme bie Vyncentes rocke's
ywrynde [52], 100

The bawſyn [53] gyaunt, hee who dyd them ſlee,
To telle Gendolyne quycklie was yſped [54];
Whanné, as he ſtrod alonge the ſhakeynge lee,
The roddie levynne [55] gleſterrd on hys headde:
Into hys hearte the azure vapoures ſpreade; 105
He wrythde arounde yn drearie dernie [56] payne;
Whanne from his lyfe-bloode the rodde lemes [57] were fed,
He felle an hepe of aſhes on the playne:
Stylle does hys aſhes ſhoote ynto the lyghte,
A wondrous mountayne hie, and Snowdon ys ytte
hyghte. 110

51 Bewildered, curious. 51* *Towards heaven.* 52 Hid, covered. 53 Huge, bulky, 54 Diſpatched. 55 Red Lightning. 56 Cruel. 57 Flames, rays.

FINIS.

AN

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THE TOURNAMENT,

AN INTERLUDE.

ENTER AN HERAWDE.

THE Tournament begynnes; the hammerrs ſounde;
The courſerrs lyſſe [1] about the menſuredd [2] fielde;
The ſhemrynge [3] armoure throws the ſheene [4] arounde;
Quayntyſſed [5] fons [6] depicted [7] onn eche ſheelde.
The ſeerie [8] heaulmets, wythe the wreathes amielde [9], 5
Supportes the rampynge lyoncell [10] orr beare,
Wythe ſtraunge depyctures [11], Nature maie nott yeelde,
Unſeemelie to all orderr doe appere,
Yett yatte [12] to mienne, who thyncke and have a
ſpryte [13],
Makes knowen thatt the phantaſies unryghte. 10

[1] Sport, or play. [2] Bounded, or meaſured. [3] *Shining.* [4] *Luſtre.* [5] Curiouſly deviſed. [6] Fancys or devices. [7] Painted, or diſplayed. [8] Fiery. [9] Ornamented, enameled. [10] A young lion. [11] Drawings, paintings. [12] That. [13] Soul.

I, Sonne

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I, Sonne of Honnoure, ſpencer [14] of her joies,
Muſte ſwythen [15] goe to yeve [16] the ſpeeres arounde,
Wythe advantayle [17] & borne [18] I meynte [19] emploie,
Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the grounde.
Soe the tall oake the ivie twyſteth rounde;
Soe the neſhe [20] flowerr grees [21] ynne the woodeland ſhade.
The worlde bie diffraunce [22] ys ynne orderr founde;
Wydhoute unlikeneſſe nothynge could bee made.
As ynn the bowke [23] nete [24] alleyn [25] cann bee donne,
Syke [26] ynn the weal [27] of kynde all thynges are partes of onne.

Enterr SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE.

Herawde [28], bie heavenne theſe tylterrs ſtaie too long
Mie phantaſie ys dyinge forr the fyghte.
The mynſtrelles have begonne the thyrde warr ſonge,
Yett notte a ſpeere of hemm [29] hath grete mie ſyghte.
I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte.
I lacke a Guid [30], a Wyllyamm [31] to entylte.

[14] Diſpenſer. [15] Quickly. [16] Give. [17] Armer. [18] Burniſh. [19] Many. [20] Young, weak, tender. [21] Grows. [22] *Variety.* [23] Body. [24] Nothing. [25] Alone. [26] So. [27] *Government.* [28] Herald. [29] A contraction of *them.* [30] *Guie de Sancto Egidio*, the moſt famous tilter of his age, *rather Guy of Warwick.* [31] William Rufus, *rather William the Conqueror.*

To

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To reine [32] anente [33] a fele [34] embodiedd knyghte,
Ytt gettes ne rennome [35] gyff hys blodde bee ſpylte.
Bie heavenne & Marie ytt ys tyme they're here;
I lyche nott unthylle [36] thus to wielde the ſpeare. 39

HERAWDE.

Methynckes I heare yer ſlugghornes [37] dynn [38] fromm farre.

BOURTONNE.

Ah! ſwythenn [39] mie ſhielde & tyltynge launce bee bounde [40].
Eftſoones [41] beheſte [42] mie Squyerr to the warre.
I flie before to clayme a challenge growndе.

[*Goeth oute.*

HERAWDE.

Thie valourous actes woulde meinte [43] of menne aſtounde; 35
Harde bee yer ſhappe [44] encontrynge thee ynn fyghte;

[32] Run. [33] Againſt. [34] Feeble. [35] Honour, glory. [36] Uſeleſs. [37] A kind of claryon, *or war trumpet.* [38] Sound. [39] Quickly. [40] Ready. [41] Soon. [42] Command. [43] Moſt. [44] Fate, or doom.

Anenſt

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Anenſt [45] alle meune thou bereſt to the grounde,
Lyche the hard hayle dothe the tall roſhes pyghte [46].
As whanne the mornynge ſonne ydronks [47] the dew,
Syche dothe thie valourous actes drocke [48] eche knyghte's hue. [49]

THE LYSTES. THE KYNGE, SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE, SYRR HUGO FERRARIS, SYRR RANULPH NEVILLE, SYRR LODOVICK DE CLYNTON, SYRR JOHAN DE BERGHAMME, AND ODHERR KNYGHTES, HERAWDE, MYNSTRELLES, AND SERVYTOURS [49].

KYNGE.

The barganette [50]; yee mynſtrelles tune the ſtrynge,
Somme actyonn dyre of auntyante kynges now ſynge.

MYNSTRELLES.

Wyllyamm, the Normannes floure botte Englondes thorne,
The manne whoſe myghte delievretie [51] hadd knitte [52],

[45] Againſt. [46] Pitched, or bent down. [47] *Drinks.* [48] Drink. [49] Servants, attendants. [50] Song, or ballad. [51] Activity. [52] *Joined.*

Snett

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Snett [53] oppe hys long ſtrunge bowe and ſheelde aborne [54], 46

Beheſteynge [55] all hys hommageres [56] to fyghte.

Goe, rouze the lyonn fromm hys hylted [57] denne,

Lett thie floes [58] drenche the blodde of anie thynge bott menne.

Ynn the treed forreſte doe the knyghtes appere;

Wyllyamm wythe myghte hys bowe enyronn'd [59] plies [60];

Loude dynns [61] the arrowe ynn the wolfynn's eare;

Hee ryſeth battent [62], roares, he pancles, hee dyes.

Forſlagenn [63] att thie feete lett wolvynns bee,

Lett thie floes drenche theyre blodde, bott do ne bredrenn flea.

Throwe the merke [64] ſhade of twiſtynde trees hee rydes;

The flemed [65] owlett [66] flapps herr eve-ſpeckte [67] wynge;

The lordynge [68] toade ynn all hys paſſes bides;

The berten [69] neders [70] att hymm darte the ſtynge;

[53] Bent. [54] Burniſhed. [55] Commanding. [56] Servants. [57] Hidden. [58] Arrows. [59] Worked with iron. [60] Bends. [61] Sounds. [62] Loudly. [63] *Slain.* [64] Dark, or gloome. [65] & [66] Frighted owl. [67] Marked with evening dew. [68] Standing on their hind legs, *rather heavy, ſluggiſh.* [69] Venomous, *rather brown.* [70] Adders.

Styll,

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Styll, ſtylle, hee paſſes onn, hys ſtede aſtrodde,
Nee hedes the daungerous waie gyff leadynge untoe
bloodde.

The lyoncel, fromme ſweltrie [71] countries braughte,
Coucheynge binethe the ſheltre of the brierr,
Att commyng dynn [72] doth rayſe hymſelfe diſtraughte [73],
Hee loketh wythe an eie of flames of fyre.
Goe, ſticke the lyonn to hys hyltren [74] denne,
Lette thie floes [75] drenche the blood of anie thynge botte
menn.

Wythe paſſent [76] ſteppe the lyonn mov'th alonge;
Wyllyamm hys ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,
Wythe myghte alych the roghlynge [77] thonderr ſtronge;
The lyonn ynn a roare hys ſpryte foorthe ſendes.
Goe, ſlea the lion ynn hys blodde-ſteyn'd denne,
Botte bee thie takelle [78] drie fromm blodde of odherr
menne.

Swefte fromm the thyckett ſtarks the ſtagge awaie;
The couraciers [79] as ſwefte doe afterr flie.

[71] Hot, ſultry. [72] Sound, noiſe. [73] Diſtracted. [74] *Hidden.* [75] Arrows.
[76] Walking leiſurely. [77] Rolling. [78] Arrow. [79] Horſe courſers.

Hee

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Hee lepethe hie, hee ſtondes, hee kepes at baie,
Botte metes the arrowe, and eftſoones [80] doth die.
Forſlagenn [81] atte thie fote lette wylde beaſtes bee,
Lett thie floes drenche yer blodde, yett do ne bredrenn ſlee.

Wythe murtherr tyredd, hee ſleynges hys bowe alyne [82].
The ſtagge ys ouch'd [83] wythe crownes of lillie flowerrs.
Arounde theire heaulmes theie greene verte [84] doe entwyne;
Joying and rev'lous ynn the grene wode bowerrs.
Forſlagenn wyth thie ſloe lette wylde beaſtes bee,
Fooſte thee upponne theire fleſhe, doe ne thie bredrenn ſlee.

KYNGE.

Nowe to the Tourneie [85]; who wylle fyrſte affraie [86]?

[80] Full ſoon. [81] *Slain.* [82] Acroſs his ſhoulders, *rather unſtrung.* [83] Garlands of flowers being put round the neck of the game, it was ſaid to be *ouch'd*, from *ouch*, a chain, worn by earls round their necks. [84] *Leaves and branches.* [85] Tournament. [86] Fight, or encounter.

HE-

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HERAULDE.

Nevylle, a baronne, bee yatte [87] honnoure thyne.

BOURTONNE.

I clayme the paſſage.

NEVYLLE.

I contake [88] thie waie,

BOURTONNE.

Thenn there's mie gauntlette [89] on mie gaberdyne [90].

HEREHAULDE.

A leegefull [91] challenge, knyghtes & champyonns dygne [92],

A leegefull challenge, lette the ſlugghorne ſounde.

[Syrr Symonne *and* Nevylle *tylte.*

Nevylle ys goeynge, manne and horſe, toe grounde.

[Nevylle *falls.*

Loverdes [93], how doughtilie [94] the tylterrs joyne!

[87] That. [88] Diſpute. [89] Glove. [90] A piece of armour. [91] Lawful. [92] Worthy. [93] *Lords.* [94] Furiouſly.

Yee

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Yee champyonnes, heere Symonne de Bourtonne fyghtes,
Onne hee hathe quacedd [95], aſſayle [96] hymm, yee knyghtes.

FERRARIS.

I wyllé anente [97] hymm goe; mie ſquierr, mie ſhielde;
Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle [98] ſcethe [99]
Before I doe departe the liſſedd [100] fielde,
Mieſelfe orr Bourtonne hereupponn wyll blethe [101].
Mie ſhielde.

BOURTONNE.

Comme onne, & fitte thie tylte-launce ethe [102].
Whanne Bourtonn fyghtes, hee metes a doughtie [103] foe.

[*Theie tylte.* Ferraris *falleth.*

Hee falleth; nowe bie heavenne thie woundes doe ſmethe [104];
I feere mee, I have wroughte thee myckle woe [105].

[95] Vanquiſhed. [96] Oppoſe. [97] Againſt. [98] Much. [99] Damage, miſchief. [100] Bounded. [101] Bleed. [102] Eaſy. [103] *Valiant.* [104] Smoke. [105] Hurt, or damage.

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HERAWDE.

Bourtonne hys ſeconde beereth to the feelde.
Comme onn, yee knyghtes, and wynn the honnour'd
ſheeld.

BERGHAMME.

I take the challenge; ſquyre, mie launce and ſtede.
I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlette; forr mee ſtaie.
Botte, gyff thou fyghteſte mee, thou ſhalt have mede [106];
Somme odherr I wylle champyonn toe affraie [107];
Perchaunce fromme hemm I maie poſſeſs the daie,
Thenn I ſchalle bee a foemanne forr thie ſpere.
Herehawde, toe the bankes of Knyghtys ſaie,
De Berghamme wayteth forr a foemann heere.

CLINTON.

Botte longe thou ſchalte ne tende [108]; I doe thee fie [109].
Lyche forreying [110] levyn [111], ſchalle mie tylte-launce
flie.

[Berghamme & Clinton *tylte.* Clinton *fallethe.*

[106] Reward. [107] Fight, or engage. [108] Attend, or wait. [109] Defy.
[110] & [111] Deſtroying lightening.

BERG-

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BERGHAMME.

Nowe, nowe, Syrr Knyghte, attoure [112] thie beeveredd[113]
eyne.
I have borne downe, and efte [114] doe gauntlette thee.
Swythenne [115] begynne, and wrynn [116] thie ſhappe [117] orr
myne;
Gyff thou dyſcomfytte, ytt wylle dobblie bee.

[Bourtonne & Burghamm *tylteth*. Berghamme *falls*.

HERAWDE.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe three,
And bie the thyrd hathe honnoure of a fourthe.
Lett hymm bee ſett aſyde, tylle hee doth ſee
A tyltynge forr a knyghte of gentle wourthe.
Heere commethe ſtraunge knyghtes; gyff corteous [118]
heie [119],
Ytt welle beſeies [120] to yeve [121] hemm ryghte-of fraie [122].

[112] Turn. [113] Beaver'd. [114] Again. [115] Quickly. [116] Declare, [117] Fate. [118] Worthy. [119] They. [120] Becomes. [121] Give. [122] Fyght.

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FIRST KNYGHTE.

Straungerrs wee bee, and homblie doe wee clayme
The rennome [123] ynn thys Tourneie [124] forr to tylte;
Dherbie to proove fromm cravents [125] owre goode name,
Bewrynnynge [126] thatt wee gentile blodde have ſpylte.

HEREHAWDE.

Yee knyghtes of corteſie, theſe ſtraungerrs, ſaie,
Bee you fulle wyllynge forr to yeve [127] hemm fraie?
[*Fyve Knyghtes tylteth wythe the ſtraunge Knyghte,*
and bee everichone [128] *overthrowne.*

BOURTONNE.

Nowe bie Seyncte Marie, gyff onn all the fielde
Ycraſedd [129] ſperes and helmetts bee beſprente [130],
Gyff everyche knyghte dydd houlde a piercedd [131] ſheeld,
Gyff all the feelde wythe champyonne blodde be ſtente [132],

[123] Honour. [124] Tournament. [125] Cowards. [126] Declaring. [127] *Give.* [128] Every one. [129] Broken, ſplit. [130] Scatter'd. [131] Broken, or pierced through with darts. [132] Stained.

Yett

Yett toe encounterr hymm I bee contente.
Annodherr launce, Marſhalle, anodherr launce.
Albeytte hee wythe lowes [133] of fyre ybrente [134],
Yett Bourtonne woulde agenſte hys val [135] advance.
Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe [136] hys ſpeere,
Botte hee ſchalle bee the next thatt falleth heere.

Bie thee, Seyncte Marie, and thy Sonne I ſweare,
Thatt ynn whatte place yonn doughtie knyghte ſhall fall
Anethe [137] the ſtronge puſh of mie ſtraught [138] out ſpeere,
There ſchalle aryſe a hallie [139] chyrches walle,
The whyche, ynn honnoure, I will Marye calle,
Wythe pillars large, and ſpyre full hyghe and rounde.
And thys I faifullie [140] wylle ſtonde to all,
Gyff yonderr ſtraungerr falleth to the grounde.
Straungerr, bee boune [141]; I champyonn [142] you to warre.
Sounde, ſounde the ſlughornes [143], to be heard e fromm farre

[Bourtonne & *the* Straungerr *tylt*. Straunger *falleth*.

[133] Flames. [134] Burnt. [135] Healm. [136] Beneath. [137] Againſt. [138] Stretched out. [139] Holy. [140] Faithfully. [141] Ready. [142] Challenge. [143] *War trumpets.*

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KYNGE.

The Mornynge Tyltes now ceaſe.

HERAWDE.

Bourtonne ys kynge.

Dyſplaie the Englyſhe bannorre onn the tente;
Rounde hymm, yee mynſtrelles, ſongs of achments [144] ſynge;
Yee Herawdes, getherr upp the ſpeeres beſprente [145];
To Kynge of Tourney-tylte bee all knees bente.
Dames faire and gentle, forr youre loves hee foughte;
Forr you the longe tylte-launce, the ſwerde hee ſhente [146];
Hee jouſtedd [147], alleine [148] havynge you ynn thoughte.
Comme, mynſtrells, ſound the ſtrynge, goe onn eche ſyde,
Whyleſt hee untoe the Kynge ynn ſtate doe ryde.

[144] Atchievements, glorious actions. [145] Broken ſpears. [146] Broke, deſtroyed. [147] *Tilted.* [148] Only, alone.

MYN-

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MYNSTRELLES.

Whann Battayle, ſmethynge [149] wythe new quickenn'd gore,
Bendynge wythe ſpoiles, and bloddie droppynge hedde,
Dydd the merke [150] wood of ethe [151] and reſt explore,
Seekeynge to lie onn Pleaſures downie bedde,
Pleaſure, dauncyng fromm her wode,
Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglintine [152],
From hys vyſage waſhedd the bloude,
Hylte [153] hys ſwerde and gaberdyne,

Wythe ſyke an eyne ſhee ſwotelie [154] hymm dydd view,
Dydd ſoe ycorvenn [155] everrie ſhape to joie,
Hys ſpryte dydd chaunge untoe anodherr hue,
Hys armes, ne ſpoyles, mote anie thoughts emploie.
All delyghtſomme and contente,
Fyre enſhotynge [156] fromm hys eyne,
Ynn hys arms hee dydd herr hente [157],
Lyche the merk [158]-plante doe entwyne,

[149] Smoaking, ſteaming. [150] Dark, gloomy. [151] Eaſe. [152] *Sweet-brier.* [153] Hid, ſcattered. [154] Swetely. [155] Moulded. [156] Shooting, darting. [157] Graſp, hold. [158] Night-ſhade.

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Soe, gyff thou loveſt Pleaſure and herr trayne,
Onknowlachynge [159] ynn whatt place herr to fynde,
Thys rule yſpende [160], and ynn thie mynde retayne;
Seeke Honnoure fyrſte, and Pleaſaunce lies behynde.

[159] Ignorant, unknowing, [160] Conſider,

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BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:

OR THE DETHE OF

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

THE featherd ſongſter chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne;

Kynge Edwarde ſawe the ruddie ſtreakes
Of lyghte eclypſe the greie;
And herde the raven's crokynge throte
Proclayme the fated daie,

"Thou'rt ryght," quod hee, "for, by the Godde
"That ſyttes enthron'd on hyghe!
"Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,
"To daie ſhall ſurelie die."

Thenne

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Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
Hys Knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
"Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie
"Hee leaves thys mortall ſtate."

Syr CANTERLONE thenne bendedd lowe,
Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe;
Hee journey'd to the caſtle-gate,
And to Syr CHARLES dydd goe.

Butt whenne hee came, hys children twaine,
And eke hys lovynge wyfe,
Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
For goode Syr CHARLESES lyfe.

"O goode Syr CHARLES!" ſayd CANTERLONE,
"Badde tydyngs I doe brynge."
"Speke boldlie, manne," ſayd brave Syr CHARLES,
"Whatte ſays thie traytor kynge?"

"I greeve to telle, before yonne ſonne
"Does fromme the welkinn [1] flye,
"Hee hathe uponne hys honour ſworne,
"Thatt thou ſhalt ſurelie die."

"Wee

[1] *Heaven.*

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" Wee all muſt die," quod brave Syr CHARLES;
" Of thatte I'm not affearde;
" Whatte bootes to lyve a little ſpace?
" Thanke JESU, I'm prepar'd;

" Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
" I'de ſooner die to-daie
" Thanne lyve hys ſlave, as manie are,
" Tho' I ſhoulde lyve for aie."

Thenne CANTERLONE hee dydd goe out,
To tell the maior ſtraite
To gett nll thynges ynn reddyneſs
For goode Syr CHARLESES fate.

Thenne Maiſterr CANYNGE ſaughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
" I'm come," quod hee, " unto your grace
" To move your clemencye."

Thenne quod the kynge, " Youre tale ſpeke out,
" You have been much oure friende;
" Whatever youre requeſt may bee,
" Wee wylle to ytte attende."

" My

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" My nobile leige! alle my requeſt
" Ys for a nobile knyghte,
" Who, tho' may hap hee has donne wronge,
" Hee thoghte ytte ſtylle was ryghte:

" Hee has a ſpouſe and children twaine,
" Alle rewyn'd are for aie;
" Yff thatt you are reſolv'd to lett
" CHARLES BAWDIN die to-daie."

" Speke nott of ſuch a traytour vile,"
The kynge ynne furie ſayde;
" Before the evening ſtarre doth ſheene,
" BAWDIN ſhall looſe hys hedde:

" Juſtice does loudlie for hym calle,
" And hee ſhalle have hys meede:
" Speke, Maiſter CANYNGE! Whatte thynge elſe
" Att preſent doe you neede?"

" My nobile leige!" goode CANYNGE ſayde,
" Leave juſtice to our Godde,
" And laye the yronne rule aſyde;
" Be thyne the olyve rodde.

" Was

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" Was Godde to ſerche our hertes and reines,
" The beſt were ſynners grete;
" Christ's vycarr only knowes ne ſynne,
" Ynne alle thys mortall ſtate.

" Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
" 'Twylle faſte thye crowne fulle ſure;
" From race to race thy familie
" Alle ſov'reigns ſhall endure:

" But yff wythe bloode and ſlaughter thou
" Beginne thy infante reigne,
" Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows
" Wylle never long remayne."

" Canynge, awaie! thys traytour vile
" Has ſcorn'd my power and mee;
" Howe canſt thou thenne for ſuch a manne
" Intreate my clemencye?"

" My nobile leige! the trulie brave
" Wylle val'rous actions prize,
" Reſpect a brave and noble mynde,
" Altho' ynne enemies."

" Canynge,

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" CANYNGE, awaie! By Godde ynne Heav'n
" Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,
" I wylle nott taſte a bitt of breade
" Whilſt thys Syr CHARLES dothe lyve.

" By MARIE, and alle Seinctes ynne Heav'n,
" Thys ſunne ſhall be hys laſte."
Thenne CANYNGE dropt a brinie teare,
And from the preſence paſte.

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
Hee to Syr CHARLES dydd goe,
And ſatt hymm downe uponne a ſtoole,
And teares beganne to flowe.

" Wee all muſt die," quod brave Syr CHARLES;
" Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;
" Dethe ys the ſure, the certaine fate
" Of all wee mortall menne.

" Saye why, my friend, thie honeſt ſoul
" Runns overr att thyne eye;
" Is ytte for my moſt welcome doome
" Thatt thou doſte child-lyke crye?"

Quod

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Quod godlie Canynge, "I doe weepe,
"Thatt thou soe soone must dye,
"And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe;
"'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."

"Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye
"From godlie fountaines sprynge;
"Dethe I despise, and alle the power
"Of Edwarde, traytor kynge.

"Whan throgh the tyrant's welcom means
"I shall resigne my lyfe,
"The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde
"For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

"Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,
"Thys was appointed mee;
"Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge
"Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee?

"Howe oft ynne battaile have I stoode,
"Whan thousands dy'd arounde;
"Whan smokynge streemes of crimson bloode
"Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:

"Howe

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" Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
" That cutte the airie waie,
" Myghte nott fynde paſſage toe my harte,
" And cloſe myne eyes for aie?

" And ſhall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
" Looke wanne and bee dyſmayde?
" Ne! fromm my herte flie childyſhe feere,
" Bee alle the manne diſplay'd.

" Ah, goddelyke HENRIE! Godde forefende[2],
" And guarde thee and thye ſonne,
" Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
" Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

" My honeſt friende, my faulte has beene
" To ſerve Godde and mye prynce;
" And thatt I no tyme-ſerver am,
" My dethe wylle ſoone convynce.

" Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
" Of parents of grete note;
" My fadre dydd a nobile armes
" Emblazon onne hys cote:

I make

[2] *Forbid.*

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" I make ne doubte butt hee ys gone
" Where ſoone I hope to goe;
" Where wee for ever ſhall bee bleſt,
" From oute the reech of woe:

" Hee taughte mee juſtice and the laws
" Wyth pitie to unite;
" And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
" The wronge cauſe fromm the ryghte:

" Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande
" To feede the hungrie poore,
" Ne lett mye ſervants dryve awaie
" The hungrie fromme my doore:

" And none can ſaye, butt alle mye lyfe
" I have hys wordyes kept;
" And ſumm'd the actyonns of the daie
" Eche nyghte before I ſlept.

" I have a ſpouſe, goe aſke of her,
" Yff I defyl'd her bedde?
" I have a kynge, and none can laie
" Blacke treaſon onne my hedde.

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" Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
" Fromm fleſhe I dydd refrayne;
" Whie ſhould I thenne appeare diſmay'd
" To leave thys worlde of payne?

" Ne! hapleſs HENRIE! I rejoyce,
" I ſhalle ne ſee thye dethe;
" Moſte willynglie ynne thye juſt cauſe
" Doe I reſign my brethe.

" Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd lande!
" Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
" Whyle RICHARD's ſonnes exalt themſelves,
" Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

" Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
" And godlie HENRIE's reigne,
" Thatt you dydd choppe [3] youre eaſie daies
" For thoſe of bloude and peyne?

" Whatte tho' I onne a ſledde [3*] bee drawne,
" And mangled by a hynde,
" I doe defye the traytor's pow'r,
" Hee can ne harm my mynde;

" Whatte

[3] *Change.* [3*] *Sledge, hurdle.*

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" Whatte tho', uphoiſted onne a pole,
" Mye lymbes ſhall rotte ynne ayre,
" And ne ryche monument of braſſe
" Charles Bawdin's name ſhall bear;

" Yett ynne the holie booke above,
" Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
" There wythe the ſarvants of the Lorde
" Mye name ſhall lyve for aie.

" Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
" I leave thys mortall lyfe:
" Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that's deare,
" Mye ſonnes and lovynge wyfe!

" Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes,
" As e'er the moneth of Maie;
" Nor woulde I even wyſhe to lyve,
" Wyth my dere wyfe to ſtaie."

Quod Canynge, " 'Tys a goodlie thynge
" To bee prepar'd to die;
" And from thys world of peyne and greſe
" To Godde ynne Heav'n to flie."

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And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
And claryonnes to ſounde;
Syr CHARLES hee herde the horſes feete
A prauncyng onne the grounde:

And juſt before the officers,
His lovynge wyfe came ynne,
Weepynge-unfeigned teeres of woe,
Wythe loude and dyſmalle dynne.

"Sweet FLORENCE! nowe I praie forbere,
"Ynne quiet lett mee die;
"Praie Godde, thatt ev'ry Chriſtian ſoule
"Maye looke onne dethe as I.

"Sweet FLORENCE! why theſe brinie teeres?
"Theye waſhe my ſoule awaie,
"And almoſt make mee wyſhe for lyfe,
"Wyth thee, ſweete dame, to ſtaie.

"'Tys butt a journie I ſhalle goe
"Untoe the lande of blyſſe;
"Nowe, as a proofe of huſbande's love,
"Receive thys holie kyſſe."

Thenne

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Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her ſaie,
Tremblynge theſe wordyes ſpoke,
" Ah, cruele Edwarde! bloudie kynge!
" My herte ys welle nyghe broke:

" Ah, ſweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe,
" Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe?
" The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
" Ytte eke ſhall ende mye lyfe."

" And nowe the officers came ynne
To brynge Syr Charles awaie,
" Whoe turnedd toe hys lovynge wyfe,
" And thus toe her dydd ſaie:

" I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
" Truſte thou ynne Godde above,
" And teache thye ſonnes to feare the Lorde,
" And ynne theyre hertes hym love;

" Teache them to runne the nobile race
" Thatt I theyre fader runne:
" Florence! ſhou'd dethe thee take—adieu!
" Yee officers, leade onne."

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Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
And dydd her treſſes tere;
"Oh! ſtaie, mye huſbande! lorde! and lyfe!"
Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

'Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravynge loud,
Shee fellen onne the flore;
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
And march'd fromm oute the dore.

Uponne a fledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes fulle brave and ſwete;
Lookes, thatt enſhone 4 ne more concern
Thanne anie ynne the ſtrete.

Before hym went the council-menne,
Ynne ſcarlett robes and golde,
And taffils ſpanglynge ynne the ſunne,
Muche glorious to beholde:

The Freers of Seincte Augustyne next
Appeared to the fyghte,
Alle cladd ynne homelie ruſſett weedes,
Of godlie monkyſh plyghte:

Ynne

4 *Showed.*

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Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie pfaunce
Moſte ſweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes ſyx mynſtrelles came,
Who tun'd the ſtrunge bataunt[5].

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came;
Echone the bowe dydd bende,
From reſcue of kynge Henries friends
Syr Charles forr to defend.

Bolde as a lyon came Syr Charles,
Drawne onne a clothe-layde ſledde,
Bye two blacke ſtedes ynne trappynges white,
Wyth plumes uponne theyre heddes:

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe
Of archers ſtronge and ſtoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
Marched ynne goodlie route:

Seincte James Freers marched next,
Echone hys parte dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes ſyx mynſtrells came,
Who tun'd the ſtrunge bataunt:

[5] *A ſtringed inſtrument.*

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Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
Ynne clothe of ſcarlett deck't;
And theyre attendyng menne echone,
Lyke Eaſterne princes trickt:

And after them, a multitude
Of citizenns dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,
As hee dydd paſſe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe croſſe,
Syr CHARLES dydd turne and ſaie,
"O Thou, thatt ſaveſt manne fromme ſynne,
"Waſhe mye ſoule clean thys daie!"

At the grete mynſterr wyndowe ſat
The kynge ynne mycle ſtate,
To ſee CHARLES BAWDIN goe alonge
To hys moſt welcom fate.

Soone as the ſledde drewe nyghe enowe,
Thatt EDWARDE hee myghte heare,
The brave Syr CHARLES hee dydd ſtande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare:

"Thou

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" Thou ſeeſt mee, Edwarde! traytour vile!
" Expos'd to infamie;
" Butt bee aſſur'd, diſloyall manne!
" I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

" Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
" Thou weareſt nowe a crowne;
" And haſt appoynted mee to dye,
" By power nott thyne owne.

" Thou thynkeſt I ſhall dye to-daie;
" I have beene dede 'till nowe,
" And ſoone ſhall lyve to weare a crowne
" For aie uponne my browe:

" Whylſt thou, perhapps, for ſom few yeares,
" Shalt rule thys fickle lande,
" To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
" 'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

" Thye pow'r unjuſt, thou traytour ſlave!
" Shall falle onne thye owne hedde"—
Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge
Departed thenne the ſledde.

Kynge

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Kynge Edwarde's ſoule rush'd to hys face,
Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,
And to hys broder Gloucester
Hee thus dydd ſpeke and saie:

"To hym that ſoe-much-dreaded dethe
"Ne ghaſtlie terrors brynge,
"Beholde the manne! hee ſpake the truthe,
"Hee's greater thanne a kynge!"

"Soe lett hym die!" Duke Richard ſayde;
"And maye echone oure foes
"Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
"And feede the carryon crowes."

And nowe the horſes gentlie drewe
Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle;
The axe dydd glyſterr ynne the ſunne,
Hys pretious bloude to ſpylle.

Syrr Charles dydd uppe the ſcaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre:

And

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And to the people hee dydd ſaie,
" Beholde you ſee mee dye,
" For ſervynge loyally mye kynge,
" Mye kynge moſt rightfullie.

" As long as Edwarde rules thys lande,
" Ne quiet you wylle knowe;
" Youre ſonnes and husbandes ſhalle bee ſlayne,
" And brookes wythe blonde ſhalle flowe.

" You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge,
" Whenne ynne adverſitye;
" Lyke mee, untoe the true cauſe ſtycke,
" And for the true cauſe dye."

Thenne hee, wyth preeſtes, uponne hys knees,
A pray'r to Godde dydd make,
Beſeechynge hym unto hymſelfe
Hys partynge ſoule to take.

Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layd hys hedde
Moſt ſeemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne ſtroke:

And

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And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the ſcaffolde twyne;
And teares, enow to waſhe't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynſter-tower,
And one from off the caſtle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure;

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
A dreery ſpectacle;
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe croſſe,
Ynne hyghe-ſtreete moſt nobile.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate:
Godde proſper longe oure kynge,
And grante hee maye, wyth Bawdin's ſoule,
Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie ſynge!

AN

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AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE:

As wroten bie the gode Prieſte THOMAS ROWLEY [1], 1464.

IN Virgyne [1*] the ſweltrie ſun gan ſheene,
And hotte upon the mees [2] did caſte his raie;
The apple rodded [3] from its palie greene,
And the mole [4] peare did bende the leafy ſpraie;
The peede chelandri [5] ſunge the livelong daie;
'Twas nowe the pride, the manhode of the yeare,
And eke the grounde was dighte [6] in its moſe defte [7]
aumere [8].

The ſun was glemeing in the midde of daie,
Deadde ſtill the aire, and eke the welken [9] blue,

[1] Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Mal-reward, in Somerſetſhire, educated at the Convent of St. Kenna, at Keyneſham, and died at Weſtbury in Glouceſterſhire. [1*] *The ſign of Virgo.* [2] Meads. [3] Reddened, ripened. [4] Soft. [5] Pied goldfinch. [6] Dreſt, arrayed. [7] Neat, ornamented. [8] A looſe robe or mantle. [9] The ſky, the atmoſphere.

When

When from the ſea ariſt [10] in drear arraie
A hepe of cloudes of ſable ſullen hue,
The which full faſt unto the woodlande drewe,
Hiltring [11] attenes [12] the ſunnis ſetive [13] face,
And the blacke tempeſte ſwolne and gatherd up apace,

Beneathe an holme, faſte by a pathwaie ſide,
Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covent [14] lede,
A hapleſs pilgrim moneynge did abide,
Pore in his viewe, ungentle [15] in his weede [15*],
Longe bretful [16] of the miſeries of neede,
Where from the hail-ſtone coulde the almer [17] flie?
He had no houſen theere, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed [18] face, his ſprighte there ſcanne;
Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd [19], deade!

[10] Aroſe. [11] Hiding, ſhrouding. [12] At once. [13] Beauteous. [14] It would have been *charitable*, if the author had not pointed at perſonal characters in this Ballad of Charity. The Abbot of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great ſtickler for the Lancaſtrian family. Rowley was a Yorkiſt. [15] Beggarly. [15*] *Dreſs.* [16] Filled with. [17] Beggar. [18] Clouded, dejected. A perſon of ſome note in the literary world is of opinion, that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words; and from this circumſtance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's Manuſcripts. Glum-mong in the Saxon ſignifies twilight, a dark or dubious light; and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*. [19] Dry, ſapleſs.

Haſte

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Haſte to thie church-glebe-houſe [20], aſshrewed [21] manne!
Haſte to thie kiſte [22], thie ondie dortoure [23] bedde.
Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie heedde,
Is Charitie and Love amonge [23*] highe elves;
Knightis and Barons live for pleaſure and themſelves.

The gatherd ſtorme is rype; the bigge drops falle;
The forſwat [24] meadowes ſmethe [25], and drenche [26] the raine;
The comyng ghaſtneſs [26*] do the cattle pall [27],
And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;
Daſhde from the cloudes the waters flott [28] againe;
The welkin opes; the yellow levynne [29] flies;
And the hot fierie ſmothe [30] in the wide lowings [31] dies.

Liſte! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge [32] ſound
Cheves [33] ſlowlie on, and then emmollen [34] clangs,

[20] The grave. [21] Accurſed, unfortunate. [22] Coffin. [23] A ſleeping room. [23*] *Among*. [24] Sun-burnt. [25] Smoke. [26] Drink. [26*] *Ghaſtlineſs*. [27] *Pall*, a contraction from *appall*, to fright. [28] Fly, *rather flout*. [29] Lightning. [30] Steam, or vapours. [31] Flames. [32] Noiſy. [33] Moves, *rather advances to an head*. [34] Swelled, ſtrengthened.

Shakes

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Shakes the hie ſpyre, and loſſt, diſpended, drown'd,
Still on the gallard [35] eare of terroure hanges;
The windes are up; the lofty elmen ſwanges;
Again the levynne and the thunder poures,
And the full cloudes are braſte [36] attenes in ſtonen ſhowers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,
The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came;
His chapournette [37] was drented with the reine,
And his pencte [38] gyrdle met with mickle ſhame;
He aynewarde tolde his bederoll [39] at the ſame;
The ſtorme encreaſen, and he drew aſide,
With the miſt [40] almes craver neere to the holme to bide.

His cope [41] was all of Lyncolne clothe ſo fyne,
With a gold button faſten'd neere his chynne;
His autremete [42] was edged with golden twynne,

[35] Frighted. [36] Burſt. [37] A ſmall round hat, not unlike the ſhapournette in heraldry, formerly worn by Eccleſiaſtics and Lawyers. [38] Painted. [39] He told his beads backwards; a figurative expreſſion to ſignify curſing. [40] Poor, needy. [41] A cloke. [42] A looſe white robe, worn by Prieſts.

And

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And his ſhoone pyke[42*] a loverds[43] mighte have binne;
Full well it ſhewn he thoughten coſte no ſinne:
The trammels of the palfrye pleaſde his ſighte,
For the horſe-millanare[44] his head with roſes dighte.

An almes, ſir prieſte! the droppynge pilgrim ſaide,
O! let me waite within your covente dore,
Till the ſunne ſheneth hie above our heade,
And the loude tempeſte of the aire is oer;
Helpleſs and ould am I alas! and poor;
No houſe, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche;
All yatte I call my owne is this my ſilver crouche[44*].

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, ceaſe your dinne;
This is no ſeaſon almes and prayers to give;
Mie porter never lets a faitour[45] in;
None touch mie rynge who not in honour live.
And now the ſonne with the blacke cloudes did ſtryve,
And ſhettynge[45*] on the grounde his glairie[46] raie,
The Abbatte ſpurrde his ſteede, and eftſoones roadde awaie.

[42*] *Picked ſhoe.* [43] A lord. [44] I believe this trade is ſtill in being, though but ſeldom employed. [44*] *Crucifix.* [45] A beggar, or vagabond. [45*] *Shooting.* [46] *Glaring.*

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Once moe the ſkie was blacke, the thounder rolde;
Faſte reyneynge [46*] oer the plaine a prieſte was ſeen;
Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde;
His cope and jape [47] were graie, and eke were clene;
A Limitoure [47*] he was of order ſeene; 75
And from the pathwaie ſide then turned hee,
Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

An almes, ſir prieſt! the droppynge pilgrim ſayde,
For ſweete Seyncte Marie and your order ſake.
The Limitoure then looſen'd his pouche threade,
And did thereoute a groate of ſilver take;
The miſter pilgrim dyd for halline [48] ſhake.
Here take this ſilver, it maie eathe [48*] thie care;
We are Goddes ſtewards all, nete [49] of oure owne we bare.

But ah! unhailie [50] pilgrim, lerne of me,
Scathe [50*] anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.
Here take my ſemecope [51], thou arte bare I ſee;

[46*] *Running.* [47] A ſhort ſurplice, worn by Friars of an inferior claſs, and ſecular prieſts. [47*] *A licenſed begging friar.* [48] Joy. [48*] Eaſe. [49] Nought. [50] Unhappy. [50*] *Scarce.* [51] A ſhort under-cloke.

'Tis

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Tis thyne; the Seynctes will give me mie rewarde.
He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde [52].
Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who ſitte yn gloure [53],
Or give the mittee [54] will, or give the gode man power.

[52] *Went on.* [53] Glory. [54] Mighty, rich.

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To JOHNE LADGATE.

[Sent with the following *Songe to Ælla.*]

WELL thanne, goode Johne, sythe [1] ytt must needes be soe,
Thatt thou & I a bowtynge matche [2] must have,
Lette ytt ne breakynge of oulde friendshyppe bee,
Thys ys the onelie all-a-boone [3] I crave.

Rememberr Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carnalyte,
Who whanne Johne Clarkynge, one of myckle lore [4],
Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to fyghte,
Hee showd smalle wytte, and showd hys weakneſſe more.

Thys ys mie formance, whyche I nowe have wrytte,
The beſt performance of mie lyttel wytte.

SONGE to ÆLLA, Lorde of the castel of Brystowe ynne daies of yore.

Oh thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
Ælla, the darlynge of futurity,
Lett thys mie ſonge bolde as thie courage be,
As everlaſtynge to poſteritye.

Whanne

[1] *Since.* [2] *Conteſt.* [3] *Favor.* [4] *Learning.*

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Whanne Dacya's ſonnes, whoſe hayres of blouder redde hue
Lyche kynge-cuppes braſtynge wythe the morning due,
Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,
Upponne the lethale daie,
Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets ſhore;
Than dyddſt thou furiouſe ſtande,
And bie thie valyante hande
Beeſprengedd [5] all the mees [6] wythe gore.

Drawne bie thyne anlace [7] felle,
Downe to the depthe of helle
Thouſandes of Dacyanns went;
Bryſtowannes, menne of myghte,
Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,
And acted deeds full quent [8].

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reſte)
Thye Spryte to haunte, delyghteth beſte,
Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,
Orr whare thou kennſt fromm farre
The dyſmall crye of warre,
Orr ſeeſt ſomme mountayne made of corſe of ſleyne;

[5] *Sprinkled.* [6] *Meadows.* [7] *Sword.* [8] *Strange.*

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Orr ſeeſt the hatchedd [9] ſtede,
Ypraunceynge o'er the mede,
And neighe to be amenged [10] the poynctedd ſpeeres;
Orr ynne blacke armoure ſtaulke arounde
Embattel'd Bryſtowe, once thie grounde,
And glowe ardurous [11] onn the Caſtle ſteeres;

Orr fierye round the mynſterr glare;
Lette Bryſtowe ſtylle be made thie care;
Guarde ytt fromme foemenne & conſumynge fyre;
Lyche Avones ſtreme enſyrke [12] ytte rounde,
Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,
Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

[9] *Covered with atchievements.* [10] *Among.* [11] *Burning.* [12] *Encircle.*

The

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The underwritten Lines were compoſed by JOHN LADGATE, a Prieſt in London, and ſent to ROWLIE, as an Anſwer to the preceding *Songe of Ælla*.

HAVYNGE wythe mouche attentyonn rędde
Whatt you dydd to mee ſende,
Admyre the varſęs mouche I dydd,
And thus an anſwer lende.

Amongs the Greeces Homer was
A Poętt mouche renownde,
Amongs the Latyns Vyrgilius
Was beſte of Poęts founde.

The Brytiſh Merlyn oftenne hanne
The gyfte of inſpyration,
And Afled [1] to the Sexonne menne
Dydd ſynge wythe elocation [2].

[1] *Alfred.* [2] *Elocution.*

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Ynne Norman tymes, Turgotus and
Goode Chaucer dydd excelle,
Thenn Stowe, the Bryghtſtowe Carmelyte,
Dydd bare awaie the belle.

Newe Rowlie ynne theſe mokie [3] dayes
Lendes owte hys ſheenynge lyghtes,
And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves
Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes.

[3] *Dark, gloomy.*

ONN

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ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

As onn a hylle one eve ſittynge,
At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderynge,
The counynge handieworke ſo fyne,
Han well nighe dazeled mine eyne;
Quod I; ſome counynge fairie hande
Yreer'd this chapelle in this lande;
Full well I wote [1] ſo fine a ſyghte
Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte.
Quod Trouthe; thou lackeſt knowlachynge [2];
Thou forſoth ne wotteth of the thynge.
A Rev'rend Fadre, William Canynge hight,
Yreered uppe this chapelle brighte;
And eke another in the Towne,
Where glaſſie bubblynge Trymme doth roun [3].
Quod I; ne doubte for all he's given
His ſowle will certes goe to heaven.
Yea, quod Trouthe; than goe thou home,
And ſee thou doe as hee hath donne.

Quod

[1] *Know.* [2] *Knowledge.* [3] *Run.*

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Quod I; I doubte, that can ne bee;
I have ne gotten markes three.
Quod Trouthe; as thou haſt got, give almes-dedes ſoe;
Canynges and Gaunts culde doe ne moe.

T. R.

ON THE SAME.

STAY, curyous traveller, and paſs not bye,
Until this fetive [1] pile aſtounde [2] thine eye.
Whole rocks on rocks with yron joynd ſurveie,
And okes with okes entremed [3] diſponed [4] lie.
This mightie pile, that keeps the wyndes at baie,
Fyre-levyn [5] and the mokie [6] ſtorme defie,
That ſhootes aloofe into the reaulmes of daie,
Shall be the record of the Buylders fame for aie.

Thou ſeeſt this mayſtrie of a human hand,
The pride of Bryſtowe and the Weſterne lande,
Yet is the Buylders vertues much moe greete,
Greeter than can bie Rowlies pen be ſcande.
Thou ſeeſt the ſayncte and kynges in ſtonen ſtate,
That ſeemd with breath and human ſoule diſpande [7],

[1] *Elegant.* [2] *Aſtoniſh.* [3] *Intermixed.* [4] *Diſpoſed.* [5] *Lightning.* [6] *Gloomy.* [7] *Expanded.*

As

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As payrde [8] to us enſeem theſe men of ſlate,
Such is greete Canynge's mynde when payrd to God elate.

Well maieſt thou be aſtound, but view it well;
Go not from hence before thou ſee thy fill,
And learn the Builder's vertues and his name;
Of this tall ſpyre in every countye telle,
And with thy tale the lazing [9] rych men ſhame;
Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle;
How hee good man a friend for kynges became,
And gloryous paved at once the way to heaven and fame.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

THYS mornynge ſtarre of Radcleves ryſynge raie,
A true manne good of mynde and Canynge hyghte [1],
Benethe thys ſtone lies moltrynge [2] ynto claie,
Untylle the darke tombe ſheene an eterne lyghte.
Thyrde fromme hys loynes the preſent Canynge came;
Houton [3] are wordes for to telle hys doe;

[8] *Compared.* [9] *Inactive.* [1] *Named.* [2] *Mouldering.* [3] *Magnificent.*

For

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For aye ſhall lyve hys heaven-recorded name,
Ne ſhall yt dye whanne tyme ſhalle bee no moe;
Whanne Mychael's trumpe ſhall ſounde to riſe the folle[4],
He'll wynge to heavn with kynne, and happie bee hys dolle[5].

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

ANENT[1] a brooklette as I laie reclynd,
Liſteynge to heare the water glyde alonge,
Myndeynge how thorowe the grene mees[2] yt twynd,
Awhilſt the cavys reſpons'd[3] yts mottring[4] ſonge,
At dyſtaunt ryſyng Avonne to he ſped,
Amenged[5] wyth ryſyng hylles dyd ſhewe yts head;

Engarlanded wyth crownes of oſyer weedes
And wraytes[6] of alders of a bercie ſcent,
And ſtickeynge out wyth clowde ageſted[6*] reedes,
The hoarie Avonne ſhow'd dyre ſemblamente[7],
Whyleſt blataunt[8] Severne, from Sabryna clepde[9],
Rores flemie[10] o'er the ſandes that ſhe hepde.

[4] *Soul.* [5] *Portion.* [1] *Oppoſite.* [2] *Meadows.* [3] *Anſwered.* [4] *Murmuring.* [5] *Mingled.* [6] *Wreaths.* [6*] *Heaped up.* [7] *Appearance.* [8] *Noiſy.* [9] *Named.* [10] *Frighted.*

Theſe

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Theſe eynegears[11] ſwythyn[12] bringethe to mie thowghte
Of hardie champyons knowen to the ſloude,
How onne the bankes thereof brave Ælle foughte,
Ælle deſcended from Merce kynglie bloude,
Warden of Bryſtowe towne and caſtel ſtede,
Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.

Methoughte ſuch doughtie[13] menn muſt have a ſprighte
Dote[14] yn the armour brace[15] that Mychael bore,
Whan he wyth Satan kynge of helle dyd fyghte,
And earthe was drented[16] yn a mere[17] of gore;
Orr, ſoone as theie dyd ſee the worldis lyghte,
Fate had wrott downe, thys mann ys borne to fyghte.

Ælle, I ſayd, or els my mynde dyd ſaie,
Whie ys thy actyons left ſo ſpare yn ſtorie?
Were I toe diſpone[18], there ſhould lyvven aie
In erthe and hevenis rolles thie tale of glorie;
Thie actes ſoe doughtie ſhould for aie abyde,
And bie theyre teſte all after actes be tryde.

[11] *Objects.* [12] *Quickly.* [13] *Valiant.* [14] *Dreſſed.* [15] *Suit of armour.* [16] *Drenched.* [17] *Lake.* [18] *Diſpoſe.*

Next

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Next holie Wareburghus fylld mie mynde,
As fayre a fayncte as anie towne can boaſte,
Or bee the erthe wyth lyghte or merke [19] ywrynde [20],
I ſee hys ymage waulkeyng throwe the coaſte:
Fitz Hardynge, Bithrickus, and twentie moe
Ynn viſyonn fore mie phantaſie dyd goe.

Thus all mie wandrynge faytour [21] thynkeynge ſtrayde,
And eche dygne buylder dequac'd [22] onn mie mynde,
Whan from the diſtaunt ſtreeme aroſe a mayde,
Whoſe gentle treſſes mov'd not to the wynde;
Lyche to the ſylver moone yn froſtie neete,
The damoiſelle dyd come ſoe blythe and ſweete,

Ne browded [23] mantell of a ſcarlette hue,
Ne ſhoone pykes [24] plaited o'er wyth ribbande geere,
Ne coſtlie paraments [25] of woden [26] blue,
Noughte of a dreſſe, but bewtie [26*] dyd ſhee weere;
Naked ſhee was, and loked ſwete of youthe,
All dyd bewryen [27] that her name was Trouthe.

[19] *Darkneſs.* [20] *Covered.* [21] *Deceiving.* [22] *Daſhed.* [23] *Embroidered.* [24] *Picked ſhoes.* [25] *Robes of ſtate.* [26] *Dyed with woad.* [26*] *Beauty.* [27] *Declare.*

The

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The ethie [28] ringletts of her notte-browne hayre
What ne a manne ſhould ſee dyd ſwotelie [29] hyde,
Whych on her milk-white bodykin [30] ſo fayre
Dyd ſhowe lyke browne ſtreemes fowlyng [31] the white tyde.
Or veynes of brown hue yn a marble cuarr [32],
Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from farr.

Aſtounded mickle there I ſylente laie,
Still ſcauncing [33] wondrous at the walkynge ſyghte;
Mie ſenſes forgarde [34] ne coulde reyn [35] awaie;
But was ne forſtraughte [36] whan ſhee dyd alyghte
Anie to mee, dreſte up yn naked viewe,
Whych mote yn ſome ewbrycious [37] thoughtes abrewe [38].

But I ne dyd onee thynke of wanton thoughte;
For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete [39],
And yn mie pockate han a crouchee [40] broughte,
Whych yn the bloſom woulde ſuch ſins anete [41];
I lok'd wyth eyne as pure as angelles doe,
And dyd the everie thoughte of foule eſchewe.

[28] *Eaſy.* [29] *Sweetly.* [30] *Body.* [31] *Defiling.* [32] *Quarry.* [33] *Looking obliquely.* [34] *Loſt.* [35] *Run.* [36] *Confounded.* [37] *Adultrous.* [38] *Excite, brew.* [39] *Promiſe.* [40] *Crucifix.* [41] *Annihilated.*

Wyth

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Wyth ſweet ſemblate [42] and an angel's grace
Shee 'gan to lecture from her gentle breſte;
For Trouthis wordes ys her myndes face,
Falſe oratoryes ſhe dyd aie deteſte:
Sweetneſſe was yn eche worde ſhe dyd ywreene [43],
Tho ſhee ſtrove not to make that ſweetneſſe ſheene.

Shee ſayd; mie manner of appereynge here
Mie name and ſleyghted myndbruch [44] maie thee telle;
I'm Trouthe, that dyd deſcende fromm heavenwere [45],
Goulers [46] and courtiers doe not kenne mee welle;
Thie inmoſte thoughtes, thie labrynge brayne I ſawe,
And from thie gentle dreeme will thee adawe [47].

Full manie champyons and menne of lore [48],
Payncters and carvellers [49] have gaind good name,
But there's a Canynge, to encreaſe the ſtore,
A Canynge, who ſhall buie uppe all theyre fame.
Take thou mie power, and ſee yn chylde and manne
What troulie [50] nobleneſſe yn Canynge ranne.

[42] *Appearance.* [43] *Diſplay.* [44] *Firmneſs.* [45] *Towards heaven.* [46] *Uſurers.* [47] *Awaken.* [48] *Learning.* [49] *Carvers, ſculptors.* [50] *True, truly.*

As

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As when a bordelier [51] onn ethie [52] bedde,
Tyr'd wyth the laboures maynt [53] of ſweltrie daie,
Yn ſlepeis boſom laieth hys deft [54] headde,
So, ſenſes ſonke to reſte, mie boddie laie;
Eftſoons [55] mie ſprighte, from erthlie bandes untyde,
Immengde [56] yn flanched [57] ayre wyth Trouthe aſyde.

Strayte was I carryd back to tymes of yore,
Whylſt Canynge ſwathed yet yn fleſhlie bedde,
And ſaw all actyons whych han been before,
And all the ſcroll of Fate unravelled;
And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to ſyghte,
I ſaw hym eager gaſpynge after lyghte.

In all hys ſhepen [58] gambols and chyldes plaie,
In everie merriemakeyng, fayre or wake,
I kenn'd a perpled [59] lyghte of Wyſdom's raie;
He eate downe learnynge wyth the waſtle cake [60].
As wiſe as anie of the eldermenne,
He'd wytte enowe toe make a mayre at tenne.

[51] *Cottager.* [52] *Eaſy.* [53] *Many.* [54] *Neat, cleanly.* [55] *Quickly, immediately.* [56] *Mingled.* [57] *Arched.* [58] *Innocent, ſimple.* [59] *Scattered.* [60] *Cake of the whiteſt bread.*

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As the dulce [61] downie barbe beganne to gre [62],
So was the well thyghte [63] texture of hys lore;
Eche daie enthedeynge [64] mockler [65] for to bee,
Greete yn hys councel for the daies he bore.
All tongues, all carrols dyd unto hym synge,
Wondryng at ane soe wyse, and yet soe yinge [66].

Encreaseynge yn the yeares of mortal lyfe,
And hasteynge to hys journie ynto heaven,
Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheese [67] a wyfe,
And use the sexes for the purpose gevene [68].
Hee then was yothe of comelie semelikeede [69],
And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.

He had a fader, (Jesus rest his hys soule!)
Who loved money, as hys charie [70] joie;
Hee had a broder (happie manne be's dole!)
Yn mynde and boddie, hys owne fadre's boie;
What then could Canynge wissen [71] as a parte
To gyve to her whoe had made chop [72] of hearte?

[61] *Soft.* [62] *Grow.* [63] *Connected.* [64] *Being careful.* [65] *Stronger, greater.* [66] *Young.* [67] *Chuse.* [68] *Given.* [69] *Countenance.* [70] *Dear.* [71] *Wish.* [72] *Exchange.*

But

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But landes and caſtle tenures, golde and bighes [73].
And hoardes of ſylver rouſted yn the ent [74],
Canynge and hys fayre ſweete dyd that deſpyſe,
To change of troulie love was theyr content;
Theie lyv'd togeder yn a houſe adygne [75],
Of goode ſendaument [76] commilie [77] and fyne.

But ſoone hys broder and hys ſyre dyd die,
And lefte to Willyam ſtates and renteynge rolles,
And at hys wyll hys broder Johne ſupplie.
Hee gave a chauntrie to redeeme theyre ſoules;
And put hys broder ynto ſyke a trade,
That he lorde mayor of Londonne towne was made.

Eftſoons hys mornynge tournd to gloomie nyghte;
Hys dame, hys ſeconde ſelfe, gyve upp her brethe,
Seekeynge for eterne lyfe and endleſs lyghte,
And ſleed good Canynge; ſad myſtake of dethe!
Soe have I ſeen a flower ynn Sommer tyme
Trodde downe and broke and widder [78] ynn ytts pryme.

[73] *Jewels.* [74] *Purſe.* [75] *Creditable.* [76] *Appearance.* [77] *Decent, comely.* [78] *Wither.*

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Next Radcleeve chyrche (oh worke of hande of heav'n,
Whare Canynge ſheweth as an inſtrumente,)
Was to my biſmarde [79] eyne-ſyghte newlie giv'n;
'Tis paſt to blazonne ytt to good contente.
You that woulde faygn the fetyve [80] buyldynge ſee
Repayre to Radcleve, and contented bee.

I ſawe the myndbruch [81] of hys nobille ſoule
Whan Edwarde meniced [82] a ſeconde wyfe;
I ſaw what Pheryons yn hys mynde dyd rolle;
Nowe fyx'd fromm ſeconde dames a preeſte for lyfe.
Thys ys the manne of menne, the viſion ſpoke;
Then belle for even-ſonge mie ſenſes woke.

[79] *Aſtoniſhed, deluded.* [80] *Elegant.* [81] *Firmneſs.* [82] *Menaced.*

ON

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ON HAPPIENESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE.

MAIE Selyneſſe [1] on erthes boundes bee hadde?
Maie yt adyghte [2] yn human ſhape bee founde?
Wote yee, ytt was wyth Edin's bower beſtadde [3],
Or quite eraced [4] from the ſcaunce-layd [5] grounde,
Whan from the ſecret fontes the waterres dyd abounde?
Does yt agroſed [6] ſhun the bodyed waulke,
Lyve to ytſelf and to yttes ecchoe taulke?

All hayle, Contente, thou mayde of turtle-eyne,
As thie behoulders thynke thou arte iwreene [7],
To ope the dore to Selyneſſe ys thyne,
And Chryſtis glorie doth upponne thee ſheene.
Doer of the foule thynge ne hath thee ſeene;
In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole [8] diſtreſſe,
Whoere hath thee hath gotten Selyneſſe.

ONN JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the ſame.

JOHNE makes a jarre boute Lancaſter and Yorke;
Bee ſtille, gode manne, and learne to mynde thy worke.

[1] *Happineſs.* [2] *Cloathed.* [3] *Fixed.* [4] *Baniſhed, eraſed.* [5] *Uneven.* [6] *Frighted.* [7] *Diſplayed.* [8] *Grievous.*

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THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the ſame.

MIE boolie [1] entes [2] adieu! ne moe the ſyghte
Of guilden merke ſhall mete mie joieous eyne,
Ne moe the ſylver noble ſheenynge bryghte
Schall fyll mie honde with weight to ſpeke ytt fyne;
Ne moe, ne moe, alaſs! I call you myne:
Whydder [3] muſt you, ah! whydder muſt I goe?
I kenn not either; oh mie emmers [4] dygne,
To parte wyth you wyll wurcke mee myckle woe;
I muſte be gonne, botte whare I dare ne telle;
O ſtorthe [5] unto mie mynde! I goe to helle.

Soone as the morne dyd dyghte [6] the roddie ſumme,
A ſhade of theves eche ſtreake of lyght dyd ſeeme;
Whann ynn the heavn full half hys courſe was runn,
Eche ſtirryng nayghbour dyd mie harte afleme [7];
Thye loſs, or quyck or ſlepe, was aie mie dreme;
For thee, O gould, I dyd the lawe ycraſe [8];
For thee I gotten or bie wiles or breme [9];
Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place;
Botte now to mee thie pleaſaunce ys ne moe,
I kenne notte botte for thee I to the quede [10] muſt goe.

[1] *Beloved.* [2] *Purſes.* [3] *Whither.* [4] *Coined money.* [5] *Death.* [6] *Dreſs.*
[7] *Affright.* [8] *Violate.* [9] *Violence.* [10] *Devil.*

THE

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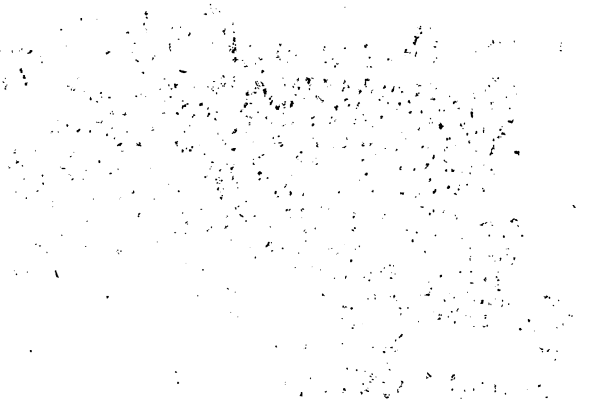

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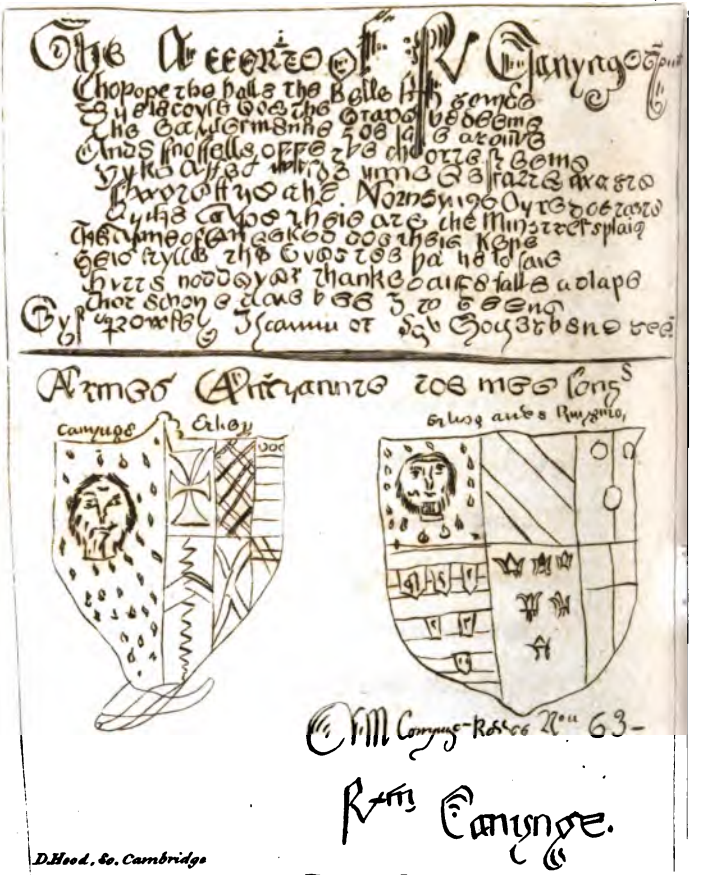

D. Hood, &c. Cambridge

THE ACCOUNTE OF W. CANYNGES FEAST.

THOROWE the halle the belle han ſounde;
Byelecoyle [1] doe the Grave beſeeme [2];
The ealdermenne doe ſytte arounde,
Ande ſnoffelle [3] oppe the cheorte [4] ſteeme.
Lyche aſſes wylde ynne deſarte waſte
Swotelye the morneynge ayre doe taſte.

Syke keene theie ate; the minſtrels plaie,
The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe;
Hele ſtylle the gueſtes ha ne to ſaie,
Butte nodde yer thankes ande falle aſſape.
Thus echone daie bee I to deene,
Gyf Rowley, Iſcamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne ſeene.

[1] *Fair welcome.* [2] *Becomes.* [3] *Smuff up.* [4] *Chearfull.*

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POEMS, &c.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

WHANNE Englonde, ſmeethynge [1] from her lethal [2] wounde,
From her galled necke dyd twytte [3] the chayne awaie,
Kennynge her legeful ſonnes falle all arounde,
(Myghtie theie fell, 'twas Honoure ledde the fraie,)
Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's dark ſurcote [4] graie,
Twayne lonelie ſhepſterres [5] dyd abrodden [6] flie,
(The roſtlyng [6*] liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie [7],)
And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie;
Firſte Roberte Neatherde hys ſore boeſom ſtroke,
Then fellen on the grounde and thus yſpoke.

[1] *Smething*, ſmoking; in ſome copies *bletheynge*, but in the oral as above. [2] Deadly. [3] Pluck or pull. [4] *Surcote*, a cloke, or mantel, which hid all the other dreſs. [5] Shepherds. [6] Abruptly, ſo Chaucer, Syke he abredden dyd attourne. [6*] *Ruſtling*. [7] Affright.

RO-

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ROBERTE.

Ah, Raufe! gif thos the howres do comme alonge,
Gif thos wee flie in chaſe of farther woe,
Oure fote wylle fayle, albeytte wee bee ſtronge,
Ne wylle oure pace ſwefte as oure danger goe.
To oure grete wronges we have enheped [8] moe,
The Baronnes warre! oh! woe and well-a-daie!
I haveth lyff, bott have eſcapéd ſoe,
That lyff ytſel mie Senſes doe affraie.
Oh Raufe, comme lyſte, and hear mie dernie [9] tale,
Comme heare the balefull [10] dome [10*] of Robynne of the Dale.

RAUFE.

Saie to mee nete [11]; I kenne thie woe in myne;
O! I've a tale that Sabalus [11*] mote [12] telle.
Swote [13] flouretts, mantled meedows, foreſtes dygne [14];
Gravots [15] far-kend [16] arounde the Errmiets [17] cell;

[8] Added. [9] Sad. [10] Woeful, lamentable. [10*] *Lot.* [11] *Nought.* [11*] The Devil. [12] Might. [13] Sweet. [14] Good, neat, genteel. [15] Groves, ſometimes uſed for a coppice. [16] Far-ſeen. [17] Hermit.

The

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The ſwote [17]* ribible [18] dynning [19] yn the dell;
The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoaſtrie [20] courte;
Eke [21] the highe ſonge and éverych joie farewell,
Farewell the verie ſhade of fayre dyſporte [22]:
Impeſtering [23] trobble onn mie heade doe comme,
Ne on kynde Seyncte to warde [24] the aye [25] encreaſynge dome.

ROBERTE.

Oh! I coulde waile mie kynge-coppe-decked mees [26],
Mie ſpreedynge flockes of ſhepe of lillie white,
Mie tendre applynges [27], and embodyde [28] trees,
Mie Parker's Grange [29], far ſpredynge to the ſyghte,
Mie cuyen [30] kyne [31], mie bullockes ſtringe [32] yn fyghte,
Mie gorne [33] emblaunched [34] with the comfreie [35] plante,
Mie floure [36] Seyncte Marie ſhotteyng [37] wythe the lyghte,
Mie ſtore of all the bleſſynges Heaven can grant.

[17]* *Sweet.* [18] Violin. [19] Sounding. [20] Inn, or public houſe. [21] Alſo. [22] Pleaſure. [23] Annoying. [24] To keep off. [25] Ever, always. [26] Meadows. [27] Grafted trees. [28] Thick, ſtout. [29] Liberty of paſture given to the Parker. [30] Tender. [31] Cows. [32] Strong. [33] Garden. [34] Whitened. [35] Cumfrey, a favourite diſh at that time. [36] Marygold. [37] *Shutting.*

I amm

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I amm dureſſed [37] unto ſorrowes blowe,
I hantend [38] to the peyne, will lette ne ſalte teare flowe.

RAUFE.

Here I wille obaie [39] untylle Dethe doe 'pere,
Here lyche a foule empoyſoned leathel [40] tree,
Whyche fleaeth [41] everichone that commeth nere,
Soe wille I fyxed unto thys place gre [42].
I to bement [43] haveth moe cauſe than thee;
Sleene in the warre mie boolie [44] fadre lies;
Oh! joieous I hys mortherer would flea,
And bie hys ſyde for aie encloſe myne eies.
Calked [45] from everych joie, heere wylle I blede;
Fell ys the Cullys-yatte [46] of mie hartes caſtle ſtede.

ROBERTE.

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome [47] ſhal bee.
Mie ſonne, mie ſonne alleyn [48], yſtorven [49] ys;

[37] Hardened. [38] Accuſtomed. [39] Abide. This line is alſo wrote, "Here wyll I obaie untill dethe appere," but this is modernized. [40] Deadly. [41] Deſtroyeth, killeth. [42] Grow. [43] Lament. [44] Much-loved, beloved. [45] Caſt out, ejected. [46] Alluding to the portcullis, which guarded the gate, on which often depended the caſtle. [47] Fate. [48] My only ſon. [49] Dead.

Here

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Here wylle I ſtaie, and end mie lyff with thee;
A lyff lyche myne a borden ys ywis [50].
Now from een logges [50*] fledden is ſelyneſs [51],
Mynſterres [52] alleyn [53] can boaſte the hallie [54] Seyncte,
Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dreſſe
And wyth her champyonnes gore her face depeyncte [55];
Peace fledde, diſorder ſheweth her dark rode [56],
And thorow ayre doth flie, yn garments ſteyned with blonde.

[50] *I think.* [50*] Cottages. [51] Happineſs. [52] Monaſterys. [53] Only. [54] Holy. [55] *Paint.* [56] Complexion.

ECLOGUE

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ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

SPRYTES [1] of the bleſte, the pious Nygelle ſed,
Poure owte yer pleaſaunce [2] onn mie fadres hedde.

Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,
Uponne the brede [3] ſea doe the banners gleme [4],
The amenuſed [5] nationnes be aſton [6],
To ken [7] ſyke [8] large a flete, ſyke fyne, ſyke breme [9].
The barkis heafods [10] coupe [11] the lymed [12] ſtreme;
Oundes [13] ſynkeynge oundes upon the hard ake [14] rieſe;
The water ſlughornes [15] wythe a ſwotye [16] cleme [17]
Conteke [18] the dynnynge [19] ayre, and reche the ſkies.
Sprytes of the bleſte, on gouldyn trones [20] aſtedde [21],
Poure owte yer pleaſaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

[1] Spirits, ſouls. [2] Pleaſure. [3] Broad. [4] Shine, glimmer. [5] Diminiſhed, leſſened. [6] Aſtoniſhed, confounded. [7] See, diſcover, know. [8] Such, ſo. [9] Strong. [10] Heads. [11] Cut. [12] Glaſſy, reflecting. [13] Waves, billows. [14] Oak. [15] A muſical inſtrument, not unlike a hautboy, *rather a war trumpet*. [16] Sweet. [17] Sound. [18] Confuſe, contend with. [19] Sounding. [20] Thrones. [21] Seated.

The

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The gule [22] depeyncted [23] oares [23*] from the black tyde,
Decorn [24] wyth fonnes [25] rare, doe ſhemrynge [26] ryſe;
Upſwalynge [27] doe heie [28] ſhewe ynne drierie [28*] pryde,
Lyche gore-red eſtells [29] in the eve [30]-merk [31] ſkyes;
The nome-depeyncted [32] ſhields, the ſperes aryſe,
Alyche [33] talle roſhes on the water ſyde;
Alenge [34] from bark to bark the bryghte ſheene [35] flyes;
Sweft-kerv'd [36] delyghtes doe on the water glyde.
Sprites of the bleſte, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte youre pleaſaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The Saraſen lokes owte: he doethe feere,
That Englondes brondeous [37] ſonnes do cotte the waie.
Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth [38] here and there,
Onknowlachynge [39] inne whatte place to obaie [40].
The banner gleſters on the beme of daie;
The mitte [41] croſſe Jeruſalim ys ſeene;

[22] Red. [23] Painted. [23*] *Wherries.* [24] Carved. [25] Devices. [26] Glimmering. [27] Riſing high, ſwelling up. [28] They. [28*] *Terrible.* [29] A corruption of *eſtoile*, Fr. a ſtar. [30] Evening. [31] Dark. [32] Rebus'd ſhields; a herald term, when the charge of the ſhield implies the name of the bearer. [33] Like. [34] Along. [35] Shine. [36] Short-lived. [37] Furious. [38] Runneth. [39] Not knowing. [40] Abide. [41] Mighty.

Dhereof

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Dhereof the ſyghte yer corrage doe affraie [42],
In balefull [43] dole their faces be ywreene [44].
Sprytes of the bleſte, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleaſaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The bollengers [45] and cottes [45], ſo ſwyfte yn fyghte,
Upon the ſydes of everich bark appere;
Foorthe to his offyce lepethe everych knyghte,
Eftſoones [46] hys ſquyer, with hys ſhielde and ſpere.
The jynynge [46*] ſhieldes doe ſhemre and moke glare [47];
The doſheynge [47*] oare doe make gemoted [48] dynne;
The reynyng [49] foemen [50], thynckeynge gif [51] to dare,
Boun [52] the merk [53] ſwerde, theie ſeche to fraie [54],
theie blyn [55].
Sprytes of the bleſte, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,
Powre outeryer pleaſaunce onne mie fadres hedde.

Now comm the warrynge Saraſyns to fyghte;
Kynge Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel [56] of warre,

[42] Affright. [43] Woeful. [44] Covered. [45] Different kinds of boats. [46] Full ſoon, preſently. [46*] *Joining.* [47] Glitter. [47*] *Daſhing.* [48] United, aſſembled. [49] Running. [50] Foes. [51] If. [52] Make ready. [53] Dark. [54] Engage. [55] Ceaſe, ſtand ſtill. [56] A young lion.

Inne

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Inne ſheenynge goulde, lyke feerie [57] gronfers [58],
dyghte [59],
Shaketh alofe hys honde, and ſeene afarre.
Syke haveth I eſpyde a greter ſtarre
Amenge [59*] the drybblett [60] ons to ſheene fulle bryghte;
Syke ſunnys wayne [61] wyth amayl'd [62] beames doe barr
The blaunchie [63] mone or eſtells [64] to gev lyghte
Sprytes of the bleſte, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleaſaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Diſtraughte [65] affraie [66], wythe lockes of blodde-red die,
Terroure, emburled [67] yn the thonders rage,
Deathe, lynked to diſmaie, dothe ugſomme [68] flie,
Enchafynge [69] echone champyonne war to wage.
Speeres bevyle [70] ſperes; ſwerdes upon ſwerdes engage;
Armoure on armoure dynn [71], ſhielde upon ſhielde;

[57] Flaming. [58] A meteor, from *gron*, a fen, and *fer*, a corruption of fire; that is, a fire exhaled from a fen. [59] Deckt. [59*] *Among.* [60] Small, inſignificant. [61] Carr. [62] Enameled. [63] White, ſilver. [64] Stars. [65] Diſtracting. [66] Affright. [67] Armed. [68] Terribly. [69] Encouraging, heating. [70] Break, a herald term, ſignifying a ſpear broken in tilting, *or*, *bend to*. [71] Sounds.

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Ne dethe of thoſandes can the warre aſſuage,
Botte falleynge nombers ſable [72] all the feelde.
Sprytes of the bleſte, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte youre pleaſaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The foemen fal arounde; the croſs reles [73] hye;
Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys ſeen;
Kyng Rycharde, thorough everyche trope dothe flie,
And beereth meynte [74] of Turkes onto the greene;
Bie hymm the floure of Aſies menn ys ſleene [75];
The waylynge [76] mone doth fade before hys ſonne;
Bie hym hys knyghtes bee formed to actions deene [77],
Doeynge ſyke marvels [78], ſtrongers be aſton [79].
Sprytes of the bleſte, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleaſaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The fyghte ys wonne; Kynge Rycharde maſter is;
The Englonde bannerr kiſſeth the hie ayre;
Full of pure joie the armie is iwys [80],
And everych one haveth it onne his bayre [81];

[72] Blacken. [73] Waves. [74] Many, great numbers. [75] Slain. [76] Decreaſing. [77] Glorious, worthy. [78] Wonders. [79] Aſtoniſhed. [80] Certainly. [81] Brow.

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Agayne to Englonde comme, and worſchepped there,
Twyghte [82] into lovynge armes, and feaſted eft [83];
In everych eyne aredynge nete of wyere [84],
Of all remembrance of paſt peyne berefte.
Sprites of the bleſte, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Syke pleaſures powre upon mie fadres hedde.

Syke Nigel ſed, whan from the bluie ſea
The upſwol [85] ſayle dyd daunce before his eyne;
Swefte as the wiſhe, hee toe the beeche dyd flee,
And founde his fadre ſteppeynge from the bryne.
Lette thyſſen menne, who haveth ſprite of loove,
Bethyncke untoe hemſelves how mote the meetynge proove.

[82] Plucked, pulled. [83] Often. [84] Grief, trouble. [85] Swollen.

ECLOGUE

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ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

WOULDST thou kenn nature in her better parte?
Goe, ſerche the logges [1] and bordels [2] of the hynde [3];
Gyff [4] theie have anie, itte ys rowghe-made arte,
Inne hem [5] you ſee the blakied [6] forme of kynde [7].
Haveth your mynde a lycheynge [8] of a mynde?
Woulde it kenne everich thynge, as it mote [9] bee?
Woulde ytte here phraſe of the vulgar from the hynde,
Withoute wiſeegger [10] wordes and knowlache [11] free?
Gyf ſoe, rede thys, whyche Iche dyſporteynge [12] pende;
Gif nete beſyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commende.

[1] Lodges, huts. [2] Cottages. [3] Servant, ſlave, peaſant. [4] If. [5] A contraction of *them*. [6] Naked, original. [7] Nature. [8] Liking. [9] Might. The ſenſe of this line is, Would you ſee every thing in its primæval ſtate. [10] Wiſe-egger, a philoſopher. [11] Knowledge. [12] Sporting.

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MANNE.

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do yé goe?
O where do ye bende yer waie?
I wille knowe whether you goe,
I wylle not bee aſſeled [13] naie.

WOMANNE.

To Robyn and Nell, all downe in the delle,
To hele [14] hem at makeynge of haie.

MANNE.

Syr Roggerre, the parſone, hav hyred mee there,
Comme, comme, lett us tryppe ytte awaie,
We'lle wurke [15] and we'lle ſynge, and wylle drenche [16]
of ſtronge beer
As longe as the merrie ſommers daie.

WOMANNE.

How harde ys mie dome to wurch!
Moke is mie woe.

[13] Anſwered. [14] Aid, or help. [15] Work. [16] Drink.

Dame

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Dame Agnes, whoe lies ynne the Chyrche
With birlette [17] golde,
Wythe gelten [18] aumeres [19] ſtronge ontolde,
What was ſhee moe than me, to be ſoe?

MANNE.

I kenne Syr Roger from afar
Tryppynge over the lea;
Ich aſk whie the loverds [20] ſon
Is moe than mee.

SYR ROGERRE.

The ſweltrie [21] ſonne dothe hie apace hys wayne [22],
From everich beme a ſeme [23] of lyfe doe falle;
Swythyn [24] ſcille [25] oppe the haie uponne the playne;
Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gre [26] talle.
Thys ys alyche oure doome [27]; the great, the ſmalle,
Moſte withe [28] and bee forwyned [29] by deathis darte.
See! the ſwote [30] flourette [31] hathe noe ſwote at alle;
Itte wythe the ranke wede bereth evalle [32] parte.

[17] A hood, or covering for the back part of the head. [18] Guilded. [19] Borders of gold and ſilver, on which was laid thin plates of either metal counterchanged, not unlike the preſent ſpangled laces. [20] Lord. [21] Sultry. [22] Car. [23] Seed. [24] Quickly, preſently. [25] Gather. [26] Grow. [27] Fate. [28] A contraction of wither. [29] Dried. [30] Sweet, [31] Flower. [32] Equal.

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The cravent [33], warrioure, and the wyſe be blente [34],
Alyche to drie awaie wythe thoſe theie dyd bemente [35].

MANNE.

All-a-boon [36], Syr Prieſt, all-a-boon,
Bye yer preeſtſchype [36*] nowe ſaye unto mee;
Syr Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyvethe harde bie,
Whie ſhoulde hee than mee
Bee more greate,
Inne honnoure, knyghtehoode and eſtate?

SYR ROGERRE.

Attourne [37] thine eyne arounde thys haied mee,
Tentyflie [38] loke arounde the chaper [39] delle [40];
An anſwere to thie barganette [41] here ſee,
Thys welked [42] flourette wylle a leſon telle:
Ariſt [43] it blew [44], itte floriſhed, and dyd welle,
Lokeynge aſcaunce [45] upon the naighboure greene;
Yet with the deigned [46] greene yttes rennome [47] felle,
Eftſoones [48] ytte ſhronke upon the daie-brente [49] playne,

[33] Coward. [34] Ceaſed, dead, no more. [35] Lament. [36] A manner of aſking a favour. [36*] *Prieſthood.* [37] Turn. [38] Carefully, with circumſpection. [39] Dry, ſun-burnt. [40] Valley. [41] A ſong, or ballad. [42] Withered. [43] Ariſen, or aroſe. [44] Bloſſomed. [45] Diſdainfully. [46] Diſdained. [47] Glory. [48] Quickly. [49] Burnt.

Didde

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Didde not yttes loke, whileſt ytte there dyd ſtonde,[55]
To croppe ytte in the bodde move ſomme dred[49*] honde.

Syke[50] ys the waie of lyffe; the loverds[51] ente[52]
Mooveth the robber hym therfor to ſlea[53];
Gyf thou has ethe[54], the ſhadowe of contente,
Beleive the trothe[55], theres none moe haile[56] yan thee.
Thou wurcheſt[57]; welle, canne thatte a trobble bee?
Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the rougheſt daie.
Couldeſt thou the kivercled[58] of ſoughlys[59] ſee,
Thou wouldſt eftſoones[60] ſee trothe ynne whatte I ſaie;
Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and thenne
Heare thou from me the lyffes of odher mienne.

MANNE.

I ryſe wythe the ſonne,
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne[61],
And eere mie wurche is don
I ſynge a ſonge or twayne[62].

[49*] *Bold.* [50] Such. [51] Lord's. [52] A purſe or bag. [53] Slay. [54] Eaſe. [55] Truth. [56] Happy. [57] Workeſt. [58] The hidden or ſecret part of. [59] Souls. [60] Full ſoon, or preſently. [61] Car. [62] Two.

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I followe the plough-tayle,
Wythe a longe jubb [63] of ale.
Botte of the maydens, oh!
Itte lacketh notte to telle;
Syre Preeſte mote notte crie woe,
Culde hys bull do as welle.
I daunce the beſte heiedeygnes [64],
And foile [65] the wyſeſt feygnes [66].
On everych Seynctes hie daie
Wythe the mynſtrelle [67] am I ſeene,
All a footeygne it awaie,
Wythe maydens on the greene.
But oh! I wyſhe to be moe greate,
In rennome, tenure, and eſtate.

SYR ROGERRE.

Has thou ne ſeene a tree uponne a hylle,
Whoſe unliſte [68] braunces [69] rechen far toe ſyghte;
Whan fuired [70] unwers [71] doe the heaven fylle,
Itte ſhaketh deere [72] yn dole [73] and moke [74] affryghte.

[63] A battle. [64] A country dance, ſtill practiſed in the North. [65] Baffle. [66] A corruption of *feints*. [67] A minſtrel is a muſician. [68] Unbounded. [69] Branches. [70] Furious. [71] Tempeſts, ſtorms. [72] Dire. [73] Diſmay. [74] *Muck*.

Whyleſt

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Whyleſt the congeon [75] flowrette abeſſie [76] dyghte [77],
Stondethe unhurte, unquaced [78] bie the ſtorme;
Syke is a picte [79] of lyffe; the manne of myghte
Is tempeſt-chaft [80], hys woe greate as hys forme,
Thieſelfe a flowrette of a ſmall accounte,
Wouldſt harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee dydſte mounte.

[75] Dwarf. [76] Humility, *rather, humble.* [77] Decked. [78] Unhurt. [79] Picture. [80] Tempeſt-beaten.

ELINOURE.

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ELINOURE AND JUGA.

ONNE Ruddeborne [1] bank twa pynynge Maydens
ſate,
Theire teares faſte dryppeynge to the waterre cleere;
Echone bementynge [2] for her abſente mate,
Who atte Seyncte Albonns ſhouke the morthynge [3] ſpeare.
The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre
Dydde ſpeke acroole [4], wythe languiſhment of eyne,
Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed [5] the quyvryng brine.

ELINOURE.

O gentle Juga! heare mie dernie [6] plainte,
To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte [7] in ſtele;
O maie ne ſanguen ſteine the whyte roſe peyncte,
Maie good Senecte Cuthberte watche Syrre Roberte wele.
Moke [7*] moe thanne deathe in phantaſie I feele;

[1] Rudborne (in Saxon, red-water), a River near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the Houſes of Lancaſter and York. [2] Lamenting. [3] Murdering. [4] Faintly. [5] Gliſtened. [6] Sad complaint. [7] Arrayed, or caſed. [7*] *Much.*

See!

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See! ſee! upon the grounde he bleedynge lies;
Inhild [8] ſome joice [9] of lyfe, or elſe mie deare love dies.

JUGA.

Syſters in ſorrowe on thys daiſe-ey'd banke,
Where melancholych broods, we wyll lamente;
Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene danke [10];
Lyche levynde [10*] okes in eche the odher bente,
Or lyche forlettenn [11] halles of merriemente,
Whoſe gaſtlie mitches [12] holde the traine of fryghte [13],
Where lethale [14] ravens bark, and owlets wake the nyghte.

[ELINOURE.]

No moe the miſkynette [15] ſhall wake the morne,
The minſtrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie;
No moe the amblynge palfrie and the horne
Shall from the leſſel [16] rouze the foxe awaie;
I'll ſeke the foreſte alle the lyve-longe daie;

[8] Infuſe. [9] Juice. [10] *Damp*. [10*] Blaſted. [11] Forſaken. [12] Ruins. [13] Fear. [14] Deadly, or deathboding. [15] A ſmall bagpipe. [16] In a confined ſenſe, a buſh or hedge, though ſometimes uſed as a foreſt.

Alle

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Alle nete [16*] amenge [17] the gravde chyrche [17*] glebe wyll goe,
And to the paſſante Spryghtes lecture [18] mie tale of woe.

[JUGA.]

Whan mokie [19] cloudis do hange upon the leme
Of leden [20] Moon, ynn ſylver mantels dyghte;
The tryppeynge Faeries weve the golden dreme
Of Selyneſs [21], whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte;
Thenne (botte the Seynctes forbydde!) gif to a ſpryte
Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped [21*] I'll holde dyſtraughte
Hys bledeynge claie-colde corſe, and die eche daie ynn thoughte,

ELINOURE.

Ah woe bementynge [22] wordes; what wordes can ſhewe!
Thou limed [22*] ryver, on thie linche [23] maie bleede
Champyons, whoſe bloude wylle wythe thie waterres flowe,
And Rudborne ſtreeme be Rudborne ſtreeme indeede!
Haſte, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the meade,

[16*] *Night.* [17] *Among.* [17*] Church-yard. [18] Relate. [19] Black. [20] Decreaſing. [21] Happineſs. [21*] *Linked.* [22] *Lamented.* [22*] Glaſſy. [23] Bank.

To

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To knowe, or wheder we muſte waile agayne,
Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be menged [24] onne the plain.

Soe ſayinge, lyke twa levyn-blaſted trees,
Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth ſtormie rayne;
Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees [25], 45
To where Seyncte Albons holie ſhrynes remayne.
There dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes were ſlayne,
Diſtraughte [26] theie wandered to ſwollen Rudbornes ſyde,
Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, ſonke ynn the waves, and dyde.

[24] *Mingled.* [25] Meeds. [26] Diſtracted.

BATTLE

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

(No. 1.)

O CHRYSTE, it is a grief for me to telle,
How manie a nobil erle and valrous knyghte
In fyghtynge for Kynge Harrold noblie fell,
Al fleyne in Haſtyngs feeld in bloudie fyghte.
O ſea! our teeming [1] donore han thy floude,
Han anie fructuous [2] entendement [3],
Thou wouldſt have roſe and ſank wyth tydes of bloude,
Before Duke Wyllyam's knyghts han hither went;
Whoſe cowart arrows manie erles fleyne,
And brued [4] the feeld wyth bloude as ſeaſon rayne.

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,
All paſſyng hie, of mickle myghte echone,
Whoſe poygnant arrowes, typp'd with deſtynie,
Caus'd manie wydowes to make myckle mone.

[1] *Prolific.* [2] *Uſeful.* [3] *Meaning.* [4] *Embrued.*

Lordynges,

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Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-harted are,
From out of hearynge quicklie now departe;
Full well I wote [5], to fynge of bloudie warre
Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.
Go, do the weaklie womman inn mann's geare [6],
And fcond [7] your manfion if grymm war come there.

Soone as the erlie maten [8] belle was tolde,
And fonne was come to byd us all good daie,
Bothe armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,
Prepar'd for fyghte in champyon arraie.
As when two bulles, deftynde for Hocktide fyghte,
Are yoked bie the necke within a fparre [9],
Theie rend the erthe, and travellyrs affryghte,
Lackynge to gage [10] the fportive bloudie warre;
Soe lacked Harroldes menne to come to blowes,
The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes.

Kynge Harrolde turnynge to hys leegemen [11] fpake;
My merrie men, be not caft downe in mynde;

[5] *Know.* [6] *Apparel.* [7] *Abfcond from.* [8] *Morning.* [9] *Enclofure.* [10] *Engage in.* [11] *Subjects.*

Your

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Your onlie lode [12] for aye to mar or make,
Before yon ſunne has donde his welke [13] you'll fyndé.
Your lovyng wife, who erſt dyd rid the londe
Of Lurdanes [14], and the treaſure that you han,
Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's honde,
Unleſſe with honde and harte you plaie the manne.
Cheer up youre hartes, chaſe ſorrowe farre awaie,
Godde and Seyncte Cuthbert be the worde to daie.

And thenne Duke Wyllyam to his knyghtes did ſaie;
My merrie menne, be bravelie everiche [15];
Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,
Ech one of you I will make myckle riche.
Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte;
Lordſhippes and honores echone ſhall poſſeſſe;
Be this the worde to daie, God and my Ryghte;
Ne doubte but God will oure true cauſe bleſſe.
The clarions then ſounded ſharpe and ſhrille;
Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille.

[12] *Praiſe.* [13] *Finiſhed his courſe.* [14] *Lord Danes.* [15] *Every one.*

And

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And brave Kyng Harrolde had nowe donde [16] hys ſaie [17];
He threwe wythe myghte amayne [18] hys ſhorte horſe-ſpear,
The noiſe it made the duke to turn awaie,
And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.
His criſtede [19] beaver dyd him ſmalle abounde [20];
The cruel ſpear went thorough all his hede;
The purpel bloude came gouſhynge [21] to the grounde,
And at Duke Wyllyam's feet he tumbled deade:
So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne
It felte the furie of the Daniſh menne.

O Afflem, ſon of Cuthbert, holie Saynćte,
Come ayde thy freend, and ſhewe Duke Wyllyams payne;
Take up thy pencyl, all hys features painćte;
Thy coloryng excells a ſynger ſtrayne.
Duke Wyllyam ſawe hys freende ſleyne piteouſlie,
His lovynge freende whome he muche honored,
For he han lovd hym from puerilitie,
And theie together bothe han bin ybred:
O! in Duke Wyllyam's harte it rayſde a flame,
To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame.

[16] *Put on.* [17] *Military cloak.* [18] *Main force.* [19] *Creſted.* [20] *Benefit.* [21] *Guſhing.*

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He tooke a braſen croſſe-bowe in his honde,
And drewe it harde with all hys myghte amein,
Ne doubtyng but the braveſt in the londe
Han by his ſoundynge arrowe-lede [22] bene ſleyne.
Alured's ſtede, the fyneſt ſtede alive,
Bye comelie forme knowlached [23] from the reſt;
But nowe his deſtind howre dyd aryve,
The arrowe hyt upon his milkwhite breſte;
So have I ſeen a ladie-ſmock ſoe white,
Blown in the mornynge, and mowd downe at night.

With thilk [24] a force it dyd his bodie gore,
That in his tender guttes it entered,
In veritee [25] a fulle clothe yarde or more,
And downe with flaiten [26] noyſe he ſunken dede.
Brave Alured, benethe his faithfull horſe,
Was ſmeerd all over withe the gorie duſte,
And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme corſe,
That Alured coulde not hymſelf aluſte [27].
The ſtandyng Normans drew theyr bowe echyne,
And broght full manie Englyſh champyons downe.

[22] *Arrow-head.* [23] *Known.* [24] *Such.* [25] *Truth.* [26] *Terrific.* [27] *Diſengage.*

The

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The Normans kept aloofe, at diſtaunce ſtylle,
The Englyſh nete but ſhort horſe-ſpears could welde;
The Englyſh manie dethe-ſure dartes did kille,
And manie arrowes twang'd upon the ſheelde.
Kynge Haroldes knyghts deſir'de for hendie[28] ſtroke,
And marched furious o'er the bloudie pleyne,
In bodie cloſe, and made the pleyne to ſmoke;
Theire ſheelds rebounded arrowes back agayne.
The Normans ſtode aloofe, nor hede[29] the ſame,
Their arrowes woulde do dethe, tho' from far of they came.

Duke Wyllyam drewe agen hys arrowe ſtrynge,
An arrowe withe a ſylver-hede drewe he;
The arrowe daunçynge in the ayre dyd ſynge,
And hytt the horſe Toſſelyn on the knee.
At this brave Toſslyn threwe his ſhort horſe-ſpeare;
Duke Wyllyam ſtooped to avoyde the blowe;
The yrone weapon hummed in his eare,
And hitte Sir Doullie Naibor on the prowe[30];
Upon his helme ſoe furious was the ſtroke,
It ſplete[31] his bever, and the ryvets broke.

[28] *Hand to hand.* [29] *Regarded.* [30] *Forehead.* [31] *Split.*

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Downe fell the beaver by Toſslyn ſplete in tweine,
And onn his hede expos'd a punie wounde,
But on Deſtoutvilles ſholder came ameine,
And fell'd the champyon to the bloudie grounde.
Then Doullie myghte his boweſtrynge drewe,
Enthoughte to gyve brave Toſslyn bloudie wounde,
But Harolde's aſenglave [32] ſtopp'd it as it flewe,
And it fell bootleſs on the bloudie grounde.
Siere Doullie, when he ſawe hys venge [33] thus broke,
Death-doynge blade from out the ſcabard toke.

And now the battail cloſde on everych ſyde,
And face to face appeard the knyghts full brave;
They lifted up theire bylles with myckle pryde,
And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.
So have I ſene two weirs [34] at onee give grounde,
White fomyng hygh to rorynge combat runne;
In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking ſounde,
Burſte waves on waves, and ſpangle in the ſunne;
And when their myghte in burſtynge waves is fled,
Like cowards, ſtele alonge their ozy bede.

[32] *Lance.* [33] *Revenge.* [34] *Torrents.*

Yonge

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Yonge Egelrede, a knyghte of comelie mien,
Affynd [35] unto the kynge of Dynefarre,
At echone tylte and tourney he was ſeene,
And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie warre;
Hé couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth mickle myghte
Ageinſte the breſt of Sieur de Bonoboe;
He grond and ſunken on the place of fyghte,
O Chryſte! to fele his wounde, his harte was woe.
Ten thouſand thoughtes puſh'd in upon his mynde,
Not for hymſelfe, but thoſe he left behynde.

He dy'd and leſſed [36] wyfe and chyldren tweine,
Whom he wyth cheryſhment did dearlie love;
In England's court, in goode Kynge Edwarde's regne,
He wonne the tylte, and ware her crymſon glove;
And thence unto the place where he was borne,
Together with hys welthe & better wyfe,
To Normandie he dyd perdie [37] returne,
In peace and quietneſſe to lead his lyfe;
And now with ſovrayn Wyllyam he came,
To die in battel, or get welthe and fame.

[35] *Related.* [36] *Left.* [37] *Certainly.*

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Then, ſwefte as lyghtnynge, Egelredus ſet
Agaynſt du Barlie of the mounten head;
In his dere hartes bloude his longe launce was wett,
And from his courſer down he tumbled dede.
So have I ſene a mountayne oak, that longe
Has caſte his ſhadowe to the mountayne ſyde,
Brave all the wyndes, tho' ever they ſo ſtronge,
And view the briers belowe with ſelf-taught pride;
But, whan throwne downe by mightie thunder ſtroke,
He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke.

Then Egelred dyd in a declynie [38]
Hys launce uprere with all hys myghte ameine,
And ſtrok Fitzport upon the dexter eye,
And at his pole [39] the ſpear came out agayne.
Butt as he drewe it forthe, an arrowe fledde
Wyth mickle myght ſent from de Tracy's bowe,
And at hys ſyde the arrowe entered,
And oute the crymſon ſtreme of bloude gan flowe;
In purple ſtrekes it dyd his armer ſtaine,
And ſmok'd in puddles on the duſtie plaine.

[38] *Stooping, declination.* [39] *Crown of his head.*

But

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But Egelred, before he ſunken downe,
With all his myghte amein his ſpear beſped [40],
It hytte Bertrammil Manne upon the crowne,
And bothe together quicklie ſunken dede.
So have I ſeen a rocke o'er others hange,
Who ſtronglie plac'd laughde at his ſlippry ſtate,
But when he falls with heaven-peercynge bange
That he the ſleeve [41] unravels all theire fate,
And broken onn the beech thys leſſon ſpeak,
The ſtronge and firme ſhould not defame the weake.

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval,
Where he by chaunce han ſlayne a noble's ſon,
And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call,
And in the battel he much goode han done;
Unto Kyng Harold he foughte mickle near,
For he was yeoman of the bodie guard;
And with a targyt and a fyghtyng ſpear,
He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward:
True as a ſhadow to a ſubſtant [42] thynge,
So true he guarded Harold hys good kynge.

[40] *Diſpatched.* [41] *Clue.* [42] *Subſtantial.*

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But when Egelred tumbled to the grounde,
He from Kynge Harolde quicklie dyd advaunce,
And ſtrooke de Tracie thilk [43] a crewel wounde,
Hys harte and lever came out on the launce.
And then retreted for to guarde his kynge,
On dented [44] launce he bore the harte awaie;
An arrowe came from Auffroie Griel's ſtrynge,
Into hys heele betwyxt hys yron ſtaie;
The grey-gooſe pynion, that thereon was ſett,
Eftſoons [45] wyth ſmokyng crymſon bloud was wett.

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,
Without adoe [46] he turned once agayne,
And hytt de Griel thilk a blowe, God wote,
Maugre [47] hys helme, he ſplete his hede in twayne.
This Auffroie was a manne of mickle pryde,
Whoſe featlieſt bewty ladden [48] in his face;
His chaunce in warr he ne before han tryde,
But lyv'd in love and Roſaline's embrace;
And like a uſeleſs weede amonge the haie
Amonge the ſleine warriours Griel laie.

[43] *Such.* [44] *Bruiſed.* [45] *Quickly.* [46] *Delay.* [47] *Notwithſtanding.* [48] *Lay.*

Kynge

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Kynge Harolde then he putt his yeomen bie,
And ferſlie [49] ryd into the bloudie fyghte;
Erle Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Alfie,
Cuthbert, and Goddard, mical menne of myghte,
Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Edwin too,
Effred the famous, and Erle Ethelwarde,
Kynge Harolde's leegemenn [50], erlies [51] hie and true,
Rode after hym, his bodie for to guarde;
The reſte of erlies, fyghtynge other wheres,
Stained with Norman bloude theire fyghtynge ſperes.

As when ſome ryver with the ſeaſon raynes
White ſomynge hie doth breke the bridges oft,
Oerturns the hamelet and all conteins,
And layeth oer the hylls a muddie ſoft;
So Harold ranne upon his Normanne foes,
And layde the greate and ſmall upon the grounde,
And delte among them thilke a ſtore of blowes,
Full manie a Normanne fell by him dede wounde;
So who he be that ouphant [52] faieries ſtrike,
Their ſoules will wander to Kynge Offa's dyke.

[49] *Furiouſly.* [50] *Subjects.* [51] *Earls.* [52] *Elfin.*

Fitz

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Fitz Salnarville, Duke William's favourite knyghte,
To noble Edelwarde his life dyd yielde;
Withe hys tylte launce hee ſtroke with thilk a myghte,
The Norman's bowels ſteemde upon the feeld.
Old Salnarville beheld hys ſon lie ded,
Againſt Erle Edelward his bowe-ſtrynge drewe;
But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head;
He dy'd before the poignant arrowe flew.
So was the hope of all the iſſue gone,
And in one battle fell the ſire and ſon.

De Aubignee rod fercely thro' the fyghte,
To where the boddie of Salnarville laie;
Quod he; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte?
I'll be revengd, or die for thee this daie.
Die then thou ſhalt, Erle Ethelwarde he ſaid;
I am a cunnynge erle, and that can tell;
Then drew hys ſwerde, and ghaſtlie eut hys hede,
And on his freend eftſoons he lifeleſs fell,
Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne; great God forefend[53],
It be the fate of no ſuch trueſtie freende!

[53] *Forbid.*

But

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Then Egwin Sleur Pikeny did attaque;
He turned aboute and vilely ſouten [54] flie;
But Egwyn cutt ſo deepe into his backe,
He rolled on the grounde and ſoon dyd die.
His diſtant ſonne, Sire Romara de Biere,
Soughte to revenge his fallen kynſman's lote,
But ſoone Erle Cuthbert's dented fyghtyng ſpear
Stucke in his harte, and ſtayd his ſpeed, God wote.
He tumbled downe cloſe by hys kynſman's ſyde,
Myngle their ſtremes of pourple bloude, and dy'd.

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote [55]
Into Erle Cuthbert's harte eftſoons dyd flee;
Who dying ſayd; ah me! how hard my lote!
Now ſlayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.
So have I ſeen a leafie elm of yore
Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine;
But, when the ſpendyng landlord is growne poore,
It falls benethe the axe of ſome rude ſweine;
And like the oke, the ſovran of the woode,
It's fallen boddie tells you how it ſtoode,

[54] *Sought.* [55] *Unknown.*

When

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When Edelward perceevd Erle Cuthbert die,
On Hubert ſtrongeſt of the Normanne crewe,
As wolfs when hungred on the cattel flie,
So Edelward amaine upon him flewe.
With thilk a force he hyt hym to the grounde;
And was demaſing [56] howe to take his life,
When he behynde received a ghaſtlie wounde
Gyven by de Torcie, with a ſtabbyng knyfe;
Baſe trecherous Normannes, if ſuch actes you doe,
The conquer'd maie clame victorie of you.

The erlie felt de Torcie's treacherous knyfe
Han made his crymſon bloude and ſpirits floe;
And knowlachyng [57] he ſoon muſt quyt this lyfe,
Reſolved Hubert ſhould too with hym goe.
He held hys truſtie ſwerd againſt his breſte,
And down he fell, and peerc'd him to the harte;
And both together then did take their reſte,
Their ſoules from corpſes unaknell'd [58] depart;
And both together ſoughte the unknown ſhore,
Where we ſhall goe, where manie's gon before.

[56] *Conſidering.* [57] *Knowing.* [58] *Without the funeral knell being rung.*

Kynge

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Kynge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd ſpie,
And hie alofe [59] his temper'd ſwerde dyd welde,
Cut offe his arme, and made the bloude to flie,
His proofe ſteel armoure did him littel ſheelde;
And not contente, he ſplete his hede in twaine,
And down he tumbled on the bloudie grounde;
Mean while the other erlies on the playne
Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,
Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,
But manie knyghtes were men in women's geer.

Herrewald, borne on Sarim's [60] ſpreddyng plaine,
Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages ſtoode;
Where Druids, auncient preeſts dyd ryghtes ordaine,
And in the middle ſhed the victyms bloude;
Where auncient Bardi dyd their verſes ſynge,
Of Cæſar conquer'd, and his mighty hoſte,
And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,
Wreck'd all hys ſhyppyng on the Brittiſh coaſte,
And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,
'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity.

[59] *Aluft.* [60] *Saliſbury's.*

To

To make it more renomed[61] than before,
(I, tho a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)
The Saxonnes ſteynd the place wyth Brittiſh gore,
Where nete but bloud of ſacrifices felle.
Tho' Chryſtians, ſtylle they thoghte mouche of the pile,
And here theie mette when cauſes dyd it neede;
'Twas here the auncient Elders of the Iſle
Dyd by the trecherie of Hengiſt bleede;
O Hengiſt! han thy cauſe bin good and true,
Thou wouldſt ſuch murdrous acts as theſe eſchew.

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,
And han that daie full manie Normannes ſleine;
Three Norman Champyons of hie degree
He lefte to ſmoke upon the bloudie pleine:
The Sier Fitzbotevilleine did then advaunce,
And with his bowe he ſmote the erlies hede;
Who eftſoons gored hym with his tylting launce,
And at his horſes feet he tumbled dede:
His partyng ſpirit hovered o'er the floude
Of ſoddayne rouſhynge mouche lov'd purple bloude.

[61] *Renowned.*

De

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De Viponte then, a ſquier of low degree,
An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine;
The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,
A punie wounde, that cauſd but littel peine.
So have I ſeene a Dolthead place a ſtone,
Enthoghte [62] to ſtaie a driving rivers courſe;
But better han it bin to lett alone,
It onlie drives it on with mickle force;
The erlie, wounded by ſo baſe a hynde,
Rays'd furyous doyngs in his noble mynde.

The Siere Chatillion, yonger of that name,
Advaunced next before the erlie's ſyghte;
His fader was a manne of mickle fame,
And he renomde and valorous in fyghte.
Chatillion his truſtie ſwerd forth drewe,
The erle drawes his, menne both of mickle myghte;
And at eche other vengouſlie [63] they flewe,
As maſtie [64] dogs at Hocktide ſet to fyghte;
Bothe ſcornd to yeelde, and bothe abhor'de to flie,
Reſolv'd to vanquiſhe, or reſolv'd to die.

[62] *Thinking.* [63] *Revengefully.* [64] *Maſtiff.*

Chatillion

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Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,
Thatt ſplytte eftſoons his criſted helm in twayne.;
Whiche he perforce withe target covered,
And to the battel went with myghte ameine.
The erlie hytte Chatillion thilke a blowe
Upon his breſte, his harte was plein to ſee;
He tumbled at the horſes feet alſoe,
And in dethe panges he ſeez'd the recer's knee:
Faſte as the ivy rounde the oke doth clymbe,
So faſte he dying gryp'd [65] the racer's lymbe.

The recer then beganne to flynge and kicke,
And toſte the erlie farr off to the grounde;
The erlie's ſquier then a ſwerde did ſticke
Into his harte, a dedlie ghaſtlie wounde;
And downe he felle upon the crymſon pleine,
Upon Chatillion's ſoulleſs corſe of claie;
A puddlie ſtreme of bloude flow'd oute ameine;
Stretch'd out at length beſmer'd with gore he laie;
As ſome tall oke fell'd from the greenie plaine,
To live a ſecond time upon the main.

[65] *Graſped.*

The

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The erlie nowe an horſe and beaver han,
And nowe agayne appered on the feeld;
And manie a mickle knyghte and mightie manne
To his dethe-doyng ſwerd his life did yeeld;
When Siere de Broque an arrowe longe lett flie,
Intending Herewaldus to have ſleyne;
It miſs'd; butt hytte Edardus on the eye,
And at his pole came out with horrid payne.
Edardus felle upon the bloudie grounde,
His noble ſoule came rouſhyng from the wounde.

Thys Herewald perceevd, and full of ire
He on the Siere de Broque with furie came;
Quod he; thou'ſt ſlaughtred my beloved ſquier,
But I will be revenged for the ſame.
Into his bowels then his launce he thruſte,
And drew thereout a ſteemie [66] drerie [67] lode;
Quod he; theſe offals are for ever curſt,
Shall ſerve the coughs[68], and rooks, and dawes, for foode.
Then on the pleine the ſteemie lode hee throwde,
Smokynge wyth lyfe, and dy'd with crymſon bloude.

[66] *Steeming.* [67] *Dreadful.* [68] *Choughs, or ravens.*

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Fitz Broque, who ſaw his father killen lie,
Ah me! ſayde he; what woeful ſyghte I ſee!
But now I muſt do ſomethyng more than ſighe;
And then an arrowe from the bowe drew he.
Beneth the erlie's navil came the darte;
Fitz Broque on foote han drawne it from the bowe;
And upwards went into the erlie's harte,
And out the crymſon ſtreme of bloude 'gan flowe.
As fromm a hatch [69], drawne with a vehement geir [70],
White ruſhe the burſtynge waves, and roar along the weir.

The erle with one honde graſp'd the recer's mayne,
And with the other he his launce beſped [71];
And then felle bleedyng on the bloudie plaine.
His launce it hytte Fitz Broque upon the hede;
Upon his hede it made a wounde full ſlyghte,
But peerc'd his ſhoulder, ghaſtlie wounde inferne,
Before his optics [72] daunced a ſhade of nyghte,
Whyche ſoone were cloſed ynn a ſleepe eterne.
The noble erlie than, withote a grone,
Took flyghte, to fynde the regyons unknowne.

[69] *Pen, or lock.* [70] *Turn, or twiſt.* [71] *Diſpatched.* [72] *Eyes.*

Brave

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Brave Alured from binethe his noble horſe
Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all ſinore [73];
And now eletten [74] on another horſe,
Eftſoons he withe his launce did manie gore.
The cowart Norman knyghtes before hym fledde,
And from a diſtaunce ſent their arrowes keene;
But noe ſuch deſtinie awaits his hedde,
As to be ſleyen [75] by a wighte [76] ſo meene.
Tho oft the oke falls by the villen's [77] ſhock,
'Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the rock.

Upon du Chatelet he ferſelie ſett,
And peerc'd his bodie with a force full grete;
The aſenglave of his tylt-launce was wett,
The rollynge bloude alonge the launce did fleet.
Advauncynge, as a maſtie at a bull,
He rann his launce into Fitz Warren's harte;
From Partaies bowe, a wight unmercifull,
Within his owne he felt a cruel darte;
Cloſe by the Norman champyons he han ſleine,
He fell; and mixd his bloude with theirs upon the pleine.

[73] *Beſmeared.* [74] *Alighted.* [75] *Slain.* [76] *Perſon.* [77] *Vaſſal, peaſant.*

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Erle Ethelbert then hove [78], with clinie [79] juſt,
A launce, that ſtroke Partaie upon the thighe,
And pinn'd him downe unto the gorie duſte;
Cruel, quod he, thou cruellie ſhalt die.
With that his launce he enterd at his throte;
He ſcritch'd [80] and ſcreem'd in melancholie mood;
And at his backe eftſoons came out, God wote,
And after it a crymſon ſtreme of bloude:
In agonie and peine he there dyd lie,
While life and dethe ſtrove for the maſterrie.

He gryped hard the bloudie murdring launce,
And in a grone he left this mortel lyfe.
Behynde the erlie Fiſcampe did advaunce,
Bethoghte [81] to kill him with a ſtabbynge knife;
But Egward, who perceevd his fowle intent,
Eftſoons his truſtie ſwerde he forthwyth drewe,
And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiſcampe ſent,
That ſoule and bodie's bloude at one gate flewe.
Thilk deeds do all deſerve, whoſe deeds ſo fowle
Will black theire earthlie name, if not their ſoule.

[78] *Heaved.* [79] *Inclination.* [80] *Shrieked.* [81] *Thinking.*

When

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When lo! an arrowe from Walleris honde,
Winged with fate and dethe daunced alonge;
And ſlewe the noble flower of Powyſlonde,
Howel ap Jevah, who yclepd [82] the ſtronge.
Whan he the firſt miſchaunce received han,
With horſemans haſte he from the armie rodde;
And did repaire unto the cunnynge manne,
Who ſange a charme, that dyd it mickle goode;
Then praid Seyncte Cuthbert, and our holie Dame,
To bleſſe his labour, and to heal the ſame.

Then drewe the arrowe, and the wounde did ſeck [83],
And putt the teint of holie herbies [84] on;
And putt a rowe of bloude-ſtones round his neck;
And then did ſay; go, champyon, get agone.
And now was comynge Harrolde to defend,
And metten with Walleris cruel darte;
His ſheelde of wolf-ſkinn did him not attend [85],
The arrow peerced into his noble harte;
As ſome tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,
Falls to the pleine; ſo fell the warriour dede,

[82] *Culled.* [83] *Suck.* [84] *Herbs.* [85] *Protect.*

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His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Tcudor,
Who love of hym han from his country gone,
When he perceevd his friend lie in his gore,
As furious as a mountayn wolf he ranne.
As ouphant faieries, whan the moone ſheenes bryghte,
In littel circles daunce upon the greene,
All living creatures flie far from their ſyghte,
Ne by the race of deſtinie be ſeen;
For what he be that ouphant faieries ſtryke,
Their ſoules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke.

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave
The Normans eftſoons fled awaie aghaſte [86];
And lefte behynde their bowe and aſenglave,
For fear of hym, in thilk a cowart haſte.
His garb ſufficient were to meve affryghte;
A wolf ſkin girded round his myddle was;
A bear ſkyn, from Norwegians wan in fyghte,
Was tytend [87] round his ſhoulders by the claws:
So Hercules, 'tis ſunge, much like to him,
Upon his ſhoulder wore a lyon's ſkin.

[86] *Terrified.* [87] *Tightened.*

Upon

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Upon his thyghes and harte-ſwefte [88] legges he wore
A hugie [89] goat ſkyn, all of one grete peice;
A boar ſkyn ſheelde on his bare armes he bore;
His gauntletts were the ſkynn of harte of greece.
They fledde; he followed cloſe upon their heels,
Vowynge vengeance for his dearè countrymanne;
And Siere de Sancelotte his vengeance feels;
He peerc'd hys backe, and out the bloude ytt ranne.
His bloude went downe the ſwerde unto his arme,
In ſpringing rivulet, alive and warme.

His ſwerde was ſhorte, and broade, and myckle keene,
And no mann's bone could ſtonde to ſtoppe itts waie;
The Normann's harte in partes two cutt cleane,
He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd hys eyne for aie.
Then with his ſwerde he ſett on Fitz du Valle,
A knyghte mouch famous for to runne at tylte;
With thilk a furie on hym he dyd falle,
Into his neck he ranne the ſwerde and hylte;
As myghtie lyghtenynge often has been founde,
To drive an oke into unfallow'd grounde.

[88] *Swift as deer.* [89] *Huge.*

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And with the ſwerde, that in his neck yet ſtoke,
The Norman fell unto the bloudie grounde;
And with the fall ap Tewdore's ſwerde he broke,
And bloude afreſhe came trickling from the wounde.
As whan the hyndes, before a mountayne wolfe,
Flie from his paws, and angrie vyſage grym;
But when he falls into the pittie golphe [90],
They dare hym to his bearde, and battone [91] hym;
And cauſe he fryghted them ſo muche before,
Lyke cowart hyndes, they battone hym the more.

So, whan they ſawe ap Tewdore was bereft
Of his keen ſwerde, thatt wroghte thilke great diſmaie,
They turned about, eſtſoons upon hym lept,
And full a ſcore engaged in the fraie.
Mervyn ap Tewdore, ragyng as a bear,
Sciz'd on the beaver of the Sier de Laque;
And wring'd his hedde with ſuch a vehement gier [92],
His viſage was turned round unto his backe.
Backe to his harte retyr'd the uſeleſs gore,
And felle upon the pleine to riſe no more.

[90] *Pit.* [91] *Beat him.* [92] *Twiſt.*

Then

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Then on the mightie Siere Fitz Pierce he flew,
And broke his helm and seiz'd hym bie the throte:
Then manie Normann knyghtes their arrowes drew,
That enter'd into Mervyn's harte, God wote.
In dying panges he gryp'd his throte more stronge,
And from their sockets started out his eyes;
And from his mouthe came out his blameless tonge;
And bothe in peyne and anguishe eftsoon dies.
As some rude rocke torne from his bed of claie,
Stretch'd onn the pleyne the brave ap Tewdore laie.

And now Erle Ethelbert and Egward came
Brave Mervyn from the Normannes to assist;
A myghtie siere, Fitz Chatulet bie name,
An arrowe drew, that dyd them littel list[93].
Erle Egward points his launce at Chatulet,
And Ethelbert at Walleris set his;
And Egwald dyd the siere a hard blowe hytt,
But Ethelbert by a myschaunce dyd miss;
Fear laide Walleris flat upon the strande,
He ne deserved a death from erlies hande.

[93] Concern.

Betwyxt

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Betwyxt the ribbes of Sire Fitz Chatelet,
The poynted launce of Egward did ypaſs;
The diſtaunt ſyde thereof was ruddie wet,
And he fell breathleſs on the bloudie graſs.
As cowart Walleris laie on the grounde,
The dreaded weapon hummed oer his heade,
And hytt the ſquier thylke a lethal [94] wounde,
Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead:
Oh ſhame to Norman armes! a lord a ſlave,
A captyve villeyn than a lorde more brave!

From Chatelet hys launce Erle Egward drew,
And hit Wallerie on the dexter cheek;
Peerc'd to his braine, and cut his tongue in two:
There, knyght, quod he, let that thy actions ſpeak—

* * * * * * *

[94] *Deadly.*

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BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

(No. 2.)

OH Truth! immortal daughter of the ſkies,
Too lyttle known to wryters of theſe daies,
Teach me, fayre Sainƈte! thy paſſynge worthe to pryze,
To blame a friend and give a foeman prayſe.
The fickle moone, bedeckt wythe ſylver rays,
Leadynge a traine of ſtarres of feeble lyghte,
With look adigne [1] the worlde belowe ſurveies,
The world, that wotted [2] not it coud be nyghte;
Wyth armour dyd, with human gore ydeyd [3],
She ſees Kynge Harolde ſtande, fayre Englands curſe and pryde.

With ale and vernage [4] drunk his ſouldiers lay;
Here was an hynde [5], anie an erlie ſpredde;

[1] *Noble.* [2] *Knew.* [3] *Dyed.* [4] *A ſort of wine.* [5] *Peaſant.*

Sad

Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie!
This even in drinke, toomorrow with the dead!
Thro' everie troope diſorder reer'd her hedde;
Dancynge and heideignes [6] was the onlie theme;
Sad dome was theires, who lefte this eaſie bedde,
And wak'd in torments from ſo ſweet a dream.
Duke Williams menne, of comeing dethe afraide,
All nyghte to the great Godde for ſuccour afkd and praied.

Thus Harolde to his wites [7] that ſtoode arounde;
Goe, Gyrthe and Eilward, take bills halfe a ſcore,
And ſearch how farre our foeman's campe doth bound;
Yourſelf have rede [8]; I nede to ſaie ne more.
My brother beſt belov'd of anie ore [9],
My Leofwinus, goe to everich wite,
Tell them to raunge the battel to the grore,
And waiten tyll I ſende the heſt for fyghte.
He ſaide; the loieaul broders lefte the place,
Succeſs and cheerfulneſs depicted [10] on ech face.

[6] *Dances.* [7] *People.* [8] *Wiſdom.* [9] *Other.* [10] *Painted.*

Slowelie

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Slowelie brave Gyrthe and Eilwarde dyd advaunce,
And markd wyth care the armies dyſtant ſyde,
When the dyre clatterynge of the ſhielde and launce
Made them to be by Hugh Fitzhugh eſpyd.
He lyfted up his voice, and lowdlie cryd; 35
Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell;
Girthe drew hys ſwerde, and cutte hys burled hyde;
The proto-ſlene [12] manne of the fielde he felle;
Out ſtreemd the bloude, and ran in ſmokynge curles,
Reflected bie the moone ſeemd rubies mixt wyth pearles.

A troope of Normannes from the maſs-ſonge came,
Rouſd from their praiers by the flotting [13] crie;
Thoughe Girthe and Ailwardus perceevd the ſame,
Not once theie ſtoode abaſhd, or thoghte to flie.
He ſeizd a bill, to conquer or to die; 45
Fierce as a clevis [14] from a rocke ytorne,
That makes a vallie whereſoe're it lie;
* Fierce as a ryver burſtynge from the borne [15];

[12] *Firſt-ſlain.* [13] *Undulating.* [14] *Cleft.* [15] *Brook.*

* In Turgott's tyme Holenwell braſte of erthe ſo fierce that it threw a ſtone-mell carrying the ſame awaie. J. Lydgate ne knowynge this lefte out o line.

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So fiercelie Gyrthe hitte Fitz du Gore a blowe,
And on the verdaunt playne he layde the champyone lowe.

Tancarville thus; alle peace in Williams name;
Let none edraw his arcublaſter [16] bowe.
Girthe cas'd [17] his weppone, as he hearde the ſame,
And vengynge [18] Normannes ſtaid the flyinge floe.
The ſire wente onne; ye menne, what mean ye ſo
Thus unprovokd to courte a bloudie fyghte?
Quod Gyrthe; oure meanynge we ne care to ſhowe,
Nor dread thy duke wyth all his men of myghte;
Here ſingle onlie theſe to all thie crewe
Shall ſhewe what Englyſh handes and heartes can doe.

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme replyd,
Nor joie in dethe, lyke madmen moſt diſtraught [19];
In peace and mercy is a Chryſtians pryde;
He that dothe conteſtes pryze is in a faulte.
And now the news was to Duke William brought,
That men of Haroldes armie taken were;

[16] *Croſs-bow.* [17] *Sheathed.* [18] *Revenging.* [19] *Diſtracted.*

For

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For theyre good cheere all caties[20] were enthoughte[21],
And Gyrthe and Eilwardus enjoi'd goode cheere.
Quod Willyam; thus ſhall Willyam be founde
A friend to everie manne that treads on Engliſh ground.

Erle Leofwinus throwghe the campe ypaſs'd,
And ſawe bothe men and erlies on the grounde;
They ſlepte, as thoughe they woulde have ſlepte theyr laſt,
And hadd alreadie felte theyr fatale wounde.
He ſtarted backe, and was wyth ſhame aſtownd[22]; 75
Loked wanne[23] wyth anger, and he ſhooke wyth rage;
When throughe the hollow tentes theſe wordes dyd ſound,
Rowſe from your ſleepe, detratours[24] of the age!
Was it for thys the ſtoute Norwegian bledde?
Awake, ye huſcarles[25], now, or waken wyth the dead. 80

As when the ſhepſter[26] in the ſhadie bowre
In jintle[27] ſlumbers chaſe the heat of daie,

[20] *Delicacies.* [21] *Thought of.* [22] *Aſtoniſhed.* [23] *Pale.* [24] *Traitors.*
[25] *Servants.* [26] *Shepherd.* [27] *Gentle.*

Hears

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Hears doublyng echoe wind [28] the wolfins rore;
That neare hys flocke is watchynge for a praie,
He tremblynge for his ſheep drives dreeme awaie;
Gripes faſte hys burled [29] croke, and fore adradde [30]
Wyth fleeting [31] ſtrides he haſtens to the fraie,
And rage and proweſs fyres the ceiſtrell [32] lad;
With truſtie talbots [33] to the battel flies,
And yell of men and dogs and wolfins [34] tear the ſkies.

Such was the dire confuſion of eche wite,
That roſe from ſleep and walſome [35] power of wine;
Theie thoughte the foe by trechit [36] yn the nyghte
Had broke theyr camp and gotten paſte the line;
Now here now there the burnyſht ſheeldes and byll-
ſpear ſhine;
Throwote the campe a wild confuſionne ſpredde;
Eche bracd hys armlace [37] ſiker [38] ne deſygne,
The creſted helmet nodded on the hedde;

[28] *Sound.* [29] *Armed.* [30] *Frighted.* [31] *Flying.* [32] *Servant.* [33] *Dogs.* [34] *Wolves.* [35] *Loathſome.* [36] *Treachery.* [37] *Accoutrements for the arms.* [38] *Sure.*

Some

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Some caught a ſlughorne [39], and an onſett [40] wounde;
Kynge Harolde hearde the charge, and wondred at the
ſounde.

Thus Leofwine; O women cas'd in ſtele!
Was itte for thys Norwegia's ſtubborn ſede
Throughe the black armoure dyd the anlace fele,
And rybbes of ſolid braſſe were made to bleede?
Whylſt yet the worlde was wondrynge at the deede.
You ſouldiers, that ſhoulde ſtand with byll in hand,
Get full of wine, devoid of any rede [41].
O ſhame! oh dyre diſhonoure to the lande!
He ſayde; and ſhame on everie viſage ſpredde,
Ne ſawe the erlies face, but addawd [42] hung their head.

Thus he; rowze yee, and forme the boddie tyghte.
The Kentyſh menne in fronte, for ſtrenght renownd,
Next the Bryſtowans dare the bloudie fyghte,
And laſt the numerous crewe ſhall preſſe the grounde.
I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde;
Bythric and Alfwold hedde the Bryſtowe bande;

[39] *Military trumpet.* [40] *Charge.* [41] *Counſel.* [42] *Awakened.*

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And Bertrams ſonne, the man of glorious woundé,
Lead in the rear the menged [43] of the lande;
And let the Londoners and Suſſers plie
Bie Herewardes memuine [44] and the lighte ſkyrts anie [45].

He ſaide; and as a packe of hounds belent [46],
When that the trackyng of the hare is gone,
If one perchaunce ſhall hit upon the ſcent,
With twa [47] redubbled fhuir [48] the alans [49] run;
So ſtyrrd the valiante Saxons everych one;
Soone linked man to man the champyones ſtoode;
To 'tone for their bewrate [50] ſo ſoone 'twas done,
And lyfted bylls enſeem'd an yron woode;
Here glorious Alfwold towr'd above the wites [50*],
And ſeem'd to brave the fuir of twa ten thouſand fights.

Thus Leofwine; today will Englandes dome
Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill ſtate;
This ſunnes aunture [51] be felt for yeärs to come;
Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of date.

[43] *Mixed troops.* [44] *Attendants.* [45] *Annoy.* [46] *At a ſtop.* [47] *Twice.*
[48] *Fury.* [49] *Hounds.* [50] *Treachery.* [50*] *Men, people.* [51] *Adventure.*

Thinke

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Thinke of brave Ælfridus, yclept [52] the grete,
From porte to porte the red-haird Dane he chaſd,
The Danes, with whomme not lyoncels [53] coud mate,
Who made of peopled reaulms a barren waſte;
Thinke how at once by you Norwegia bled
Whilſte dethe and victorie for magyſtrie [54] beſted [55]

Meanwhile did Gyrthe unto Kynge Harolde ride,
And tolde howe he dyd with Duke Willyam fare.
Brave Harolde lookd aſkaunte [56], and thus replyd;
And can thie fay [57] be bowght wyth drunken cheer?
Gyrthe waxen hotte; fhuir in his eyne did glare;
And thus he ſaide; oh brother, friend, and kynge,
Have I deſerved this fremed [58] ſpeche to heare?
Bie Goddes hie hallidome [59] ne thoughte the thynge.
When Toſtus ſent me golde and ſylver ſtore,
I ſcornd hys preſent vile, and ſcorn'd hys treaſon more.

Forgive me, Gyrthe, the brave Kynge Harolde cryd;
Who can I truſt, if brothers are not true?

52 *Called.* 53 *Young lions.* 54 *Maſtery.* 55 *Contended.* 56 *Obliquely.* 57 *Faith.* 58 *Strange.* 59 *Holy church.*

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Ithink of Toſtus, once my joie and pryde.
Girthe ſaide, with looke adigne [60]; my lord, I doe.
But what oure foemen are, quod Girth, I'll ſhewe;
By Gods hie hallidome they preeſtes are.
Do not, quod Harolde, Girthe, myſtell [61] them ſo,
For theie are everich one brave men at warre.
Quod Girthe; why will ye then provoke theyr hate?
Quod Harolde; great the foe, ſo is the glorie grete.

And now Duke Willyam mareſchalled his band,
And ſtretchd his armie owte a goodlie rowe.
Firſt did a ranke of arcublaſtries [62] ſtande,
Next thoſe on horſebacke drew the aſcendyng flo [63],
Brave champyones, eche well lerned in the bowe,
Theyr aſenglave [64] acroſſe theyr horſes ty'd,
Or with the loverds [65] ſquier behinde dyd goe,
Or waited ſquier lyke at the horſes ſyde.
When thus Duke Willyam to a Monke dyd ſaie,
Prepare thyſelfe wyth ſpede, to Harolde haſte awaie.

60 *Noble.* 61 *Miſcall.* 62 *Croſs-bowmen.* 63 *Arrow.* 64 *Lances.* 65 *Lords.*

Telle

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Telle hym from me one of theſe three to take ;
That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,
Or mee hys heyre, when he deceaſyth, make,
Or to the judgment of Chryſts viçar ſtande.
He ſaide ; the Monke departyd out of hande,
And to Kyng Harolde dyd this meſſage bear ;
Who ſaid ; tell thou the Duke, at his likand [66]
If he can gette the crown hee may itte wear.
He ſaid, aud drove the Monke out of his ſyghte,
And with his brothers rouz'd each manne to bloudie
fyghte.

A ſtandarde made of ſylke and jewells rare,
Wherein alle coloures wroughte aboute in bighes [67],
An armyd knyghte was ſeen deth-doynge there,
Under this motte [68], He conquers or he dies.
This ſtandard rych, endazzlynge mortal eyes,
Was borne neare Harolde at the Kenters heade,
Who chargd hys broders for the grete empryze [69]
That ſtraite the heſt [70] for battle ſhould be ſpredde.

[66] *Choice.* [67] *Jewels.* [68] *Motto.* [69] *Undertaking.* [70] *Command.*

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To evry erle and knyghte the worde is gyven,
And cries *a guerre* and flughornes ſhake the vaulted heaven.

As when the erthe, torne by convulſyons dyre,
In reaulmes of darkneſs hid from human ſyghte,
The warring force of water, air, and fyre,
Braſt [71] from the regions of eternal nyghte,
Thro the darke caverns ſeeke the reaulmes of lyght;
Some loftie mountaine, by its fury torne,
Dreadfully moves, and cauſes grete affryght;
Nowe here, now there, majeſtic nods the bourne [72],
And awfulle ſhakes, mov'd by the almighty force,
Whole woods and foreſts nod, and ryvers change theyr courſe.

So did the men of war at once advaunce,
Linkd man to man, enſeemed one boddie light;
Above a wood, yform'd of bill and launce,
That noddyd in the ayre moſt ſtraunge to ſyght.

[71] *Burſt.* [72] *Hill, or rock.*

Harde

Harde as the iron were the menne of mighte,
Ne neede of ſlughornes [73] to enrowſe theyr minde;
Eche ſhootynge ſpere yreaden [74] for the fyghte,
More feerce than fallynge rocks, more ſwefte than wynd;
With ſolemne ſtep, by ecchoe made more dyre,
One ſingle boddie all theie marchd, theyr eyen on fyre.

And now the greie-eyd morne with vi'lets dreſt,
Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,
Fled with her roſie radiance to the Weſt:
Forth from the Eaſterne gatte the fyerie ſteedes
Of the bright ſunne awaytynge ſpirits leedes:
The ſunne, in fierie pompe enthrond on hie,
Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie [75] gledes [76],
And ſcatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the ſkie:
He ſawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,
And ſtopt his driving ſteedes, and hid his lyghtſome raye.

Kynge Harolde hie in ayre majeſtic rayſd
His mightie arme, deckt with a manchyn [77] rare;

[73] *War trumpets.* [74] *Made ready.* [75] *Journey.* [76] *Glides.* [77] *Sleeve.*

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With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde [78],
Then furyouſe ſent it whyſtlynge thro the ayre.
It ſtruck the helmet of the Sieur de Beer;
In vayne did braſſe or yron ſtop its waie;
Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,
Peercynge quite thro, before it dyd allaie [79];
He tumbled, ſcritchyng [80] wyth hys horrid payne;
His hollow cuiſhes [81] rang upon the bloudie pleyne.

This Willyam ſaw, and ſoundynge Rowlandes ſonge
He bent his yron interwoven bowe,
Makynge bothe endes to meet with myghte full ſtronge,
From out of mortals ſyght ſhot up the floe [82];
Then ſwyfte as fallynge ſtarres to earthe belowe
It ſlaunted down on Alfwoldes paynćted ſheelde;
Quite thro the ſilver-bordurd croſſe did goe,
Nor loſte its force, but ſtuck into the feelde;
The Normannes, like theyr ſovrin, dyd prepare,
And ſhotte ten thouſande floes upryſynge in the aire.

[78] *Poiſed.* [79] *Stop.* [80] *Shricking.* [81] *Armour for the thighs.* [82] *Arrow.*

As

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As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes their waie
In houſeholde armies thro the flanched [83] ſkie,
Alike the cauſe, or companie or prey,
If that perchaunce ſome boggie fenne is nie,
Soon as the muddie natyon theie eſpie,
Inne one blacke cloude theie to the erth deſcende;
Feirce as the fallynge thunderbolte they flie;
In vayne do reedes the ſpeckled folk defend:
So prone to heavie blowe the arrowes felle,
And peercd thro braſſe, and ſente manie to heaven or helle.

Ælan Adelfred, of the ſtowe [84] of Leigh,
Felte a dire arrowe burnynge in his breſte;
Before he dyd, he ſente hys ſpear awaie,
Thenne ſunke to glorie and eternal reſte.
Nevylle, a Normanne of alle Normannes beſte,
Throw the joint cuiſhe dyd the javlyn feel,
As hee on horſebacke for the fyghte addreſsd,
And ſawe hys bloude come ſmokynge oer the ſteele;

[83] *Arched*, [84] *Place, or city.*

He

He ſente the avengynge ſloe into the ayre,
And turnd hys horſes hedde, and did to leeche [85] repayre.

And now the javelyns, barbd with deathhis wynges,
Hurld from the Englyſh handes by force aderne [86],
Whyzz dreare [87] alonge, and ſonges of terror ſynges,
Such ſonges as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne.
Hurld by ſuch ſtrength along the ayre theie burne,
Not to be quenched butte ynn Normannes bloude;
Wherere theie came they were of lyfe forlorn,
And alwaies followed by a purple floude;
Like cloudes the Normanne arrowes did deſcend,
Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd end.

Nor, Leofwynus, dydſt thou ſtill eſtande;
Full ſoon thie pheon [88] glytted [89] in the aire;
The force of none but thyne and Harolds hande
Could hurle a javlyn with ſuch lethal [90] geer [91];

[85] *Phyſitian.* [86] *Dire.* [87] *Terrible.* [88] *Spear.* [89] *Gilded.* [90] *Deadly.* [91] *Turn.*

Itte

Itte whyzzd a ghaſtlie dynne in Normannes ear,
Then thundryng dyd upon hys greave [92] alyghte,
Peirce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels tear,
He closd hys eyne in everlaſtynge nyghte;
Ah! what avayld the lyons on his creſte!
His hatchments rare with him upon the grounde was preſt.

Willyam agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,
And hie in ayre the arrowe wynged his waie,
Deſcendyng like a ſhafte of thunder fleete,
Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,
Onne Algars ſheelde the arrowe dyd aſſaie [93],
There throghe dyd peerſe, and ſtycke into his groine;
In grypynge torments on the feelde he laie,
Tille welcome dethe came in and clos'd his eyne;
Diſtort [94] with peyne he laie upon the borne [95],
Lyke ſturdie elms by ſtormes in uncothe [96] wrythynges torne.

[92] *A part of armor.* [93] *Make an attempt.* [94] *Diſtorted, writhing.* [95] *Burniſhed armor.* [96] *Strange.*

Alrick

Alrick his brother, when hee this perceevd,
He drewe his ſwerde, his lefte hande helde a ſpeere,
Towards the duke he turnd his prauncyng ſteede,
And to the Godde of heaven he ſent a prayre;
Then ſent his lethale javlyn in the ayre,
On Hue de Beaumontes backe the javelyn came,
Thro his redde armour to hys harte it tare,
He felle and thondred on the place of fame;
Next with his ſwerde he 'ſayld the Seiur de Roe,
And braſte [97] his ſylver helme, ſo furyous was the blowe.

But Willyam, who had ſeen hys proweſſe great,
And feered muche how farre his bronde [98] might goe,
Tooke a ſtronge arblaſter [99], and bigge with fate
From twangynge iron ſente the fleetynge floe [100].
As Alric hoiſtes hys arme for dedlie blowe,
Which, han it came, had been Du Roees laſte,
The ſwyfte-wyngd meſſenger from Willyams bowe
Quite throwe his arme into his ſyde ypaſte;
His eyne ſhotte fyre, lyke blazyng ſtarre at nyghte,
He grypd his ſwerde, and felle upon the place of fyghte.

[97] *Broke, burſt.* [98] *Fury.* [99] *Croſs-bow.* [100] *Arrow.*

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O Alfwolde, ſaie, how ſhalle I ſynge of thee
Or telle how manie dyd benethe thee falle;
Not Haroldes ſelf more Normanne knyghtes did flee,
Not Haroldes ſelf did for more praiſes call;
How ſhall a penne like myne then ſhew it all?
Lyke thee their leader, eche Briſtowyanne foughte;
Lyke thee, their blaze muſt be canonical,
Fore theie, like thee, that daie bewrecke [101] yroughte:
Did thirtie Normannes fall upon the grounde,
Full half a ſcore from thee and theie receive their fatale wounde.

Firſt Fytz Chivelloys felt thie direful force;
Nete [102] did hys helde out brazen ſheelde availe;
Eftſoones throwe that thie drivynge ſpeare did peerce,
Nor was ytte ſtopped by his coate of mayle;
Into his breaſte it quicklie did aſſayle [103];
Out ran the bloude, like hygra [104] of the tyde;
With purple ſtayned all hys adventayle [105];
In ſcarlet was his cuiſhe [106] of ſylver dyde:

[101] *Revenge.* [102] *Nought.* [103] *Attempt.* [104] *Bore of the Severn.* [105] *Armor.* [106] *Armor for the thigh.*

Upon

Upon the bloudie carnage houſe he laie,
Whylſt hys longe ſheelde dyd gleem [107] with the ſun's ryſing ray.

Next Feſcampe felle; O Chrieſte, howe harde his fate
To die the leckedſt [108] knyghte of all the thronge!
His ſprite was made of malice deſſavate [109],
Ne ſhoulden find a place in anie ſonge.
The broch'd [110] keene javlyn hurld from honde ſo ſtronge
As thine came thundrynge on his cryſted [111] beave [112];
Ah! neete avayld the braſs or iron thonge,
With mightie force his ſkulle in twoe dyd cleave;
Fallyng he ſhooken out his ſmokyng braine,
As witherd oakes or elmes are hewne from off the playne.

Nor, Norcie, could thie myghte and ſkilfulle lore [113]
Preſerve thee from the doom of Alfwold's ſpeere;

[107] *Pointed.* [108] *Cowardlieſt.* [109] *Diſloyal.* [110] *Pointed.* [111] *Creſted.* [112] *Beaver.* [113] *Learning.*

Couldſte

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Couldſte thou not kenne[114], moſt ſkyll'd After la goure,
How in the battle it would wythe thee fare?
When Alfwolds javelyn, rattlynge in the ayre,
From hande dyvine on thie habergeon [115] came,
Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes bloude bear,
It gave thee death and everlaſtynge fame;
Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde arme,
As diamondes onlie can its fellow diamonds harme.

Next Sire du Mouline fell upon the grounde,
Quite throughe his throte the lethal javlyn preſte,
His ſoule and bloude came rouſhynge from the wounde;
He clos'd his eyen, and op'd them with the bleſt.
It can ne be I ſhould behight [116] the reſt,
That by the myghtie arme of Alfwolde felle,
Paſte bie a penne to be counte or expreſte,
How manie Alfwolde ſent to heaven or helle;
As leaves from trees ſhook by derne [117] Autumns hand,
So laie the Normannes ſlain by Alfwold on the ſtrand.

[114] *Know.* [115] *Coat of mail.* [116] *Name.* [117] *Dreary.*

As

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As when a drove of wolves withe dreary yelles
Aſſayle ſome flocke, ne care if ſhepſter [118] ken't;
Beſprenge [119] deſtructione oer the woodes and delles;
The ſhepſter ſwaynes in vayne theyr lees [120] lement;
So foughte the Bryſtowe menne; ne one crevent [121], 365
Ne onne abaſhed enthoughten for to flee;
With fallen Normans all the playne beſprent,
And like theyr leaders every man did flee;
In vayne on every ſyde the arrowes fled;
The Bryſtowe menne ſtyll raged, for Alfwold was not dead. 370

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,
And Leofwyne and Gyrthe encreasd the ſlayne;
'Twould take a Neſtor's age to ſynge them all,
Or telle how manie Normannes preſte the playne;
But of the erles, whom record nete hath ſlayne, 375
O Truthe! for good of after-tymes relate,
That, thowe they're deade, theyr names may lyve agayne,
And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate;

[118] *Know it.* [119] *Spread.* [120] *Sheep-paſtures.* [121] *Coward.*

So

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So after-ages maie theyr actions see,
And like to them æternal alwaie stryve to be

Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathless fire
For ever bended to St. Cuthbert's shryne,
Whose breast for ever burnd with sacred fyre,
And een on erthe he myghte be calld dyvine;
To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes resygne,
And lefte hys son his God's and fortunes knyghte;
His son the Saincte behelde with looke adigne [122],
Made him in gemot [123] wyse, and greate in fyghte;
Saincte Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys deedes,
His friends he lets to live, and all his fomen bleedes.

He married was to Kenewalchae faire,
The fyneste dame the sun or moone adave [124];
She was the myghtie Aderedus heyre,
Who was alreadie hastynge to the grave;
As the blue Bruton, rysinge from the wave,
Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,

[122] *Worthy.* [123] *Counsel.* [124] *Arose upon.*

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And rounde aboute the riſynge waters lave [125],
And their longe hayre arounde their bodie flies,
Such majeſtie was in her porte diſplaid,
To be excelld bie none but Homer's martial maid.

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines iſle,
Red as the higheſt colour'd Gallic wine,
Gaie as all nature at the mornynge ſmile,
Thoſe hues with pleaſaunce on her lippes combine,
Her lippes more redde than ſummer evenynge ſkyne [126],
Or Phœbus ryſinge in a froſtie morne,
Her breſte more white than ſnow in feeldes that lyene [127],
Or lillie lambes that never have been ſhorne,
Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,
Or new-braſte [128] brooklettes gently whyſpringe in the delle.

Browne as the fylberte droppyng from the ſhelle,
Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,

[125] *Waſh.* [126] *Sky.* [127] *Lies.* [128] *Newly burſt.*

So

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So browne the crokyde [129] rynges, that featlie [130] fell
Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.
Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame
Of Phebus charyotte rollynge thro the ſkie,
Greie as the ſteel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame,
So greie appeard her featly ſparklyng eye;
Thoſe eyne, that did oft mickle pleaſed look
On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues doomſday book.

Majeſtic as the grove of okes that ſtoode
Before the abbie buylt by Oſwald kynge;
Majeſtic as Hybernies holie woode,
Where ſainctes and ſoules departed maſſes ſynge;
Such awe from her ſweete looke forth iſſuynge
At once for reveraunce and love did calle;
Sweet as the voice of thraſlarks [131] in the Spring,
So ſweet the wordes that from her lippes did falle;
None fell in vayne; all ſhewed ſome entent;
Her wordies did diſplaie her great entendement [132].

[129] *Curling, crooked* [130] *Genteelly.* [131] *Thruſhes.* [132] *Underſtanding.*

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Tapre as candles layde at Cuthberts ſhryne,
Tapre as elmes that Goodrickes abbie ſhrove [133],
Tapre as ſilver chalices for wine,
So tapre was her armes and ſhape ygrove [134].
As ſkyllful mynemenne [135] by the ſtones above
Can ken what metalle is ylach'd [136] belowe,
So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,
The lovelie ymage of her ſoule did ſhewe;
Thus was ſhe outward form'd; the ſun her mind
Did guilde her mortal ſhape and all her charms refin'd.

What blazours [137] then, what glorie ſhall he clayme,
What doughtie [138] Homere ſhall hys praiſes ſynge,
That lefte the boſome of ſo fayre a dame
Uncall'd, unaſkt, to ſerve his lorde the kynge?]
To his fayre ſhrine goode ſubjects oughte to bringe
The armes, the helmets, all the ſpoyles of warre,
Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the thynge,
And travelling merchants ſpredde hys name to farre;

[133] *Shrouded.* [134] *Formed.* [135] *Miners.* [136] *Confined.* [137] *Praiſers.* [138] *Powerful.*

The

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The ſtoute Norwegians had his anlace felte,
And nowe amonge his foes dethe-doynge blowes he delte.

As when a wolfyn gettynge in the meedes
He rageth ſore, and doth about hym flee,
Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,
And alle the graſſe with clotted gore doth ſtree [139];
As when a rivlette rolles impetuouſlie,
And breaks the bankes that would its force reſtrayne,
Alonge the playne in fonnynge rynges doth flee,
Gaynſte walles and hedges doth its courſe maintayne;
As when a manne doth in a corn-fielde mowe,
With eaſe at one felle ſtroke full manie is laide lowe.

So manie, with ſuch force, and with ſuch eaſe,
Did Adhelm ſlaughtre on the bloudie playne;
Before hym manie dyd theyr hearts bloude leaſe [140],
Ofttymes he foughte on towres of ſmokynge ſlayne.
Angillian felte his force, nor felte in vayne;
He cutte hym with his ſwerde athur [141] the breaſte;

[139] *Strew, or ſcatter.* [140] *Loſe.* [141] *Acroſs.*

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Out ran the bloude, and did hys armoure ſtayne,
He clos'd his eyen in æternal reſte;
Lyke a tall oke by tempeſte borne awaie,
Stretchd in the armes of dethe upon the plaine he laie.

Next thro the ayre he ſent his javlyn feerce,
That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,
Throwe the vaſte orbe the ſharpe pheone[142] did peerce,
Rang on his coate of mayle and ſpente its mighte.
But ſoon another wingd its aiery flyghte,
The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe;
He felle, and groand upon the place of fighte,
Whilſt lyfe and bloude came iſſuynge from the blowe.
Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,
So fell the mightie ſire and mingled with the ſlaine.

Hue de Longeville, a force doughtre mere[143],
Advauncyd forwarde to provoke the darte,
When ſoone he founde that Adhelmes poynted ſpeere
Had founde an eaſie paſſage to his hearte.

[142] *Spear.* [143] *Exile.*

He

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He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe aſtarte [144],
Then fell down brethleſſe to encreaſe the corſe;
But as he drewe hys bowe devoid of arte,
So it came down upon Troyvillains horſe;
Deep thro hys hatchments [145] wente the pointed floe;
Now here, now there, with rage bleedyng he rounde doth goe.
Nor does he hede his maſtres known commands,
Tyll, growen furiouſe by his bloudie wounde,
Erect upon his hynder feete he ſtaundes,
And throwes hys maſtre far off to the grounde.
Near Adhelms feete the Normanne laie aſtounde [146],
Beſprengd [147] his arrowes, looſend was his ſheelde,
Thro his redde armoure, as he laie enſoond [148],
He peerced his ſwerde, and out upon the feelde
The Normannes bowels ſteemd [149], a deadlie ſyghte!
He opd and closd hys eyen in everlaſtynge nyghte.

Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normannes foughte,
A man well ſkilld in ſwerde and ſoundynge ſtrynge,

[144] *Afraid.* [145] *Caparisons.* [146] *Stunned.* [147] *Scattered.* [148] *In a ſwoon.* [149] *Reeked.*

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Who fled his country for a crime enſtrote [150],
For darynge with bolde worde hys loiaule kynge,
He at Erle Aldhelme with grete force did flynge
An heavie javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,
Alonge his ſheelde aſkaunte [151] the ſame did ringe,
Peered thro the corner, then ſtuck in the grounde;
So when the thonder rauttles in the ſkie,
Thro ſome tall ſpyre the ſhaftes in a torn clevis [152] flie.

Then Addhelm hurld a croched javlyn ſtronge,
With mighte that none but ſuch grete championes knowe;
Swifter than thoughte the javlyn paſt alonge,
Ande hytte the Scot moſt feircile on the prowe [153];
His helmet braſted [154] at the thondring blowe,
Into his brain the tremblyn javlyn ſteck [155];
From eyther ſyde the bloude began to flow,
And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck;
Down fell the warriour on the lethal ſtrande,
Lyke ſome tall veſſel wreckt upon the tragick ſande.

150 *To be puniſhed.* 151 *Slanting.* 152 *Cleft.* 153 *Forehead.* 154 *Burſt.* 155 *Stuck.*

CON-

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CONTINUED.

Where fruytleſs heathes and meadowes cladde in greie,
Save where derne [156] hawthornes reare theyr humble heade,
The hungrie traveller upon his wale
Sees a hūge deſarte alle arounde hym ſpredde,
The diſtaunte eitie ſcantlie [157] to be ſpedde,
The curlynge force of ſmoke he ſees in vayne,
Tis too far diſtaunte, and hys onlie bedde
Iwimpled [158] in hys cloke ys on the playne,
Whylſte rattlynge thonder forrey [159] oer his hedde,
And raines come down to wette hys harde uncouthlie bedde.

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes ſtandes,
Placd on eche other in a dreare arraie,
It ne could be the worke of human handes,
It ne was reared up bie menne of claie.
Here did the Brutons adoration paye
To the falſe god whom they did Tauran name,

[156] *Dreary, melancholy.* [157] *Scarcely.* [158] *Covered.* [159] *Deſtroy.*

Dightynge

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Dightynge[160] hys altarre with greete fyres in Maie,
Roaſtynge theyr vyctualle round aboute the flame,
'Twas here that Hengyſt did the Brytons ſlee,
As they were mette in councile for to bee.

Neere on a loftie hylle a citie ſtandes,
That lyftes yts ſcheafted[161] heade ynto the ſkies,
And kynglie lookes arounde on lower landes,
And the longe browne playne that before itte lies.
Herewarde, borne of parentes brave and wyſe,
Within thys vylle fyrſte adrewe the ayre,
A bleſſynge to the erthe ſente from the ſkies,
In anie kyngdom nee coulde fynde his pheer[162];
Now rybbd in ſteele he rages yn the fyghte,
And ſweeps whole armies to the reaulmes of nyghte.

So when derne Autumne wyth hys ſallowe hande
Tares the green mantle from the lymed[163] trees,
The leaves beſprenged[164] on the yellow ſtrande
Flie in whole armies from the blataunte[165] breeze;

[160] *Dreſſing.* [161] *Adorned with turrets.* [162] *Equal.* [163] *Smooth.* [164] *Scattered.* [165] *Noiſy.*

Alle

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Alle the whole fielde a carnage-howſe he ſees,
And ſowles unknelled hover'd oer the bloude;
From place to place on either hand he flees,
And ſweepes alle neere hym lyke a bronded[166] floude;
Dethe honge upon his arme; he fleed ſo maynt[167],
'Tis paſte the pointel[168] of a man to paynte.

Bryghte ſonne in haſte han drove hys fierie wayne
A three howres courſe alonge the whited ſkyen[169],
Vewynge the ſwarthleſs[170] bodies on the playne,
And longed greetlie to plonce[171] in the bryne.
For as hys beemes and far-ſtretchynge eyne
Did view the pooles of gore yn purple ſheene,
The wolſbimme[172] vapours rounde hys lockes dyd twyne,
And dyd disfygure all hys ſemmlikeen[173];
Then to harde actyon he hys wayne dyd rowſe,
In hyſſynge ocean to make glair[174] hys browes.

[166] *Furious.* [167] *Many.* [168] *Pen.* [169] *Sky.* [170] *Without ſouls, lifeleſs.* [171] *Plunge.* [172] *Loathſome.* [173] *Countenance.* [174] *Clear.*

Duke

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Duke Wyllyam gave commaunde, eche Norman knyghte,
That beer war-token in a ſhielde ſo fyne,
Shoulde onward goe, and dare to cloſer fyghte
The Saxonne warryor, that dyd ſo entwyne,
Lyke the neſhe[175] bryon[176] and the eglantine[177],
Orre Cornyſh wraſtlers at a Hocktyde game,
The Normannes, all emarchialld in a lyne,
To the ourt[178] arraie of the thight[179] Saxonnes came;
There 'twas the whaped[180] Normannes on a parre
Dyd know that Saxonnes were the ſonnes of warre.

Oh Turgotte, whereſoeer thie ſpryte dothe haunte,
Whither wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie ſyde,
Where thou mayſte heare the ſwotie[181] nyghte larke chaunte,
Orre wyth ſome mokynge[182] brooklette ſwetelie glide,
Or rowle in ferſelie wythe ferſe Severnes tyde,
Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleme[183]

[175] *Tender.* [176] *Wild-vine.* [177] *Sweetbrier.* [178] *Open.* [179] *Cloſed, conſolidated.* [180] *Aſtoniſhed.* [181] *Sweet.* [182] *Mocking, bubbling.* [183] *Enlighten.*

Wyth

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Wyth ſuch greete thoughtes as dyd with thee abyde,
Thou ſonne, of whom I ofte have caught a beeme,
Send mee agayne a drybblette[184] of thie lyghte,
That I the deeds of Englyſhmenne maie wryte.

Harold, who ſaw the Normannes to advaunce,
Seizd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys ſpere;
Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched[185] launce,
And groves of bylles did glitter in the ayre.
Wyth ſhowtes the Normannes did to battel ſteere;
Campynon famous for his ſtature highe,
Fyrey wythe braſſe, benethe a ſhyrte of lere[186],
In cloudie daie he reechd into the ſkie;
Neere to Kyng Harolde dyd he come alonge,
And drewe hys ſteele Morglaien ſworde ſo ſtronge.

Thryce rounde hys heade hee ſwung hys anlace[187] wyde,
On whyche the ſunne his viſage did agleeme[188],
Then ſtraynynge, as hys membres would dyvyde,
Hee ſtroke on Haroldes ſheelde yn manner breme[189];

[184] *Small portion.* [185] *Painted.* [186] *Leather.* [187] *Sword.* [188] *Shine.* [189] *Furious.*

Alonge

Alonge the fielde it made an horrid cleembe[190],
Coupeynge[191] Kyng Harolds paynćted ſheeld in twayne,
Then yn the bloude the fierie ſwerde dyd ſteeme,
And then dyd drive ynto the bloudie playne;
So when in ayre the vapours do abounde,
Some thunderbolte tares trees and dryves ynto the grounde.

Harolde upreer'd hys bylle, and furious ſente
A ſtroke, lyke thondre, at the Normannes ſyde;
Upon the playne the broken braſſe beſprente[192]
Dyd ne hys bodie from dethe-doeynge hyde;
He tournyd backe, and dyd not there abyde;
With ſtraught oute ſheelde hee ayenwarde[193] did goe,
Threwe downe the Normannes, did their rankes divide,
To ſave himſelfe lefte them unto the foe;
So olyphauntes[194], in kingdomme of the ſunne,
When once provok'd doth throwe theyr owne troopes runne.

[190] *Sound.* [191] *Cutting.* [192] *Scattered.* [193] *Backward.* [194] *Elephants.*

Harolde,

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Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armies ſtaie,
Nedeynge the rede [195] of generaul ſo wyſe,
Byd Alfwoulde to Campynon haſte awaie,
As thro the armie ayenwarde he hies,
Swyfte as a feether'd takel [196] Alfwoulde flies,
The ſteele bylle bluſhynge oer wyth lukewarm bloude;
Ten Kenters, ten Briſtowans for th' emprize [197]
Haſted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon ſtood,
Who aynewarde went, whylſte everie Normanne knyghte
Dyd bluſh to ſee their champyon put to flyghte.

As painctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wylde,
When yt is cale [198] and bluſtrynge wyndes do blowe,
Enters hys bordelle [199] taketh hys yonge chylde,
And wyth his bloude beſtreynts [200] the lillie ſnowe,
He thoroughe mountayne hie and dale doth goe,
Throwe the quyck torrent of the bollen [201] ave [202],
Throwe Severne rollynge oer the ſandes belowe
He ſkyms alofe [203], and blents [204] the beatynge wave,

[195] *Advice.* [196] *Arrow.* [197] *Enterpriſe.* [198] *Cold.* [199] *Cottage.* [200] *Sprinkles.* [201] *Swelling.* [202] *Wave.* [203] *Aloft.* [204] *Mixes with.*

Ne

Ne ſtynts [205], ne lagges the chace, tylle for hys eyne
In peecies hee the morthering theef doth ſhyne [206].

So Alfwoulde hé dyd to Campynon haſte;
Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd [207] the Normannes eyne;
Hee fled, as wolfes when bie the talbots chac'd,
To bloudie byker [208] he dyd ne enclyne.
Duke Wyllyam ſtroke hym on hys brigandyne,
And ſayd; Campynon, is it thee I ſee?
Thee? who dydſt actes of glorie ſo bewryen [209],
Now poorlie come to hyde thieſelfe bie mee?
Awaie! thou dogge, and acte a warriors parte,
Or with mie ſwerde I'll perce thee to the harte.

Betweene Erle Alfwoulde and Duke Wyllyam's bronde [210]
Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coulde bee,
Seezed a huge ſwerde Morglaien yn his honde,
Mottrynge [211] a praier to the Vyrgyne:
So hunted deere the dryvynge houndes will flee,
When theie dyſcover they cannot eſcape;

[205] *Stops.* [206] *Divide.* [207] *Aſtoniſhed.* [208] *Conteſt.* [209] *Shew.* [210] *Sword.* [211] *Muttering.*

And

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And feerful lambkyns, when theie hunted bee,
Theyre ynfante hunters doe theie ofte awhape;
Thus ſtoode Campynon, greete but hertleſſe knyghte,
When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to fyghte.

Alfwoulde began to dyghte [212] hymſelfe for fyghte,
Meanewhyle hys menne on everie ſyde dyd flee,
Whan on hys lyfted ſheelde withe alle hys myghte
Campynon's ſwerde in burlie-brande [213] dyd dree [214];
Bewopen [215] Alfwoulde fellen on his knee;
Hys Bryſtowe menne came in hym for to ſave;
Eftſoons upgotten from the grounde was hee,
And dyd agayne the touring Norman brave;
Hee graſpd hys bylle in ſyke a drear arraie,
Hee ſeem'd a lyon catchynge at hys preie.

Upon the Normannes brazen adventayle [216]
The thondrynge bill of myghtie Alfwould came;
It made a dentful [217] bruſe, and then dyd fayle;
Fromme rattlynge weepons ſhotte a ſparklynge flame;

[212] *Prepare.* [213] *Armed fury.* [214] *Drive.* [215] *Stupefied.* [216] *Armor.* [217] *Indented.*

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Eftſoons agayne the thondrynge bill ycame,
Peers'd thro hys adventayle and ſkyrts of lare [218];
A tyde of purple gore came wyth the ſame,
As out hys bowells on the feelde it tare;
Campynon felle, as when ſome cittie-walle
Inne dolefulle terrours on its mynours falle.

He felle, and dyd the Norman rankes dyvide;
So when an oke, that ſhotte ynto the ſkie,
Feeles the broad axes peerſynge his broade ſyde,
Slowlie hee falls and on the grounde doth lie,
Preſſynge all downe that is wyth hym anighe,
And ſtoppynge wearie travellers on the waie;
So ſtraught [218*] upon the playne the Norman hie

* * * * * * *

Bled, gron'd, and dyed: the Normanne knyghtes aſtound
To ſee the bawſin [219] champyon preſte upon the grounde.

As when the hygra [220] of the Severne roars,
And thunders ugſom [221] on the ſandes below,

[218] *Leather.* [218*] *Stretched out.* [219] *Huge.* [220] *Bore.* [221] *Terrible.*

The

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The cleembe [222] reboundes to Wedeceſters ſhore,
And ſweeps the black ſande rounde its horie prowe [223];
So bremie [224] Alfwoulde thro the warre dyd goe;
Hys Kenters and Bryſtowans ſlew ech ſyde,
Betreinted [225] all alonge with bloudleſs foe,
And ſeemd to ſwymm alonge with bloudie tyde;
Fromme place to place beſmeard with bloud they went,
And rounde aboute them ſwarthleſs [226] corſe beſprente [227].

A famous Normanne who yclepd [228] Aubene,
Of ſkyll in bow, in tylte, and handeſworde fyghte,
That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons ſleene,
Forre hee in ſothen [229] was a manne of myghte;
Fyrſte dyd his ſwerde on Adelgar alyghte,
As hee on horſeback was, and peersd hys gryne [230],
Then upwarde wente: in everlaſtynge nyghte
Hee closd hys rollyng and dymſyghted eyne.
Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam'd Adelred,
Bie various cauſes ſunken to the dead.

[222] *Noiſe.* [223] *Brow.* [224] *Furious.* [225] *Sprinkled.* [226] *Lifeleſs.* [227] *Scattered.* [228] *Called.* [229] *Truth.* [230] *Groin.*

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But now to Alfwoulde he oppoſynge went,
To whom compar'd hee was a man of ſtre [231],
And wyth bothe hondes a myghtie blowe he ſente
At Alfwouldes head, as hard as hee could dree [232];
But on hys paynćted ſheelde ſo biſmarlie [233]
Aſlaunte [234] his ſwerde did go ynto the grounde;
Then Alfwould him attack'd moſt furyouſlie,
Athrowe hys gaberdyne [235] hee dyd him wounde,
Then ſoone agayne hys ſwerde hee dyd upryne [236],
And clove his creſte and ſplit hym to the eyne.

* * * * * * *

[231] *Straw.* [232] *Drive.* [233] *Curiouſly.* [234] *Slanting.* [235] *Cloak.* [236] *Lift up.*

A GLOS-

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A GLOSSARY OF

UNCOMMON WORDS IN THIS VOLUME.

IN the following Gloſſary, the explanations of words by CHATTERTON, at the bottom of the ſeveral pages are drawn together, and digeſted alphabetically with the letter C after each of them. Thoſe printed in Italics are retained from the DEAN OF EXETER's edition, and thoſe with (*) affixed, are added by the preſent EDITOR.

The explanations which are not directly ſupported by authority, are marked with *qu.*

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A GLOSSARY.

A.

ABESSIE, E. III. 89. Humility. C. **Humble.*

Aborde. Ch. 89. *Went on.*

Aborne. T. 45. Burnished. C.

Abounde. H. I. 55. Do service or benefit.

Aboune. G. 53. Make ready. C.

Abredynge. Æ. 334. Upbraiding. C.

Abrewe. St. C. 60. As Brew.

Abrodden. E. I. 6. Abruptly. C. *Abroad.*

Acale. G. 191. Freeze. C.

Accaie. Æ. 356. Asswage. C.

Acheke. G. 47. Choke. C.

Achevments. Æ. 65. Services. C.

Achments. T. 153. Atchievments. C.

Acome. St. C. 95. As come.

Acroole. El. 6. Faintly. C. *Or, in a murmuring voice.*

Adave. H. II. 392. *Dawned upon.*

Adawe. St. C. 78. Awake.

Adawed. Æ. 398. H. II. 110. *Awakened.*

Adeene. Æ. 488. *Worthily.*

Adente. Æ. 395. Fastened. C.

Adented. G. 32. Fastened, annexed. C.

Adented. Æ. 490. *Indented, bruised.*

Aderne. H. II. 262. *Cruel, fierce.*

Adigne. *H.* II. 7. **Noble, worthy.*

Adoe. H. I. 202. **Delay.*

Adradde. H. II. 86. *Afraid.*

Adrames. Ep. 27. Churls. C. **Dreamers.*

Adrewe. H. II. 546. *Drew.*

Adventayle. Æ. 468. T. 13. *G.* 62. Armour. C.

Adyghte. C. H. 2. *Cloathed.*

Adygne. Le. 46. *St. C.* 125. Nervous, worthy of praise. C.

*Æterne. Æ. 821. 1078. Eternal. C.

Affere. Æ. 1068. *To affright, or terrify.*

* Affraie. n. Æ. 755. E. II. 53. Affright. C.

*Affraie. *v. E.* I. 7. 18. Æ. 794. *To terrify.* Affright. C.

*Affraie. v. *T.* 85. 108. To fight, or engage *in a fray.* C.

*Affryghte

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*Affryghte. *E.* III. 88. *H* I. 485. *Fear or fright.*

Affynd. H. I. 132. Related by marriage.

Afleme. G. R. 14. As Fleme, to drive away, to affright.

Ageſted. St. C. 9. * *Heaped up.*

**Agguylte.* *Æ.* 436. *Offended.*

Agleeme. H. II. 602. *To ſhine upon.*

Agrame. G. 89. 93. Grievance. C.

Agreeme. Æ. 356. Torture. C. G. 5. Grievance. C.

Agroſed, C. H. 6. As Agriſed, terrified.

Agroted. Æ. 348. 382. 944. Swollen.

Agylted. Æ. 334. Offended. C.

Aidens. Æ. 222, Aidance.

Aiglintine. T. 166. *Sweetbrier.*

Ake. E. II. 8. Oak. C.

Alans. H. II. 124. Hounds.

Alatche. Æ. 117. *Accuſe, qu.*

**Albeytte. Ep.* 21. *Æ.* 37. *Although.*

Aledge. G. 5. Idly. E.

*Alenge. E. II. 19. Along. C.

Aleſt. Æ. 50. Leſt.

Aleſtake. Æ. 168. *A maypole.*

All-a-boone. S. E. 4. E. III. 41. A manner of aſking a favour. C.

Allaie. H. II. 228. *Was allayed, or ſtopped. Allaie uſed as a verb neuter.*

Alleyne. Æ. 174. 191. E. I. 52. Only. C.

Almer. Ch. 20. Beggar. C.

Alofe. H. I. 292. *H.* II. 638. *Aloft.*

**Alſe. Æ.* 1025. 1062. *Elſe.*

Aluſte. H. I. 88.

*Aiyche. Æ. 454. 461. G. 200. E. II. 10. Like. C.

Alyne. T. 79. Acroſs his ſhoulders. C. **Unſtrung.*

Alyſe. *Æ.* 277. 407. Le. 29. Allow. C.

Amaine. H. I. 274. *With main force.*

Amate. *Æ.* 58. 1036. Deſtroy. C.

Amayld. E. II. 49. Enameled. C.

Amede. Æ. 1243. *Recompenſe.*

Ameded. *Æ.* 54. Rewarded. C.

Amenged. *S. E.* 37. *St. C.* 6. As menged, mixed.

Amenuſed. Le. 28. E. II. 6. Diminiſhed. C.

Ametten. M. 46. *Met with.*

Amielde. T. 5. Ornamented, enameled. C.

Aminge. Ch, 27. *Among.*

* *Aneighe,*

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*Aneighe. Æ. 244. *Near.*
Anenſte. Æ. 1074. 1081. *Againſt.*
Anente. Æ. 496. *T.* 27. *St. C.* 1. Againſt. C.
Anere. Ep. 48. Æ. 15. Another. C.
Anete, St. C. 64. *Annihilate.*
Anie. St. C. 59. As Nie, nigh.
Anie. H. II. 120. *Annoy. qu.*
Anlace. Æ. 642. G. 57. An ancient ſword. C.
*Annethe. Æ. 567. T. 243. Beneath. C.
Antecedente. Æ. 233. Going before.
Applynges. E. I. 33. Grafted trees. C. *Apple-trees.*
Arace. G. 156. Diveſt. C.
Arblaſter. H. II. 303. *A croſs bow.*
Arcublaſter. H. II. 52. *A croſs-bow.*
Arcublaſtries, H. II. 163. *Croſs-bowmen.*
Ardurous. S. E. 40. *Burning.*
Aredynge. E. II. 79. *Thinking.* **Reading. qu.*
*Argenthorſe. G. 33. The arms of Kent. C.
Ariſt. G. 210. Ch. 10. E. III. 51. Aroſe. C.
Armlace. H. II. 97. *Accoutrement for the arms.*
Armourbrace. Æ. 338. *St. C.* 20. *A ſuit of armour.*
Arrow-lede. H I. 74. **Path of the arrow. qu.*
Aſcaunce E. III. 52. Diſdainfully. C.
Aſcaunſe. Le. 17. *Obliquely.*
Aſenglave. H. I. 117. 423. *A launce.*
Aſkaunte. H. II. 143. *Obliquely.*
Aſkaunted. Le. 19. *Glanced.*
**Aſlape.* C. F. 10. *Aſleep.*
Aſlaunte. H. II. 716. *Slaunting.*
Aſlee. Æ. 503. *Slide or creep.*
Aſſaie. H. II. 285. *Make an attempt.*
*Aſſayle. *H. II.* 325. T. 94. Oppoſe. C.
Aſſeled. E. III. 14. Anſwered. C.
Aſshrewed. Ch. 24. Accurſed. Unfortunate. C.
Aſſwaie. Æ. 352. *To aſſay, put to trial.*
Aſtarte. H. II. 482. *Started from, or afraid of.* **Neglected. qu.*
Aſtedde. E. II. 11. Seated. C.
Aſtende. G. 47. Aſtoniſh. C.
Aſterte. G. 137. Neglected. C.
*Aſton. Æ. 479. E. II. 5. 70. Aſtoniſhed. C.

Aſtounde.

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Aſtounde. Æ. 730. M. 83. T. 35. Aſtoniſh. C.

Aſtounded. St. C. 55. Aſtoniſhed.

**Aſtrodde. Æ. 444. T. 59. *Aſtride. Mounted.*

Aſyde. St. C. 90. *By the ſide.* Perhaps, Aſtyde, aſcended.

Athrowe. H. II. 718. Through.

Athur. H. II. 466. As, Thurgh, through. *Athwart.*

Attend. H. I. 467. Aſſiſt. **Guard.*

Attenes. Æ. 18. 140. G. 109. At once. C.

Attoure. T. 115. Turn. C.

Attoure, Æ. 322. Around.

Atturne. Æ. 583. E. III. 47. To turn.

Auctboure. P. G. 7. Author.

Ave. H. II. 636. For, Eau, Fr. Water.

**Avele. Æ. 1055. Prevail*

Aumere. Ch. 7. Æ. 397. A looſe robe or mantle. C. E. III. 24. Borders of gold or ſilver, &c. C.

Aunture. H. II. 133. As Aventure, adventure.

**Auntyent, Ep. 1. Æ. 999. T. 42. Ancient.*

Aure. Le. 14. Or, the color of gold in heraldry.

Autremere. Ch. 52. A looſe white robe worn by prieſts. C.

Awhape. H. II. 658. Aſtoniſh, **affright.*

Awhaped. Æ. 399. H. II. 643. Aſtoniſhed. C.

Aye. E. I. 30. Ever, always.

Aynewarde. Ch. 47. H. II. 616. Backwards. C.

B.

**Balefull. E. I. 20. E. II. 30. Woeful, lamentable. C.

Bane. n. Æ. 320. 543. Hurt damage.

Bane. v. Æ. 528, 532. Curſe.

Baned. Æ. 512. Curſed.

Bankes. T. III. Benches.

Bante. Æ. 207. 521. Curſed.

**Barb'd. H. II. 261. Armed.*

Barbde haulle. Æ. 219. *Hall hung round with armor.*

Barbe. St. C. 103. Beard.

Barbed horſe. Æ. 27. Covered with armor.

Baren. Æ. 879. For, Barren.

Barganette. T. 41. E. III. 49. A ſong or ballad. C.

**Barriere. Æ. 440. Confine, or boundary.*

**Barrowes. Æ. 678. Tombs, mounds of earth.*

Bataunt. Ba. 276. 292. A ſtringed inſtrument played on with a plectrum. qu.

Battayles. Æ. 707. Boats, ſhips. Fr.

Batten. G. 3. Fatten. C.

Battent. T. 52. Loudly. C.

Battentlie,

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Battentlie. Æ. 825. G. 50. Loud roaring. C.

Battone. H. I. 520. Beat with ſticks. Fr.

Baubels. Ent. 7. Jewels C.

Bawſyn. Æ. 57. M. 101. H. II. 690. Large C.

*Bayne. Ent. 2. Ruin. C.

Bayre. E. II. 76. Brow. C.

Beave. H. II. 336.———

Beaver. H. I. 55. 111.——— *Beaver, or viſor.*

**Bede-roll. Ch.* 47.

**Beer. H.* I. 45. *H.* II. 572. *Bear.*

*Beeveredd. T. 115. Beaver'd. C.

Beheſte. G. 60. T. 33. Command. C.

*Beheſteynge. T. 46. Commanding. C.

Behight. H. II. 355. *Name.*

Behylte. Æ. 939. Promiſed, C.

**Behylte, Æ.* 1101. *Forbade.*

Behyltren. Æ. 359. *Hidden.*

Belent. H. II. 121. *Stopped, at a fault, or ſtand.*

Boune. Æ 590. T. 149. Ready, C.

Bourne. H. II. 198. *Boundary, promontory.*

Bourne. Æ. 482. *Bounded, limited.*

Bowke. Æ. 771. T. 19. Body. C.

Bowkie. G. 133. Body. C.

Bowting matche. S. E. 2. *Conteſt.*

**Braſte. Æ.* 383. 614. *Burſt.*

Braſteth. Æ. 293. G. 123. Burſteth. C.

Braſteynge. Æ. 417. 678. *S. E.* 16. *Burſting.*

*Braunce. v. G. 89. Branch. C.

*Braunces. n. E. III. 86. Branches. C.

**Brauncynge. Æ.* 1021. *Branching.*

Brayd. G. 77. Diſplayed. C.

Brayde. Æ. 1009. *Embroider.*

**Brayne. Æ.* 84. *Brain, care.*

*Brede. G. 63. 95. E. II. 4. Broad. C.

**Bredren. T.* 78. *Brethren.*

Breme. n. G. 12. G. R. 17. Strength. C.

Breme. adj. Æ. 425. E. II. 6. H. II. 614. Strong. C.

Bremie H. II. 695. *Furious.*

Brende. Æ. 996. G. 50. Burn, conſume. C.

*Brendeynge. Æ. 635. 1036. G. 200. Flaming. C.

Bretful. Ch. 19. Filled with. C.

Brionie, Æ. 119. *H.* II. 575. *Briony, or wild vine.*

Broched. H. II. 335. 593. Pointed.

Bronde. H. II. 302. *Fury, or ſword. qu. Bronded.*

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Bronded. H. II. 558. *Furious.*
Brondeous. Æ. 760. 1072. E. II. 24. Furious. C.
Brondeynge. Æ. 703. *Furious.*
Brooklette. St. C. 1. *H.* II. 584. *Rivulet.*
Browded. G. 130. St. C. 43. Embroider'd. C.
Brued. H. I. 10. *Embrued.*
Brutylle. Æ. 69. *Brittle, frail.*
*Brygandyne. G. 62. H. II. 645. Part of armor. C.
Brynnynge. Æ. 680. 992. Declaring. C.
Burled. Æ. 486. M. 20. Armed. C.
Burlie-bronde. H. II. 664. G. 7. Fury, anger. C.
Byelecoyle. C. F. 2. Belacueil. Fr. The name of a perſonage in the Roman de la Roſe, which Chaucer has render'd Fair-welcoming.
Byker. v. Æ. 566. *Fight, or engage.*
Byker. n. Æ. 246. 402. Battle.
Bykerous. Æ. 942. M. 37. Warring. C.
Byſmare. M. 95. Bewildered, curious.
Byſmarelie. Le 26. Curiouſly. C.

C.

Cale. Æ. 853. Ch. 26. Cold.
Calke. G. 25. Caſt. C.
Calked. E. I. 49. Caſt out. C.
Caltyſning. G. 67. Forbidding. C.
Carnes. Æ. 1242. Rocks, ſtones. Brit.
Caſtle ſtede. Ent. 8. G. 100. E. I. 50. A caſtle. C.
Caſtle ſtere. S. E. 40. *Æ.* 565. *The hold of the caſtle.*
Caties. H. II. 67. Cates.
Caytyſnede. Æ. 32. 1133. Binding, enforcing. C.
Celneſs. Æ. 881. *Coldneſs.*
Chafe. Æ. 191. Hot. C.
Chaſtes. G. 201. Beats, ſtamps. C.
Champyon. v. P. G. 12. T. 149. Challenge. C.
Champyone n. Æ. 590.
Champyonne adj. T. 134. *H.* I. 24.
Chaper. G. 123. E. III. 47. Dry, ſun-burnt. C.
Chapournette. Ch. 45. A ſmall round hat. C.
Charie. St. C. 116. *Dear.*
Cheeſe. Æ. 43. *St. C.* III. *Chuſe.*
Chefe. G. II. Heat, raſhneſs. C.
Chelandree. Æ. 105. Ch. 5. Goldfinch. C.
Cheorte. C. F. 4. *Chearful.*

Cheriſaunei.

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Cheriſaunei. Ent. I. Æ. 214. Comfort C.

Cheriſaunied. Æ. 838. *Comfortable.*

Cheves. Ch. 38. Moves. C. **Rather, advances to an head.*

Chevyced. Ent. 2. Preſerved. C.

**Cheynedd. Le* 39. *Chained, reſtricted.*

Chirckynge. M. 23. A confuſed noiſe. C.

**Chop. n. St. C.* 120. *An exchange.*

**Choppe. v. Ba.* 187. *To exchange.*

Chroughe. Æ. 156. 570. *Choughs, jackdaws.*

Church-glebe-houſe. Ch. 24. Grave. C.

*Chyrche-glebe. El. 27. Church yard. C.

Clangs. Ch. 38. *Sounds loud.*

Cleembe. H. II. 605. 693. *Noiſe, ſound.*

**Cleere. M.* 94. *Famous.*

**Clefs. M.* 10. *Cliffs.*

Cleme. E. II. 9. Sound. C.

Cleped. M. 99. *St. C.* 11. *Named.*

**Clerche. Æ.* 420. *Clergy.*

Clergyon. P. G. 8. Clerk, or clergyman. C.

Clergyond. Ent. 13. Æ. 74. Taught. C.

Clevis. H. 11. 46. 510. *The cleft of a rock.*

Cleyne. Æ. 1101. *Sound.*

Clinie. H. I. 431. *Declination of the body.*

Cloude ageſted. St. 6. 9.

Clymmynge. Ch. 37. Noiſy. C.

Coiſtrell. H. II. 88. *A ſerving lad.*

*Comfreie plant. E. I. 36. Cumfrey. C.

**Commilie. St. C.* 126. *Comely, neat.*

Compheeres. Æ. 51. M. 21. Companions. C.

Congeon. E. III. 89. Dwarf. C.

Contake. T. 87. Diſpute C.

Conteins. H. I. 223. For, Contents.

Conteke. E. II. 10. Confuſe, contend with. C.

*Contekes. G. 45. Contentions, complaints. C.

Contekions. Æ. 552. Contentions. C.

Cope. Ch. 50. A cloke. C.

*Corteous. T. 123. Worthy. C.

Corven. Æ. 56. *Form, ſhape, or repreſent.*

Cotte. E. II. 24. Cut. C.

Cottes. E. II. 33. A kind of boat. C.

**Cotteynge. Ep.* 34. *Cutting.*

**Covent. Ch.* 16. *Convent.*

Coupe

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Coupe. E. II. 7. Cut. C.
*Coupynge. G.66. H.II.606. Cutting, mangling, C.
Couracyers. Æ. 922. T. 74. Horſe-courſers, C.
Coyen. Æ. 125. Coy. qu. *coy, modeſt.*
Craſed. Le. 35. Broken.
Cravent. n. E.III.39. T.127. Coward, C.
Cravente, adj. Æ 714. Coward, C.
Creand. Æ. 580. As, Recreand, *cowardly.*
**Crewel. H. I.* 193. *Cruel.*
**Criſtede. H. I.* 55. 352. *Creſted.*
Croche. G. 26. Croſs, C.
Crocheđ. H. II. 511.
Crokyde, H.II. 413. *Crooked.*
Crokynge. Æ. 119. Bending.
Croſs-ſtone. Æ. 1121. Monument, C.
**Crouche. Ch.* 63. *Crucifix.*
Crouchee. St.C. 63. *Crucifix.*
Crouched. G. 110. One who takes up the croſs, &c. C.
Croucheynge. Æ. 751. Crooked, winding.
Cryne. Æ. 850. Hair, C.
Cuarr. St. C. Quarry, qu.
Cuiſhe. H. II. 328. *Armor for the thigh.*
Cullys yatte. E. I. 59. Portcullis gate. C.
Curdell. Æ. 221. To card.
Curriedowe. G. 176. Flatterer, C.
Cuyen kyne. E. I. 35. Tender cows, C. **Rather, quiet, domeſtic.*

D.

Dacya. S. E. 15. Denmark.
*Daie brente. E. III. 54. Burnt, C.
Daiſe eyed. El. 15. Daiſied.
**Damoyſelles. Æ.* 100. 1111. *Damſels.*
Danke. Æ. 97. El. 17. Damp.
Dareygne. G. 26. Attempt, endeavour. C.
Darklinge. Æ. 1126. Dark.
*Daygnous. Æ. 50. Diſdainful, C.
**Deathdoeynge. H. I.* 50. *Murdering.*
Declynie. H. I. 161. Declination, qu.
Decorn. E. II. 14. Carved, C.
**Deene. C. F.* 11. *To dine.*
Deene. E. II. 69. Glorious, worthy, C.
Deere. Æ. 583. E. III. 88. Dire, C.
Defayte. G. 52. Decay, C.
Defs. M. 9. Vapours, meteors, C.
Defte. Æ. 859. Ch. 7. St. C. 87. Neat, ornamental, C.
*Deftlie. Ep. 6. Æ. 947. 1119. Sweetly, C.

Deigned.

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Deigned. E. III. 53. Disdained, C.

Delievretie. T. 44. Activity. C.

*Delle. E. III. 48. H. II. 363. Valley. C.

Demasing. H. I. 276. *Musing.*

Dente. Æ. 885. *Weave, indent.*

Dented. Æ. 263. **Fastened, annexed.* H. I. 196. 257. *Sharp pointed.*

Dentful. H. II. 673. *Indented, full of dents.*

Denwere. G. 141. 170. Doubt. M. 13. Tremor. C.

*Depeyncte. G. 8. E. I. 58. Paint, display, C.

*Depicted. T. 4. H. II. 30. Painted, or displayed, C.

Depycte. Æ. 39. *Painted.*

Depyctures. T. 7. Drawings, paintings, C.

Dequace. G. 56. Mangle, destroy, C.

Dequaced. St. C. 38. *Sunk, quashed.*

Dere. Ep. 5. Hurt, damage, C.

Derkynnes. Æ. 229. Young deer. qu.

Derne. Æ. 581. H. II. 359. *Terrible.*

Derne. H. II. 522. *Melancholy.*

Dernie. Æ. 683. M. 166. E. I. 19. Woeful, lamentable, cruel, C.

Desslavatie. H. II. 333. *Disloyal, unfaithfull.*

Desslavatie. Æ. 1046. Letchery, C. *Rather, undeceitfulness, unfaithfulness.*

Detratours. H. II. 28. *Traitors.*

Deysde. Æ. 46. Seated on a deis.

Dheie. They.

Dheere. There.

**Dherebie. P. G.* 3. *T.* 127. *Thereby.*

Dhereof. Thereof.

Difficile. Æ. 358. Difficult, C.

**Diffraunce. T.* 17. *Variety.*

Dighte. Ch. 7. Dreſt, arrayed, C.

Dightynge. H. II. 537. *Preparing, dressing.*

Dispande. L. C. II. 14. *Expanded.*

Dispended. Ch. 38. *Exhausted.*

*Dispente. G. 151. Expended, C.

Disponed. L. C. II. 4. *St. C.* 27. *Disposed.*

*Distraughte. Æ. 454. 500. T. 63. E. II. 53. Distracted, C.

Divinistre.

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Diviniſtre. Æ. 141. G. P. 4. Divine, C.
Dolce. Æ. 1186. Soft, gentle, C.
Dole. n. Æ. 29. 267. G. 137. Lamentation, C.
Dole. n. St. C. 117. *Portion.*
Dole. adj. C. H. 13. *Doleful.*
Doled. Æ. 504. *Doleful.*
Dolle. R. C. 10. *Share.*
Dolte. Ep. 27. Fooliſh. C.
*Dome. Le I. Æ. 245. E. I. 51. Fate. C.
Donde. H. I. 34. *Finiſhed.* 51. *Put on.*
Donne. Ep. 35. *Done, ended.*
Dortoure. Ch. 25. A ſleeping room. C.
Dote. St. C. 20. Perhaps as Dighte. *Cloathed.*
*Doughtie. Æ. 20. 240. St. C. 19. Hardy, valorous. C.
*Doughtilie. T. 92. Furiouſly. C.
Doughtremere. H. II. 481. D'outre mer. Fr. From beyond ſea.
Druſſs. Æ. 716. *The refuſe, or what is caſt away.*
Dreare. H. II. 263. *Dreary.*
Dree. Æ. 769. 982. H. II. 664. *Draw, or drive.*
Dreerie. Æ. 267. 628. *M.* 10. *Dreary, terrible.*
Drefte. Æ. 466. Leaſt. C.
*Drenche. Æ. 85. T. 48. Ch. 30. E. III. 19. Drink. C.
Drented. G. 91. Drained. C.
Drented. Ch. 45. *St. C.* 22. *Soaked, drenched.*
Drerie. Æ. 295. *Dreary.*
Dreyncted. Æ. 237. Drowned. C.
Drierie. Æ. 292. 381. *E. II.* 15. *Terrible.*
Drites. G. 65. Rights, liberties. C.
Drocke. T. 40. Drink. C.
Droke. Æ. 460. *Dry.*
Droncke. Æ. 88. *Drank.*
Droorie. Ep. 47. Druerie is. Courtſhip, gallantry. C.
Drooried. Æ. 127. Courted.
Drybblette. Le 29. Æ. 1189. M. 7. E. II. 48. Small, inſignificant. C.
Dulce. St. C. 103. As, Dolce.
Dureſſed. E. I. 39. Hardened. C.
Dyghte. Æ. 2. 162. *As, Dight.*
Dyghtynge. Æ. 1131. *As, Dightynge.*
Dygne. Le. 52. Æ. 1099. T. 89. Worthy. C.
*Dygner. G. 76. More worthy. C.
Dyngeynge. Æ. 458. *Sounding.*
Dynne. Æ. 255. 422. *Noiſe.*

*Dynneth, Ep. 27. Sounds, C.
*Dynns, T. 51. Sounds, C.
Dynnyng, E. I. 25. Sounding, C.
Dyſpendynge, Æ. 715. *Expending.*
*Dyſpenſe, G. 150. Expence C.
Dyſperpelleſt, Æ. 414. Scattereſt, C.
Dyſporte, E. I. 28. Pleaſure, C.
*Dyſporteynge, E. III. 9. Sporting, C.
Dyſportyſmente, Æ. 250. As, Dyſporte.
Dyſregate, Æ. 542. *To break connection or fellowſhip.*
**To degrade*, qu.

E.

Edraw, H. II. 52. For Ydraw, Draw.
Eeke, Æ. 462. *Amplification, exaggeration.*
Efte, Ep. 8. Æ. 204. E. II. 78. Often, C.
*Efte, Æ. 449. T. 116. Again, C.
Eftſoones, Æ. 484. G. 151. E. III. 54. Quickly. C.
*Egederinge, G. 122. Aſſembling, gathering, C.
Eke, Æ. 20. E. I. 27. Alſo, C.
Ele, M. 74. Help, C.
Eletten, H. I. 413. *Light upon.*
Eletten, Æ. 447. Enlighten, C.
**Elmen, Ch.* 40. *Elms.*
Elocation, Lad. 12. *Elocution.*
Elves, Ch. 27. *Perſonages, people.*
**Emarſchalled, Le II. H. II.* 577. *Arranged.*
Emblaunched, M. 10. E. I. 36. Whitened, C.
Embodyde, E. I. 33. Thick, ſtout, C.
*Embollen, Æ. 595. Ch. 38. Swelled, ſtrengthened, C.
Embowre, G. 134. Lodge, C. *Rather, inhabit, cultivate.*
Emburled, E. II. 54. Armed, C.
Emmate, Æ. 34. Leſſen, decreaſe, C.
Emmers, G. R. 7. *Coined money.*
Emmertleynge. M. 72. Glittering, C.
*Empriſe, v. M. 74. Adventure, C.
*Empprize, Æ. 449. G. 53. Enterprize, C.
Enactynge, Æ. 44. *Acting.*
Enalſe, G. 159. Embrace, C.

Encalede.

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Encalede, Æ. 917. Frozen, cold, C.

Enchafed, Æ. 967. M. 60. Heated, enraved, C.

*Enchafynge, E. II. 56. Encouraging, heating, C.

Encheere, Æ. 754. *Encourage.*

**Encontrynge.* T. 36. *Encountring.*

**Enfouled.* Æ. 1120. *Vitiated, polluted.*

Engarlanded, St. C. 7. *Wearing a garland.*

Engyne, Æ. 150. 381. Torture.

Engyned, Æ. 1188. *Tortured.*

**Enharme*, S. E. 45. *To do harm to.*

Enheedynge, St. C. 105. *Taking heed.*

Enhele, Æ. 1140. *Heal.*

*Enhepe, G. 113. E. I. 15. Add, C.

Enlefed, Æ. 164. 742. *Full of leaves.*

Enleme, H. II. 586. *Enlighten.*

Enlowed, Æ. 605. Flamed, fired, C.

Enrone, Æ. 660. *Unsheath.*

Enseem, L. C. II. 15. H. II. 128. *Seem.*

Enseme, Æ. 970. To make seams in. qu.

Ensemeynge, Æ. 745. As, seeming.

Enshone, Ba. 263. *Shewed.*

Enshotynge, T. 174. Shooting, darting, C.

Enstrote, H. II. 503. *Deserving punishment.* qu.

Enswolters, Æ. 628. Swallows, sucks in, C.

Enswote, Æ. 1174. Sweeten. q.

Ensyrke, S. E. 44. Encircle.

Ent, G. 149. 165. St. C. 122. G. R. 1. E. III. 57. A purse, or bag, C.

Entendemente, Æ. 261. H. I. 5. Understanding.

Enthoghte, H. I. 116. 336. *Thinking.*

Enthoghte, H. II. 67. *Thought of.*

Enthoghteynge, Æ. 703. *Thinking.*

Entremed. L. C. II. 4. *Intermixed.*

Entrykeynge, Æ. 304. 326. As, Tricking.

Entyn, P. G. 10. Even, C.

*Enryonnd, T. 50. Worked with iron, C.

**Eraced*, C. H. 4. *Banished, erazed.*

**Erlie*, H. II. 12. *Earl.*

*Ermiett's, E. I. 24. Hermits, C.

Erste, Æ. 99. Formerly.

Estande, H. II. 271. For, Ystande, stand.

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Eſtells, E. II. 16. 50. A corruption of Eſtoile, Fr. A ſtar, C.

Eſtroughted, Æ. 918.—— *Stretched out.*

Ethe, n. Æ. 814. G. 37. T. 163. Eaſe, C.

Ethe, adj. Æ. 819. T. 99. Eaſy, C.

*Ethe, v. Æ. 945. Ch. 83. Eaſe, C.

Ethie, St. C. 49. 85. Eaſy.

Evalle, E. III. 38. Equal, C.

*Eve-merk, E. II. 16. Dark evening, C.

Eveſpeckte, T. 56. Marked with evening dew, C.

*Everichone, T. 130. Every one, C.

Everyche, *Every.*

Ewbryce, Æ. 1084. Adultery, C.

Ewbrycious, St. C. 60. Laſcivious.

Eyne gears, St. C. 13. *Objects of the eyes.*

Eyne ſyghte, St. C. 141. Eye ſight.

F.

**Fadre*, *Father.*

Fage, Ep. 30. M. 55. Tale, jeſt, C.

*Faie, Æ. 39. P. G. 3. Faith, C.

Faifully, Æ. 44. T. 147. Faithfully, C.

Faitour, Ch. 66. St. C. 37. A beggar, or vagabond. C.

Faldſtole, Æ. 61. A folding ſtool or ſeat.

*Far-kend, E. I. 24. Far ſeen, C.

Fayre, Æ. 1203. 1223. Clear, innocent.

Featlieſt, *H. I.* 206. *Moſt beautiful.*

**Federed*. Æ. 510. *Feathered.*

Feere, Æ. 729. 964. Fire.

Feerie, Æ. 415. 620. M. 9. 57. E. II. 45. Flaming, C.

Fele, T. 27. Feeble, C.

Felle, *Ep. 5. Æ. 280. G. 119. Cruel, bad.*

Fellen, E. I. 10. Fell. pa. t. ſing, qu.

**Ferſe*, Æ. 966. *Violent, fierce.*

Ferſelie, *H. I.* 212. 421. *Fiercely.*

Fetelie, G. 24. Nobly, C.

Fetyve, Ent. 7. Æ. 658. Ch. 12. L. C. II. 2. As Feſtive. *Elegant, beautiful.*

Fetyvelie, Le. 42. Elegantly, C.

Fetyveneſs, Æ. 399. As Feſtiveneſs, *Chearfulneſs.*

Feygne, *G.* 110. *Willing.*

Feygnes, E. III. 78. A corruption of feints, C.

Fhuir, Æ. 520. G. 58. Fury,

Fie, T. 123. Defy, C.

Flaiten,

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Flaiten, H. I. 84. *Horrible, or undulating, qu.*
Flanched, St. C. 90. H. II. 242. Arched.
**Fleers, Æ. 509. Fliers, runaways.*
Fleeting, H. II. 87. Flying, paſſing.
Fleme, Æ. 422. To terrify.
Flemed, Æ. 767. T. 56. Frighted, C.
Flemie, St. C. 12. *Frightfully.*
Flemeynge, Æ. 1008. Terrifying.
**Fleurs, Æ. 880. Flowers.*
Flizze, G. 197. Fly, C.
*Floe, T. 48. H. II. 54. Arrow, C.
** Florryſchethe. Æ. 122. Blooms, flouriſhes.*
Flott. Ch. 34. Fly, C. *Float.*
Flotting, H. II. 42. Floating or undulating.
*Floure Seyncte Marie, E. I. 37. Marygold, C.
*Flourette, E. III. 37. Flower, C.
**Flytted, Æ. 734. Fled.*
*Foemen, G. 2. 55. 196. E. II. 39. Foes, C.
Foile, E. III. 78. Baffle, C.
Fonnis, Æ. 421. E. II. 14. Devices, C.
Fons, T. 4. Fancys or devices, C.
Fore, Æ. 244. Before.
Forefende, Ba. 141. H. I. 249. Forbid.
Forgarde, Æ. 424. 564. Loſe, C. St. C. 57. *Loſt.*
Forletten, El. 19. Forſaken, C.
Forloyne, Æ. 721. 728. Retreat, C.
Forrey, H. II. 528. Deſtroy.
Forreying, T. 114. Deſtroying, C.
Forſlagen, Æ. 1075. 1090. G. 99. Slain, C.
Forſlege, Æ. 1077. 1105. G. 175. Slay, C.
Forſtraughte, St. C. 58. Diſtracted.
Forſtraughteynge, G. 34. Diſtracting, C.
Forſwat, Ch. 30. Sun burnt, C.
Forweltrynge, Æ. 617. Blaſting, C.
Forwyned, Æ. 414. Ch. 23. E. III. 36. Dried, C.
*Foulke, G. 17. People, C.
**Foutie, Fury.*
**Fowlyng, St. C. 52. Defiling.*
*Fraie, T. 124. E. II. 40 Fyght, C.
Fremde, Æ. 430. Strange, C.
Fremded, Æ. 554. Frighted, C.
Freme, Æ. 267. *Strange.*

**Fructuous,*

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*Fructiwous, H. I. 6. *Fruitful, uſeful,*
Fruetyle, Æ. 185. Fruitful.
*Fryghte, El. 20. Fear, C.
*Fuired, E. III. 87. Furious, C.
Furched. Æ. 518. Forked.

G.

Gaberdyne. Æ. 251. T. 88. 168. H. II. 718. A piece of armor, C. *A cloak.*
Gallard, Ch. 39. Frighted, C.
Gare, F.p. 7. Æ. 414. 632. Cauſe, C.
Gaſtneſs, Æ. 412. Ch. 31. Ghaſtlineſs.
*Gaumtlette. n. T. 88. H. I. 494. Glove, C.
Gauntlette, adj. S. E. 7. Challenging.
Gauntlette, v. T. 116. To challenge.
Gayne, Æ. 821. Advantageous, gainful.
Geare, Æ. 285. 290. M. 68. H. I. 19. Apparel, accoutrement.
Geaſonne, Ent. 7. G. 120. Rare, extraordinary, ſtrange, C.
Geer, H. I. 300. Dreſs.
Geete, Æ. 736. As, Gite.
*Gelten, E. III. 24. Guilded, C.
Gemot, n. H. II. 388. Council.
Gemote, v. G. 94. Aſſemble, C.
Gemoted, M. 58. E. II. 38. Aſſembled, united, C.
Gerd, M. 7. Broke, rent, C.
Gies, G. 207. Guides, C.
Gier, H. I. 527. A turn or twiſt.
Gif, If, C.
Gites, Æ. 2607. G. 32. Robes, mantles, C.
Glair, H. II. 570. *Shining, clear.*
Glairie, Ch. 69. *Clear, ſhining.*
*Glare, E. II. 37. Glitter, C.
Gledes, H. II. 217. Glides.
Gledeynge, M. 22. Livid, C.
*Gleme, Æ. 927. E. II. 4. Shine, glimmer, C.
Gleſter, M. 22. 104. E. II. 27. To ſhine.
*Gleſtreynge, Æ. 591. *Shining, glittering.*
Glomb, G. 175. Frown, C.
Glommed, Ch. 22. Clouded, dejected, C.
*Gloure, Ch. 90. Glory, C.
Glowe, S. E. 40. * *Shine, gleam.*
Glytted, H. II. 272. *Shone, or glided, qu.*
Gore-depycted, Æ. 762. Painted with blood.
Gore-red, E. II. 16. Red as blood.
Gorne, E. I. 36. Garden, C.
Gottes, Æ. 494. 739. Drops.

Gouler,

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Gouler, St. C. 76. *Uſurer.*
**Gouſhynge*, *H. I.* 57. *Guſhing.*
Graiebarbes, Le. 25. Greybeards, C.
Grange, E. I. 34. Liberty of paſture, C.
Gratche, Æ. 115. 594. M. 68. 80. Apparel, C.
Grave, C. F. 2. Chief magiſtrate, mayor. *Epithet given to the Aldermen, qu.*
Gravots, E. I. 24. Groves, C.
*Gre, Æ. 886. G. 67. Ch. 26. St. C. 103. Grow, C.
Greaves, H. II. 276. *A part of armor.*
Grees, T. 16. E. I. 44. Grows, C.
**Greeynge*, Æ. 1130. *Growing.*
Grete, T. 24. *Greeted, ſaluted.*
Groffile, Æ. 547. *Groveling, mean.*
Groffyngelye, Ep. 33. Fooliſhly, C. *Vulgarly, abjectly.*
Groffyſhe, Æ. 257. *Uncivil, rude.*
Gron, G. 90. A fen, moor, C.
Gronfer, Æ. 460. 642. E. II. 45. A meteor, from gron, a fen, and fer, a corruption of fire, C.
Gronfyres, G. 200. Meteors, C.
Grore, H. II. 27.
Groted, Æ. 337. Swollen, C.
Gryne, H. II. 706. *Groin.*
**Grypped*, Æ. 708. *Graſped.*
Gule depeynɛted, E. II. 13. Red painted, C.
Gule ſteynɛt, G. 62. Red ſtained, C.
**Guyfts*, *Ep.* 21. Æ. 1118. *Gifts, talents.*
**Guylde*, *G.* 152. *Aſſeſs, tax.*
**Guylteynge*, Æ. 179. *Gilding.*
*Gye, M. 79. A guide, C.
**Gyf*, *If.*
Gyte, Æ. 606. As, Gite.
Gytelles, Æ. 437. 806. Mantels, C.

H.

Habergeon, H. II. 346. *Coat of mail.*
Haile, E. III. 60. Happy, C.
Hailie, Æ. 148. 409. M. 63. As, Haile.
Halceld, M. 37. Defeated, C.
Hallidome, H. II. 148. *Holy church, qu.*
Hallie, Ep. 9. 43. Æ. 21. 31. Holy, C.
Hallie, Æ. 33. Wholely.
Halline, Ch. 82. Joy, C.
*Hamlettes, G. 181. Manors, C.

Han,

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Han, Æ. 733. H. I. 5. 74. Hath, qu. *Rather had.*

Hancelled, G. 49. Cut off, deſtroyed, C.

Handeſworde, H. II. 702. *Back ſword.*

Hane, G. 20. *Has, qu.*

Hann, plu. Æ. 59. *Had.*

Hanne, ſing. Æ. 409, Had, part, qu. Æ. 684. Had, pa, t, ſing, qu.

Hantoned, Æ. 1093. *Accuſtomed, qu.*

**Harrie, Æ.* 1040. *Harraſs, qu.*

Harried, Æ. 209. M. 82. Toſt, C.

Harte of Greece, H. I. 494. *A ſtag.*

Hatchedd, S. E. 35. *Covered with hatchments.*

Hatchments, H. II. 280. 488. *Atchievements. Coat armor.*

Haveth, E. I. 17. Have 1ſt perſ. qu. Æ. 34. Hath, 3d perſ. qu.

Havyoure, Æ. 715. *Behavior.*

Heafod, Æ. 495. G. 198. E. II. 7. Head, C.

Heavenwere, Æ. 759. G. 146. M. 97. Heavenward, C.

**Heaulme, G.* 81. 211. *T.* 18. *Helmet, crown.*

Hecket, Æ. 394. Wrapped, cloſely, covered, C.

Heckled, M. 3. Wrapped.

**Hedes, T.* 60. *Regards, attends to.*

Heie, Le. 5. 9. G. 174. E. II. 15. They, C.

Heideygnes, E. III. 77. H. II. 16. A country dance, ſtill practiſed in the North, C.

Hele, v. Æ. 557. G. 139. 179. To help, C.

Hele, n. Æ. 1041. G. 127. Help, C.

Hem, Le 24. A contraction of them, C.

Hendie ſtroke, H. I. 95. *Hand ſtroke, cloſe fighting.*

Hente, T. 175. Graſp, hold, C.

Hentylle, Æ. 1160. *Cuſtom.*

**Her, Ent.* 6. *For, their.*

Herehaughtes, M. 78. *Heralds.*

*Herehaughtrie, Le. 8. Heraldry, C.

*Herawde, T. 21. 121. Herald, C.

Herſelle, Æ. 279. Herſelf.

*Heſte, v. G. 138. Require, aſk, C.

Heſte, n. Æ. 446. 1181. H. II. 28. *A command.*

Hete, St. C. 62. *Promiſed.*

Hight, L. C. I. 11. *Named, called.*

Hiltrene,

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Hiltrene, G. 59. Hidden, C.
Hiltring, Ch. 12. Hilding, C.
Hoaſtrie, E. I. 26. Inn, or public houſe, C.
Hoiſtes, H. II. 305. *Lifts up.*
**Hollie*, Æ. 331. *Holy.*
Holtred, Æ. 293. Hidden, qu.
*Hommageres, T. 46. Servants, C.
Hommeur, Æ. 1189. *Honor, humor, qu.*
Honde poyncte, Æ. 273. *Index of a clock, marking hour or minute.*
Hopelen, Æ. 398. *Hopeleſſneſs.*
Harrowe, M. 2. Unſeemly, diſagreeable, C.
Horſe millanare. Ch. 56.
Hove, H. I. 431. **Lifted up, threw.*
Houton, M. 93. R. C. 6. Hollow, C.
Hulſtred, M. 6. Hidden, ſecret, C.
**Hus, G.* 153. *Houſe.*
Huſcarles, Æ. 921. 1193. H. II. 80. Houſe ſervants.
Hyger, Æ. 626. The flowing of the tide in the Severn was anciently called the Hygra. Gul. Malmeſt. de Pontif. Ang. Lib. 4.
Hyghte, M. 110. R. C. 2. Named, called.
Hygra, H. II. 326. 691.
Hylle fyre, Æ. 681. A beacon.
Hylte, Ep. 2. T. 168. Hid, ſecreted, Æ. 1058. Hide, C.
*Hylted, T. 47. Hidden, C.
**Hyltren*, T. 65. Æ. 417. *Hidden.*
*Hynde, Ep. 20. Æ. 723. Peaſant, C.
**Hyndlettes*, Æ. 774. 992. *Servants.*

I.

**Jade, E. III.* 62. *To render languid, fatigue.*
Jape, Ch. 74. A ſhort ſurplice, &c. C.
Jernie, H. II. 217. *Journey.*
Jeſte, G. 195. Hoiſted, raiſed, C.
Ifrete, G. 2. Devour, deſtroy, C.
Ihantend, E. I. 40. Accuſtomed, C.
Jintle, H. II. 82. For gentle.
Immengde, St. C. 90. *Mixed, mingled.*
Impeſtering, E. I. 29. Annoying, C.
Impleaſaunce, Æ. 285. Unpleaſantneſs.
Inhild, El. 14. Infuſe, C.
**Inveſtynge,*

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*Inveſtynge, Æ. 478. Cloathing.
*Joice, El. 14. Juice, C.
Joice, Æ. 186. Juicy.
Jouſtedd, T. 158. Juſted.
Iſhad, Le. 27. Broken, C. Shed.
Ithink, H. II. 158. Think.
Jubb, Æ. 84. E. III. 72. A bottle, C.
Iwreene, C. H. 9. Diſcloſed.
Iwimpled, H. II. 528. Wrapped up.
*Iwys, E. II. 75. Certainly, C.
Jyned, Æ. 763. Joined.
Jynynge, E. II. 37. Joining.

K.

Ken, Ep. 36. Le. 37. E. II. 6. See, diſcover, know, C.
Kenns, Ep. 14. 28. Knows, C.
*Kenne, Ep. 39. Ent. 13. Know.
Kepe, G. 133. To take care of.
Keppened, Le. 44. Careful.
Kerveth, Æ. 417. Cutteth, deſtroyeth, qu.
Kiſte, Ch. 25. Coffin, C.
Kivercled, E. III. 63. The hidden or ſecret part, C.
Knite, T. 44. Joined.
Knopped, M. 14. Faſtened, chained, congealed, C.
*Rather, broken, nipped.
*Knowlache, E. III. 8. Knowledge, C.
Knowlached, H. I. 76. Known, diſtinguiſhed.
Knowlachynge, H. I. 283. Knowing.
*Knowlachynge, L. C. I. 9. Ep. 15. Knowledge, C.
*Kynde, E. III. 4. Nature, C.
Kynge coppes, Æ. 112. S. E. 16. E. I. 31. Butter flowers.

L.

*Labrynge, St. C. 77. Laboring, agitated.
*Lackynge, H. I. 28. Wanting, deſiring.
Ladden, H. I. 206. Lay.
Lare, H. II. 676. Leather.
Laudes, Ep. 28. Praiſes.
Lave, H. II. 397. Waſh.
*Laverde, Æ. 156. Lord, C.
Laveynge, M. 6. Waſhing.
*Lazing, L. C. II. 21. Indolent, lazy.
Lea, Æ. 619. Field, or paſture.
Leaſe, H. II. 463. Loſe.
Leathal, Æ. 665. G. 58. El. 49. E. I. 42. Deadly, C.
Lechemanne, Æ. 31. Phyſician.

Leckedſt,

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Leckedſt, H. II. 332. *Moſt deſpicable, qu.*
*Lecture, El. 28. Relate, C.
Lecturn, Le. 46. Subject, C.
Lecturnyes, Æ. 109. Lectures, C.
Ledanne, Æ. 1142. *Heavy, qu.*
Leden, El. 30. Decreaſing, C.
**Lee, Ep.* 6. *Song.*
**Lee, M.* 103. *H. II.* 364. *Field, paſture.*
Leeche, H. II. 260. *Phyſician.*
Leege, G. 173. Homage, obeyſance. C.
Leegefolcke, G. 43. 137. 147. Subjects, C.
*Leegefull, T. 89. E. I. 3. Lawful, C.
Leegemen, H. I. 31. 217. *Subjects.*
**Leffed, H. I.* 141. *Left.*
Lege, Ep. 3. Law, C.
Leggen, M. 92. Leſſen, alloy, C.
Leggende, M. 33. Alloyed, C.
Lemanne, Æ. 132. Miſtreſs.
**Leme, v. Æ.* 915. *Lighten up.*
Lemed, Æ. 605. M. 31. Lighted. El. 7. Gliſtened, C.
Lemes, Æ. 42. 183. 922. Lights, rays, C.
Lere, Æ. 567. H. II. 597. Seems to be put for leather.
Leſſel, Æ. 208. El. 25. A buſh, or hedge, C.
Lete, G. 60. Still, C.
Lethalle, Æ. 461. 1082. S. E. 18. El. 21. Deadly, or deathboding, C.
Lethlen, Æ. 272. Still, dead, C.
Letten, Æ. 927. Churchyard, C.
Levyn-blaſted, El. 43. *Struck with lightning.*
Levyn-mylted, Æ. 461. Lightning-melted, qu.
Levyn-plome, Æ. 950. *Feathered lightning.*
Levynde, El. 18. Blaſted, C.
Levynne, Æ. 242. 518. M. 104. Ch. 35. T. 124. Lightning, C.
Levynne bronde, Æ. 413. *Flaſh of lightning.*
Liefe, Æ. 217. *Choice.*
Liff, E. I. 7. Leaf.
Likand, H. II. 177. Liking.
Limed, El. 37. Glaſſy, C.
Limitoure, Ch. 75. A licenced begging friar.
Limmed, M. 90. Glaſſy, reflecting, C.
Liſſedd, T. 97. Bounded, C.
*Liſſeth, M. 15. Boundeth, C.

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Liſt, v. H. I. 554, *Concern, cauſe to care.*
Liſteynge, St. C. 2. *Liſtening.*
Lithie, Ep. 10. Humble, C. *Flexible, * inſinuating.*
Loaſte, Æ. 455. Loſs.
**Locke, Æ.* 632. *Luck, good fortune.*
**Lockleſs, Æ.* 249. *Luckleſs, unfortunate.*
**Lode, H.* 1. 386. *Load.*
Lode, H. 1. 33. *Praiſe, honor, qu.*
Logges, E. 1. 55. E. III. 2. Cottages, C.
**Longe ſtraughte. Æ.* 1116. *Far extended, lengthened.*
Lordynge, T. 57. Standing on their hind legs, *C. Rather, dull, heavy.*
**Lore*, Ep. 13. S. E. 6. Learning, C.
Lote. H. 1. 256. *Lot. fortune.*
Loverde, Æ. 270. 274. 666. E. III. 29. Lord, C.
**Loughe, n.* Ep. 27. Laugh, C.
Louſlie. Æ. 1170. *Luſty, luſtfull.*
Low. G. 50. Flame of fire, C.
Lowes, Æ. 681. 745. T. 137. Flames, C.
Lowings, Ch. 35. Flames, C.
Lowynge, Æ. 621. *Flaming, burning.*
Lurdanes, H. I. 36. *Lord Danes.*
**Lycheynge, E. III.* 5. Liking, C.
**Lyene, H. II.* 407. Lye.
Lyghethe, Æ. 626. *Lodgeth.*
Lymmed, M. 33. Poliſhed, C.
Lynche, Æ. 931. El. 37. Bank, C.
Lynge. Æ. 376. Stay, C. *Linger.*
Lyoncelle, Æ. 505. E. II. 44. Young lion, C.
Lyped, El. 34. *Linked, united, qu.*
Lyſſe, T. 2. Sport or play, C.
Lyſſed, Æ. 53. Bounded. C.
**Lyvelyhode, Æ.* 961. Life, C.

M.

Magyſtrie H. II. 140. *Maſtery, victory.*
**Marvelle, G.* 172. E. II. 70. Wonder, C.
Mancas, G. 136. 149. 174. Marks, C. *Mancuſes.*
Manchyn, H. II. 222. A ſleeve, Fr.
Marckes, G. 163. *G. R.* 2. *A money of account in value two thirds of a pound.*

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pound, but here erroneouſly made ſynonimous with the mancuſa.

Maſterie, Æ. 595. 762. *Maſtery, victory.*

Maſterſchyppe, Æ. 591. *Maſtery, victory.*

Mate, *H. II.* 137. *Match.*

Maugre, *H. I.* 204. *Notwithſtanding, in ſpite of.*

**Maynt*, *St. C.* 86. *H. II.* 559, *Many.*

*Mede, Æ. 62. T. 107. Reward, C.

Mee, Æ. 62. III. 161. M. 8. Ch. 2. E. I. 31. Meadow, C.

Meeded, Æ. 39. Rewarded.

**Melancholych. El.* 16. *Melancholy.*

Memuine, H. II. 120, *Meſnie-men, attendants.*

Menged, *El.* 42. *H. II.* 118. *Mixed, the many.*

Meniced, St. C. 146. Menaced, qu.

Mennys, Æ. 1109, *Men.*

*Menſuredd, T. 2 Bounded or meaſured, C.

**Menynge*, *Ep.* 20 *meaning*

Mere, G. 58, Lake, C.

Merke, Æ. 1231. T. 55. 163. Dark, and gloomy.

Merke-plant, T. 176. Nightſhade C. *Rather, ivy.*

Merker, Æ. 1012. *Darker.*

Merkneſs, Æ. 1005. 1128. *Darkneſs.*

Merkye, Æ. 1058. *Dark.*

Meve, *H. I.* 485. *Move.*

Meynte, Ep. 40. Æ. 74. M. 77. E. I. 31. Many, great numbers, C.

Mical, *H. I.* 214. *Much, mighty.*

Mieſel, Æ. 550. myſelf.

Miſkynette, El. 22. A ſmall bag pipe, C.

Miſt, Ch. 49. Poor, needy, C.

Mitches, El. 20. Ruins, C.

*Mitte, G. 153. A. contraction of mighty, C.

Mittee, M. 65, G. 125. E. II. 28. mighty, C.

Mockler, St. C. 105. More, *Greater, mightier.*

**Moke*, Æ. 964. *Dark.*

Moke, Ep. 5. P. G. I. G. 137. Much, C.

Mokie, Æ. 434. G. 48. Lad. 17. El. 29. Black, C.

Mokynge, *H. II.* 584. *mocking, murmuring, qu.*

Mole, Ch. 4. ſoft, C.

Mollock, G. 90. Wet, moiſt, C.

**Molterynge*, *Le.* 35. *R. C.* 3. *Mouldy, mouldring,*

**Mone*, *E. II.* 50. *Moon.*

**Moneynge*, *Ch.* 17. *Lamenting, moaning.*

Morthe,

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*Morie, Æ. 459, *Marſhy.*
*Mormryngе, Æ. 751. G. 18. *murmuring.*
Morthe, Æ. 307. *Death, murder.*
Morthynge, El. 4. Murdering, C.
*Moſe, Ch. 7. *Moſt.*
*Moſte, Æ. 14. *Muſt.*
Mote, P. G. 10. M. 83. E. I. 22. Might, C.
Motte, H. II. 184. Word, or motto.
*Mottring, St. C. 4. *H. II.* 654. *Muttering, murmuring.*
Myckle, Le. 16. T. 96. Much, C.
*Mychte, Æ. 262. *Mighty.*
Myghte amein, H. I. 72. Main force.
Myndbruche, Æ. 400. St. C. 74. 145. *Firmneſs of mind, ſenſe of honor, qu.*
Mynemenne, H. II. 435. *Miners.*
Mynſterr, G. 75. Ba. 305. S. E. 41. Monaſtery, C.
*Mynſtrelle, E. III. 80. A minſtrel is a muſician, C.
Myrynge, Æ. 1217. *Wallowing.*
Myſtell, H. II. 157. *Miſcall.*
Myſterk, M. 33. Myſtic, C.

N.

Ne, Le. 11. Æ. 36. P. G. 6. Not, C.
Ne, St. C. 43. *No, or, none.*
Ne, St. C. 58. Nigh, or, nearly.
Nedere, Ep. II. Æ. 252. 290. Adder, C.
Neete, St. C. 41. Night.
Neſh, Æ. 163. T. 16. Weak, tender, C.
Nete, Le. 2. Æ. 114. 551. 570. Nothing, C.
Nete, Æ. 399. 895. M. 22. Night.
Nethe, Æ. 404. *Beneath.*
Nillynge, Le. 16. Unwilling, C.
Nome-depeyncted, E. II. 17. Rebus'd ſhields, &c. C.
Notte, Æ. 300. *Knot, faſten.*
Notte browne, St. C. 49. Nut brown.
Noyance, Æ. 453. *Annoyance.*

O.

*Oares, *E. II.* 13. *Wherries.*
Oathed, Æ. 1104. *Bound upon oath.*
Obaie, Æ. 385. E. I. 41. E. II. 26. Abide, C.
Offrendes, Æ. 51. 421. Preſents, offerings, C.
Olyphauntes, Æ. 57. H. II. 619. Elephants, C.
*Onflemed,

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*Onflemed, G. 192. Undiſmayed, C.
Onknowlachynge, G. 171. T. 178. E. II. 26. Ignorant, unknowing, C.
Onliſt, Le. 45. Boundleſs, C.
Onlyghte, Æ. 678. *Darken qu.*
Ontylle, Æ. 1036. *Until.*
**Onwordie*, *G.* 172. *Unworthy.*
**Oppe*, *T.* 45. *Up.*
**Optics*, *H. I.* 407. *Eyes.*
Orreſts, G. 100. Overſets, C.
Ouch'd, T. 80.
Overeſt, Æ. 442. *Uppermoſt.*
**Ounde*, Æ. 366. 449, *E. II.* 8. *Wave.*
Oundynge, Æ. 440. *Undulating, ſwelling, qu.*
Ouphante, Æ. 887. 928. H. I. 229. Ouphen, Elves.
Ourt, H. II. 578. *Overt. Fr. Open. qu.*
Ouzle, Æ. 104. Black bird, C.
*Owlett. T. 56. E. I. 8. Owl, C.
Owndes, G. 91. Waves, C.

P.

Paizde, *H. II.* 223. *Poiſed.*
Pall, Ch. 31. Contraction from appall to fright, C.
Paramente, Æ. 52. St. C. 45. Robes of Scarlet, C. M. 36. A princely robe, C.
Parker, *E I.* 36. *Park-keeper.*
**Paſſente*, *El.* 28. *Paſſing.*
*Paſſent, T. 67. Walking leiſurely, C.
Paves, Æ. 647. Shields.
Pavyes, Æ. 432. Shields.
Payrde, *L. C. II.* 15. *Compared.*
Peede, Ch. 5. Pied, C.
Peene, Æ. 482. *Pain.*
Pencte, Ch. 46. Painted, C.
Penne, Æ. 727. Mountain.
Penſmenne, P. G. I. Writers, hiſtorians, C.
Percaſe, Le. 21. Æ. 387. 1108. Perchance, C.
Perdie, *H. I.* 147 * *For a certainty.*
**Pere*, Æ. 186. *Pear.*
*Pere, E. I. 41. Appear, C.
Pereynge, Æ. 96. *Appearing, peeping.*
Perforce, Æ. 635. H. I. 353. *Of neceſſity.*
Perpled, St. C. 99. Purple, qu. *Scattered, diffuſed, qu.*
Perſante, Æ. 560. 597. Piercing.

Pete,

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Pete, Æ. 1000. *Beat, or pluck, qu.*

*Peynctedd, Ep. 4. Painted, C.

Pheeres, Æ. 46. 202. Fellows, equals, C.

Pheon, H. II. 272. In heraldry, The barbed head of a dart.

Pheryons, St. C. 147.

Picte, E. III. 91. Picture, C.

*Piercedd, T. 133. Broken, or pierced through with darts, C.

Pittie golphe, H. I. 517. The hollow of the pit.

Pleasaunce, Ep. 12. Æ. 962. M. 44. Pleasure, blessing.

*Plies, T. 50. Sounds, C. *Rather, bends, or frequently uses.*

Plonce, H. II. 564. Plunge.

**Pole, H. I. 164. 378. The crown of the head.*

Pouche, Ch. 62. Purse.

Poyntelle, Æ. 6. 649. 682. Le. 44. A pen, &c. C. **In the last place rather exactness, punctilio.*

**Pre, v. Æ. 513. To prey.*

**Pre, n. Æ. 636. Prey.*

**Preche, Æ. 833. Preach, exhort, recommend.*

**Preestschyppe, E. III. 42. Priesthood.*

Prevyd, Æ. 23. Hardy, valorous, C.

Proto-slene, H. II. 38. First slain.

Prowe, H. I. 108. H. II. 504. Forehead.

*Prowes, Æ. 505. G. 32. Might, power, C.

Puerilitie, H. I. 67. Childhood.

Pyghte, Æ. 60. 1083. 1137. G. 39. 76. T. 38. Pitched, or bent down. M. 73. Settled, C.

Pyghtethe, Ep. 15. Plucks, or tortures, C.

Pynant, Le. 4. Languid, insipid, pining, meagre.

Q.

Quacedd, T. 14. Vanquished, C.

Quansed, Æ. 241. 427. Stilled, quenched, C.

Quayntysled, T. 4. Curiously devised, C.

Queede, Æ. 283. 455. 986. The evil one, the devil.

Quent, S. E. 28. Quaint, strange.

R.

Rampynge, Æ. 282. T. 6. Furious.

Receivure, G. 151. Receipt, C.

Recendize, Æ. 543. For, Recreandize, cowardice.

Recer,

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Recer, H. I. 87. For, Racer.
Recrandize, Æ. 1192. For, Recreandize, Cowardice.
Reddoure, Æ. 30. Violence, C.
Rede, Le. 18. Æ. 2. 68. Wiſdom, C.
Reded, G. 79. Counſelled, C.
Redeynge, Æ. 227. 601. Advice.
Regrate, Le. 7. Æ. 1038. M. 70. Eſteem, Favor, C.
Reine, T. 27. E. II. 25. Run, C.
Rele, n. Æ. 529. G. 144. M. II. Wave, C.
Reles, v. Æ. II. 63. Waves, C.
*Rennomde, Æ. 732. H. I. 344. *Honored, renowned.*
Rennome, Æ. 287. 480. T. 28. Honor, glory, C.
Rentynge rolls. St. C. 127.
Rentrolle, Ch. 86.
*Requiem, Ep. 19. A ſervice uſed over the dead, C.
*Reſponſed, St. C. 4. *Anſwered.*
*Rewynde, Ba. 58. *Ruined.*
Reyne, Æ. 481. 509. G. 120. Run, C.
Reynynge, Æ. 627. 846. Ch. 72. Running, C.
Reytes, Æ. 899. Waterflags, C.
Ribaude, Ep. 9. Rake, lewd perſon, C.
Ribbande geere. St. C. 44. Ornaments of ribbands.
*Ribible, E. I. 25. Violin, C.
**Rieſe, E. II. 8. Riſe.*
Riped, Æ. 181. Ripened.
Rodded, Ch. 3. Reddened, C.
Roddie, Æ. 1014. M. 5. Red.
*Roddie levynne. M. 104. Red lightning, C.
Rode, Æ. 851. E. I. 59. Complexion, C.
Roder, Æ. 1064. Rider, traveller.
Rodeynge, Æ. 324. Riding.
Roghlynge, T. 69. Rolling, C.
Roiend, Æ. 577. Ruined.
Roſtlying, E. I. 7. Ruſtling.
Rou, Æ. 303. 526. G. 10. Horrid, Grim, C.
Rouncy, Le. 32. Carthorſe, C.
Royn, Æ. 324. Ruin.
Royner, Æ. 242. 324. 613. Ruiner.
Rynde, Æ. 1191. Ruined.
*Ryne, Æ. 254. Run.

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S.

Sabalus, E. I. 22. The Devil, C.

Sabbataners, Æ. 275. 583. *Booted Soldiers.*

**Sable*, *Le.* 14. *Black, in heraldry.*

*Sable, E. II. 60. Blacken, C.

Sable, Æ. 1009. *Darkneſs.*

Sable Æ. 1006. 1053. *Black,*

Saie, *H. I.* 51. *Sagum Lat. Military cloak.*

Sanguen, *El.* 10. *Bloody.*

Sarim's plain, *H. I.* 301. *Saliſbury plain.*

'*Sayld*, *H. II.* 299. *Aſſailed.*

Scalle, Æ. 202. 730. 996. Shall, C.

Scante, Æ. 1132, Scarce, C.

Scantillie, Æ. 1009. H. II. 525. Scarcely, ſparingly, C.

Scarpes, Æ. 52. Scarfs, C.

Scarre, Æ. 982. *Mark.*

*Scathe, Ep. 12. Hurt, damage, C.

Scathe, *Ch.* 86. *Scarce.*

Scaunce-layd, *C. H.* 5. *Uneven.*

Scaunoing, *St. C.* 56. *Glancing, or looking obliquely.*

Scethe, T. 96. Damage, miſchief, C.

**Schaftes*, Æ. 253. *Shafts, arrows.*

Scheafted, *H. II.* 542. *Adorned with turrets.*

Scille, E. III. 33. Gather, C.

Scillye, G. 207. Cloſely, C.

Scolles, Æ. 238, Sholes.

Sconde, H. I. 20. for Abſcond.

**Scritched*, *H. I.* 436. *Shrieked, ſcreamed.*

Seck, H. I. 461. for Suck.

Seeled, Ent. II. Cloſed, C.

Seere, Æ. 1163. Search, C.

**Selke*, Æ. 250. *Silk.*

Selyneſſe, Le. 56. Æ. 81. C. H. I. Happineſs, C.

Semblamente, *St. C.* 10. *Appearance.*

Semblate, St. C. 67. *Appearance.*

Seme, E. III. 32. Seed, C.

Semecope, Ch. 87. A ſhort under-cloke, C.

Semlykeene, Æ, 9. 1145. G. 56. Countenance, beauty, C.

Semmlykeed, Æ. 298. St. C. 113 *Countenance.*

Sendaument, St. C. 126. *Appearance.*

Sete, Æ. 1068. Seat.

Shap, Æ. 34. 364. T. 36. Fate, C.

Shap ſcurged, Æ. 602. Fate-ſcourged, C.

Sheene T. 3. *E. II.* 19. *Luſtre, ſhine.*

**Sheene*,

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*Sheene, Le. 36. Æ. 8. To shine.

Shemres, Æ. 9. E. II. 37. Shines.

Shemrynge, Æ. 738. G. 14. T. 3. E. II. 14. Glimmering, C.

Shente, Æ. 1092. T. 157. Broke, destroyed, C.

Shepen, St. C. 97. *Innocent qu.*

Shepherr, Æ. 87. 115. E. I. 6. Shepherd, C.

Shettynge, Ch. 69. *Shooting.*

Shoone pykes, Ch. 53. St. C. 44. Shoes with piked toes. The length of the pikes was restrained to two inches, by 3. Edw. 4. c. 5.

Shotte, Æ. 994. *Shut.*

Shotteyng, E. I. 37, *Closing, shutting,*

Shrove, H. II. 432. *Shrouded*

*Siker, H. II. 97, *Sure.*

Skyne, H. II. 405. *Sky.*

*Slea, G. 51. 85. Slay, C.

*Sleath, E. I. 43. Destroyeth, killeth, C.

*Sledde, Ba. 189. *Sledge, hurdle.*

*Slee, Æ. 968. G. 68. Slay, C.

*Sleene, Æ. 415. 693. G. 125. Slain, C.

Sleeve, H. I. 178. *Clue of thread.*

Sletre, Æ. 538. 800. Slaughter.

*Sleyghted, St. C. 74. *Slighted.*

*Sleynges, T. 79. *Slings.*

Slughornes, Æ. 255. 690. E. II. 9. A musical instrument, not unlike a hautboy, T. 31. A kind of clarion, C.

Smethe, Æ. 817. 1100. T. 101. Smoke, C.

Smething, Æ. 409. 607. G. 10. T. 161. Smoking, C.

Smore, H. I. 412. *Besmeared*

Smothe, Ch. 36. Steam, or vapors, C.

Snett, T. 46. Bent, C. *Snatched up, qu.*

*Snoffelle, C. F. 4. *Snuff up.*

Sockeynge, Æ. 442. *Sucking*

Solle, R. C. 9. *Soul.*

Sorfeeted, Æ. 604. *Surfeited*

Sothe, Æ. 39. *Truth.*

Sothen, Æ. 227. H. II. 704. Sooth, qu.

Soughle, Æ. 8. 279. 414. *Soul.*

*Soughlys, E. III. 63. Souls C.

Souten, H. I. 252. For, Sought, pa. t. sing, qu.

Sparre, H. I. 26. A wooden bar. *or inclosure.*

Spedde, St. C. 5. H. II. 525. *Reached, attained, qu.*

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Spencer, T. II. Diſpenſer, C.
Spere, Æ. 69. *Allow. qu.*
Sphere, Æ. 488. *spear.*
**Splete*, *H. I.* 110. 295. *Cleaved, ſplit.*
Sprenged, Æ. 161. *Sprinkled.*
*Sprytes, Æ. 195. 286. E. II. 1. Spirits, ſouls, C.
Spyryng, Æ. 706. Towering.
**Staie*, *H. II.* 621. *Support, prop.*
Staie, H. I. 198. *Faſtening.*
Starks, T. 73. Stalks.
**steck*, *H. II.* 516. *Stuck.*
*Stedneſs, G. 169. Firmneſs, ſtedfaſtneſs, C.
Steeked, Æ. 1187.
**Steemde*, *H. I.* 234. *Reeked, ſteamed.*
Steemie, *H. I.* 386, *steaming.*
Steeres, S. E. 40 Stairs.
Stent, T. 134. Stained, C.
Steynced, Æ. 189. *Alloyed, or ſtained, qu.*
**Steyne*, *Ent.* 5. *Stain, blot, diſgrace.*
Stoke H. I. 511. *stuck.*
Storthe, G. R. 10. *Death.*
Storven, Æ. 607, Dead, C.
**Storven*, Æ. 441. *For, ſtrove, qu.*
**Stowe*, *H. II.* 251. *Place, city.*
Straughte, Æ. 59. 164. G. 198. T. 143. Stretched, C.
Stre, *H. II.* 712. *straw.*
Stree, *H. II.* 454. *strew.*
Stret, Æ. 158. Stretch, C.
Strev. Æ. 54. 356. Strive.
Stringe, G. 10. E. I. 35. Strong, C.
**strynge*, Æ. 504. 643. *Strong.*
Stynts. H. II. 639. *Stops.*
**Subſtant*, *H. I.* 189. *Subſtantial.*
Suffycyll, Æ. 62. 980. *Sufficient.*
*Super-hallie, G. 78. Over righteous, C.
*Surcote, E. I. 5. A cloke or mantel which hid all the other dreſs, C.
**Suſter*, Æ. 389. *G.* 54. *Siſter.*
**Swanges*, *Ch.* 40. *Wave to and fro.*
Swarthe, Æ. 265. *Spirit, ghoſt.*
Swarthleſs, H. II. 563. *Dead, expired.*
Swarthynge, Æ. 295. *Expiring.*
Sweft-kervd, E. II. 20. ſhort liv'd, C. *Rather quick made.*
*Sweltrie, T. 61. Ch. I. Sultry, C.

Swolterynge,

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Swolterynge, Æ. 444. *Overwhelming, qu.*
*Swolynge, G. 91. Swelling, C.
*Swote, Æ. 43. E. I. 23. Sweet, C.
*Swotelie, Æ. 157. T. 169. Sweetly, C.
Swotie, Æ. 101. E. II. 9. Sweet, C.
Swythe, Æ. 117. 431. Quickly, C.
Swythen, T. 12. Quickly, C.
Swythyn, Æ. 206. Quickly, C.
Syke, Le. 13. Æ. 12. E. II. 6. Such, so, C.
sythe, S. E. I. since.
Sythence, Æ. 470. 717. Since then.

T.

Takells, Æ. 278. 509. T. 72. Arrows, C.
Talbots, H. II. 453. A species of dogs.
Teeming, H. I. 5. Prolific.
Teint, H. I. 462. For, Tent, *Rather, Tincture.*
Tempeſt-chaft, E. III. 92. Tempeſt-beaten, C.
Tende. T. 113. Attend or wait, C.
Tene, Æ. 366. Sorrow.
Tentyflie, E. III. 48. Carefully, C.
Thight, H. II. 578. *Conſolidated, cloſed.*
Thilk, H. I. 81. 203. That, or, ſuch.
*Thoſe, Æ. 140. G. 25. Thus.
Thoughtenne, Æ. 172. 1135. Ch. 54. For, Thought, pa, t, ſing.
Thraſſarke, *qu.* H. II. 427. *For, Thraſteves,* Thruſhes.
Throſtle, Æ. 857. Thruſh.
*Thyk, G. 28. Such, C.
Thyſſen, E. II. 27. Theſe or thoſe, qu.
Tochelod, Æ. 205. *Tackled, or joined, qu.*
Tore, Æ. 964. 1019. Toreh, C.
Toſte, Æ. 458. For, Toſs.
*Tourneie, T. 85. 126. H. I. 133. Turnament, C.
Trechit, H. II. 93. For, Treget, Deceit.
Treynted, Æ. 454, *Scattered.*
*Trone, G. 38. 131. E. II. 11. Throne, C.
*Trothe, E. III. 60. Truth, C.
Troulie, St. C. 124. True, truly.
*Tryckde, M. 68. Ba. 296. *Dreſſed.*
*Twaie, G. 200. Two, C.
*Twayne, E. III. 70. Two, C.

Twighte,

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Twighte, M. 7. E. II. 78. Plucked, pulled, C.

*Twiſtynde, T. 55. Twiſted, entangled.

Twytte, E. I. 2. Pluck or pull, C.

Tyde, Æ. 86. 291. For, betyde.

Tynge, Æ. 282. Tongue.

Tynge, M. 49. Tint, tinge.

Tyngue, Æ. 353. 512. Tongue.

Tytend, H. I. 488. Tightened, faſtened.

V.

Val, T. 188. Helm, C.

Venge, H. I. 119. Vengeance, revenge.

Vengouſlie, H. I. 347. Revengefully.

Vengynge, H. II. 64. Revenging.

Vernage, H. II. 11. Vernaccia, Ital. A ſort of rich wine.

Verte, T. 81. Green branches and leaves.

Ugſomlie, Æ. 555. Terribly.

Ugſomme, Æ. 303. 594. Terrible, E. II. 55. Terribly, C.

Ugſomneſs, Æ. 506. Terror, C.

*Villeyn, H. I. 419. 560. Vaſſal, ſervant.

Virgyne, Ch. I. The ſign of Virgo.

Unaknelled, H. I. 288. Without any knell rung for them, qu.

Unburled, Æ. 1185. G. 27. Unarmed, C.

*Uncouthe, M. 13. Unknown, C.

Uncted, M. 39, Anointed, C.

Undelievre, G. 27. Unactive, C.

Undevyſe. Æ. 448. Explain.

Unenhantend, Æ. 635. Unaccuſtomed, C.

Uneſpryte, G. 27. Unſpirited, C.

*Uneyned Æ. 515. Blind.

*Ungentle, P. G. I. Inglorious, Ch. 18. Beggarly, C.

Unhailie, Ch. 85. Unhappy, C.

*Unkend, G. 59. Unknown, C.

Unknelled, H. II. 556. As, Unaknelled.

Unliart, P. G. 4. Unforgiving, C.

Unliſte, E. III. 86. Unbounded, C.

Unlored, E. 25. Unlearned, C.

Unlydgefulle, Æ. 536. Rebellious, diſobedient.

Unplyte, Æ. 1237. G. 86. Explain, C.

Unquaced, E. III. 90. Unhurt, C.

Unſprytes

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Unſprytes, Æ. 1221. Unſouls, C.
Untentyff, G. 79. Uncareful, neglected, C.
*Unthewes, M. 32. Barbarity, C.
Unthylle, T. 30, Uſeleſs, C.
Unwere, Æ. 519. 965. E. III. 87. Tempeſt, C.
Unwote, *H. I.* 261. *Unknown.*
Volunde, Æ. 73. Memory, underſtanding, G. 140. Will, C.
Upryſte, Æ. 927. G. 59. Riſen, C.
Upryne, H. II. 719. *Raiſe up.*
Upſwalynge, Æ. 258. E. II. 15. Swelling, C.
*Upſwol, E. II. 84. Swollen, C.
**Vyed*, Æ. 41. *Viewed.*

W.

Walſome, H. II. 92. Wlatſome, loathſome.
Wanhope, G. 34. Deſpair. C.
**Wanne*, *Ba.* 138. *H. II.* 76. *Pale.*
*Warde, E. I. 30. To keep off, C. Æ. 372. *Watch, obſerve.*
Wardeſt, Æ. 49. *Watcheſt, obſerveſt.*
**Waſch*. Æ. 325. *Waſh.*
Waſtle cake. St. C. 100. *Cake of white bread.*
Waylde. Æ. II. Choice, ſelected.
Waylynge, E. II. 68. Decreaſing, C.
Wayne, E. II. 49. E. III. Car. C.
Weale, Æ. 599. *T.* 20. *Government.*
Wede, *M.* 43. *Dreſs.*
Weere, Æ. 834. 999. Grief, C.
**Weirs*, *H. I.* 125. 400. *Locks or ſluices, qu.*
**Wele*, Æ. 343. *Welfare, government.*
Welke, *H. I.* 34. *Heavenly courſe. qu.*
Welked, E. III. 50. Withered, C.
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